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CULLEN, MAURICE, R. C. A.

Harvest Moon

A Canadian painting exhibited at
the Canadian National Exhibition, 1921.

The
McMaster University Monthly

VOL. XXXI TORONTO, OCTOBER 1921 No. 1

Parable

Now when this rich man died, he left his son
What goods he had, the house where his long race,
Each in his turn, had made his dwelling-place,
Which each, as his need fell, had built upon.
And much was in it that had been the pride
And treasured store of generations gone.
And to his son he said, "It is your own,
An home in which to dwell"; and so he died.

But for the house was old, and bore the proof
Of other times, he valued not his claim,
But there or here, went seeking where to dwell,
Wasting meanwhile his means, until it fell
That his own son was born without a roof,
And he had nought to leave, when his time came.

—Gertrude MacGregor Moffat.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS: AN EXPERIMENT IN INTERNATIONAL ETHICS.

ISTORY tells of actual and projected Leagues of Nations. The Amphictyonic Council of Greece was an inter-city-state organisation which furnished an international tribunal. In the fourteenth century Dubois advocated a League of European Nations with a permanent court of arbitration for the purpose of reconquering the Holy Land. The next century the Bohemian Podiebrod formulated a federation of Christian states to counterbalance the power of the Pope and the Emperor. Henry IV. of France proposed that Europe be divided into fifteen states with a Grand Amphictyonic Council to humble Austria and expel the Turks. Kant in his Essay on Perpetual Peace advocates a federation of states settling disputes by international law. In the seventies of last century Professor Lorimer of Edinburgh and Bluntschli, the Swiss political writer, advocated International Government and an International Legislature consisting of a Council and a Senate. It remained, however, for the twentieth century to attempt on a world-wide national scale what Greece operated among her city-states.

Before the war there were movements which sought to develop an international mind and international responsibility. The growth of international law from the time of Grotius, the formation of numerous international societies, the exchange of national opinion, the signing of international arbitration treaties, the establishment of international industrial, commercial and financial institutions, the neutralisation of great highways and the formation of the Hague Tribunal did much to develop the international mind. Despite all these efforts, however, the Great War was precipitated by an autocratic government irresponsible to the people it governed.

During the war voluntary League of Nations Societies sprang up in different countries and immediately after the war conferences of these Leagues were held in Paris, London, and Brussels.

The British League of Nations Society (1915) and the British League of Free Nations Association (1918) were amalgamated into the League of Nations Union under the presidency of Viscount Grey of Falloden. The names appearing on its list of officers are a guarantee of its importance. Among these are found Lloyd George, Asquith, Balfour, Beatty, Bryce, Bonar Law, Rabbi Hertz, Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. Sidgwick and many names of distinguished persons of other lands, such as Sir Robert Borden, M. Bourgeois and Dr. Nansen, Lord Sinhi and M. Venizelos. It is believed that the Union has materially influenced the formulaters of the Covenant of the League of Nations which forms Part I of the Treaty of Versailles.

This Covenant is an experiment in International Ethics of the very greatest importance. It provides for an Assembly and a Council with a permanent Secretariat at Geneva. In considering the League of Nations from the viewpoint of International Ethics the following points are worthy of mention:

1. The universality of interest represented. With the exception of Germany the United States is the only first-class Power which is not represented in it, and there is strong hope that the United States may yet join the League with which her statesmen were so closely identified in its organisation. Of the enemy states Austria and Bulgaria were admitted to the League at the meeting of the Assembly in November, 1920. The British Labour representative Barnes and the Swiss representative Motta pleaded for an early admission of Germany, but Viviani protested passionately against the admission of any state which had not fulfilled its international obligations. Germany however has been admitted to the Labour Conference which is closely allied to the League although there were some strong protests, especially at the Seaman's Conference in Genoa. If the United States enters, all the continental states of North, Central and South America will belong except Mexico and Ecuador. All the states of Europe belong except Germany, Hungary, Turkey, Russia, and seven new border states to whose application at Geneva a

favorable answer has been postponed. Australia, New Zealand and South Africa are members, as are also the Asiatic states of Japan, China, India and Persia which contain seven-eighths of the population of that continent. The representatives of forty-one states of the world assembled at Geneva and six more states were then added. Never has such universality of interest been displayed in the previous history of the race.

The Council meets more frequently than the Assembly and at present comprises representatives of Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Spain, Brazil, Belgium, and China.

2. The Covenant of the League of Nations states its object as "in order to promote international co-operation and to achieve international peace and security." Peace therefore is the primary object. Every Christian man and woman should welcome such an effort, which accords so well with the Saviour's entrance upon this world sphere with "Peace upon earth." It is proposed to guarantee peace by getting members of the League to agree not to go to war until the dispute has been referred to the League and a pronouncement has been made; by publicity of all international treaties, thus preventing secret politics and sudden onslaughts; by providing judicial methods of settling disputes and agreeing to settle certain disputes *pro forma* in this way; by arranging for some method of disarmament; by instituting other social and economic movements to which reference will be made later.

That the Covenant is not a mere scrap of paper can be inferred by what the Council and the Assembly have already done in these respects. Between the ratification of the Peace on January 10, 1920, and the first meeting of the Assembly in November, 1920, the Council held nine meetings at which a panel of jurists to plan a Permanent Court of International Justice was appointed, the government of the Saar Valley and the trusteeship of the Free City of Dantzig arranged for, a Permanent Armaments Commission created, and disputes between Sweden and Finland, between Poland and Russia, between Poland and Lithuania

settled. The Assembly created a Permanent Court of International Justice which is to be confirmed at the 1921 meeting and took the first steps toward disarmament which however were not as advanced as was anticipated.

3. One of the great objectives of the League of Nations is to give security. The security against war has already been mentioned. Under the Covenant an ambitious war of greed or of secret diplomacy could not break out. Should a nation outside the League declare war, provision is made to offer the participants the machinery of the League for the settlement of the dispute and if such offer be ignored the Council will take steps to bring the power of the League to bear. No nation of the League can precipitate a war on another member and if any member repudiate its League responsibility the other members will declare an economic boycott and take whatever other action is deemed necessary.

The League tends to give security also in the economic field both as regards labour and capital. The Peace provides for an International Labour organization with an Annual General Conference, an International Labour Office at Geneva controlled by a Governing Body, a Director of International Labour and staff. This Conference has met twice, at Washington and at Genoa. The Governing Body consists of 12 Government, 6 employers' and 6 workers' representatives. Canada has a Government representative, and a workers' representative. M. Fontaine of France is permanent Chairman, and M. Albert Thomas of France is Director. The findings of the Conference take the form of draft conventions and recommendations for ratification by the states. There is no compulsion regarding ratification except that which publicity gives, but when once obligations are assumed they must be met or a Commission of Enquiry or the Permanent Court of Arbitration acts so as to bring economic or other pressure to bear. Thirty-eight states were represented at Washington and twenty-seven at the Seaman's Conference at Genoa. The latter Conference took steps regarding an International Seaman's Code and the treatment of venereal diseases at all prin-

cipal ports. The former Conference resolved towards uniformity of labour conditions in the different countries, and reciprocity in workers' insurance. Where groups of workers are being brigaded by one country in the territory of another, the latter country is to be given that information.

In the chaotic condition of Europe it was necessary to provide some security for investment and extension of credit. The most important financial conference ever held was that at Brussels, 1920, at which Mr. ter Meulen of the Dutch Hope and Company proposed the now famous Ter Meulen Bonds which have been adopted by the League of Nations. These are Government Bonds secured to the home government by the assets of the home debtor and to the League's International Commission by its holding and sometimes administering the assets given in pledge by the issuing Government consisting of customs dues or railroad revenue or some other line of assets giving a continuous dividend return. The man giving credit to the foreign debtor is secured therefore by the League as well as by the foreign debtor and government, and in some cases by his home Government, as the British Government has expressed itself willing to guarantee 85% of the Ter Meulen bonds provided the price of the exports be fair. The International Commission also vises and approves of the character of the imports.

4. It is recognized that ignorance is the mother of much international enmity and lack of confidence. The League is a great organiser of international knowledge. The importance of its functions is better understood when we bear in mind that the formation of international law depends upon the creation of an international mind and that the enforcement of that law is dependent upon the formation of a sensitive international public opinion. There are three things which take time, patience, intelligence, communication and personal contact: the formation of international public opinion, the means of expressing that opinion, and the establishment of some means of enforcing the decrees of international opinion on recalcitrant states.

The very existence of the League is a great advance step in the formation of an international mind. The intimate knowledge which is given in connection with the Ter Meulen bonds, the International Labour office, the publication of an international Labour Bulletin, the "prescription of open, just and honourable relations between nations," the registration and publication of international treaties and the publication of the agendas and discussions of conferences are of inestimable value in the dissipation of ignorance and in the promotion of an enlightened international public opinion.

The numerous meetings of the Council of Nations, of the International Commission, of the Governing Body of Labour must inevitably advance the interests of international knowledge. One representative said respecting the financial Conference at Brussels that after sixteen days of intimate fellowship and exchange of opinion the delegates came to know one another better and to respect the opinions of others more. The most dramatic evidence of this kind was the first conference of the Assembly of the League at Geneva in November, 1920. The delegates of forty-one nations covering the globe from Canada to Greece, from Great Britain to Japan, from Norway to Australia, from Denmark to South Africa met for five weeks in a rub of mind and an exchange of thought which left indelible impressions of better mutual understanding. Never had the Salle de la Reformation of Hotel Victoria at Geneva housed such an assembly, with the public in the upper gallery, two hundred journalists in the lower, and the delegates and advisers of forty-one states of the world on the floor of the hall. There were to be seen the ascetic face of Lord Robt. Cecil; the blonde strength of Dr. Nansen; President Motta of the Swiss republic; the ardent laborites of three countries, Branting, Barnes and Lafontaine; the dark-hued Indian Ranjitsinhji, who often drove the cricket ball at Lords; the Mongolian Dr. Wellington Koo; the Japanese Viscount Ishii, who brought a whole shipload of budding diplomats with him; the brilliant Viviani, the facile Tittoni, the philosophical Balfour

who gave away a bride to Sir George Foster; and many other distinguished men and women from all the continents. No wonder Wilson Harris in reporting the proceedings of the assembly said: "The real achievement of the Assembly was to find itself. It met as a collection of forty-one delegations from as many countries, differing in race, in colour, in language, in ideals, in traditions, in constitutional practice, in political thought. It had welded itself before the Conference was a fortnight old into a single cohesive, self-conscious instrument, confident of itself, convinced of having a mission to discharge and resolute to discharge it. In the atmosphere of unity and conciliation thus generated, difficulties were faced and surmounted, compromises substituted for deadlocks and antagonisms smoothed away into understandings. It was in the Assembly Hall at Geneva that the true spirit of the League was first visibly manifested."

5. The League is the promoter of economy. Its policy of disarmament is directly contributory to this. It is somewhat amusing, if it were not so fraught with destiny, to mark the anxiety of the victorious powers respecting the rapid economic rehabilitation of Germany now that she is relieved from the expenses of armaments, foreign consulates and colonies. The League is doing valuable work in encouraging the states while preserving their fiscal independence to devote attention to the character of imports, the curtailing of extravagant expenditures, the formation of budgets equalled by taxation, the limitation of paper currency, the restoration of normal exchange, the encouragement of production and mutual co-operation in all economic affairs.

6. The League conserves the vitality of nations. An International Health Organisation has been effected. The Office Internationale d'Hygiene Publique at Paris has been placed under the direction of the League. Huge sums are being raised to fight typhus. The International Labour Organisation has appointed a Special Commission on opium and other drugs. Special arrangements are being made to fight venereal diseases. The Red Cross interests are being advanced. Draft-conventions and recommendations have been sent to the nations respecting the night

work of young persons, the minimum age of employing boys and girls, protection of women and children against lead poisoning, the prohibition of the use of white phosphorus in making matches, the prevention of anthrax, the employment of women during the night, the freedom of women from industrial labour six weeks before and six weeks after child-birth, and other kindred matters of vital concern.

7. From this conservation of vitality it will be seen that the League does much to promote sociality and morality. Article 23 of the Covenant deals specifically with social activities. In addition to the prevention and control of disease the League endeavors to secure and maintain fair and humane conditions of labour for men, women and children. The Labour Conference has made advanced recognition regarding general principles governing the treatment of workers. Labour is not to be regarded merely as a commodity, the right of association is recognized, an adequate living wage, a standard of a 48 hour week, a weekly rest of twenty-four hours, the abolition of child labour, equal remuneration to men and women for equal work, a system of inspection, adequate provision for unemployment, industrial insurance and provision for old age, are accepted principles.

The League intends to make provision "to secure and maintain freedom of communication and of transit and equitable treatment for the commerce of all the members of the League." A special Conference meets at Barcelona to consider these matters.

The St. Germain treaty regarding traffic in arms and ammunition and the white slave traffic are receiving immediate and energetic attention through commissions of information and action.

The Council has already facilitated the return of half a million war prisoners "scattered from the Rhine to Vladivostock."

One of the most difficult problems the League has undertaken is "to secure just treatment of the native inhabitants of territories under their control." A mandate system originally devised

by General Smuts was adopted. There are three classes of mandate areas: (1) Syria and Lebanon, Mesopotamia and Palestine; (2) German East Africa, Togoland and the German Cameroons; (3) South-West Africa and the Pacific Islands. A mandatory exercises its mandate on behalf of the League "as a sacred trust of civilisation," and makes an annual report to a permanent commission. Full working procedure has not been as yet arranged. There have been hesitancy about making reports, objection to making known particulars to the Assembly and disagreement as to concurrent powers of the Council and the Assembly, and of the League and of the Allied Powers. "The sacred trust of civilisation," however, has not been repudiated.

8. The League is founded upon, and seeks to promote, the principle of justice. It is recognized that the permanence of peace depends upon justice. As M. Bourgeois said, "Peace is the continued existence of right." The League endeavors to establish equitable conditions in the Labour and Capital worlds; it teaches the sanctity of treaties; it registers and publishes international obligations; it seeks to build up a recognized body of international law; the members agree to submit to arbitration disputes respecting the interpretation of a treaty or any question of international law; they agree to submit other disputes to inquiry before any war is declared and to wait six months for the report of the Council; the League provides sanctions in the severance of all trade or financial relations and the prohibition of intercourse with a covenant breaking state and in concerted military, naval and air activities to protect the convenants of the League.

The Geneva Assembly created a Permanent Court of International Justice. This creation is the result of the action of the Council in appointing a panel of eminent jurists to consider such creation. Among these jurists were Elihu Root, Lord Phillimore, M. Hagerup of Norway and Mr. Adatei of Japan. The Hague arbitral tribunal was not a permanent court but furnished a list of jurists from whom nomination could be made. The panel of jurists reported in favor of obligatory jurisdiction, that is, juris-

diction in a dispute whether a nation wanted it or not. The Council reversed the decision. The Assembly favored it but deferred to the Council with the proviso that any nation could signify that it took its jurisdiction as obligatory. Three-fourths of the Assembly favored compulsion but Great Britain and France demurred. The Court is to sit at the Hague every year from June 15th or oftener. The judges are not considered as representing any particular country. Non-members of the League may use the Court but must pay the expense.

Such is the League of Nations and such are its aims and activities respecting the proximate and ultimate ends of society. One is apt to agree with the Lambeth Conference resolution, "We commend to all Christian people the principles which underlie the League of Nations,—the most promising and most systematic attempt to advance towards the ideal of the family of nations which has ever been projected." Silas Hocking says, "It is a great moral and spiritual ideal for which the League of Nations stands. It glimpses the visions of the old world prophets. It preaches the gospel that was proclaimed in Galilee. It is the ally of all the churches. It flings a bow across the world's stormy sky, and holds in its hand the promise of a New World wherein shall dwell righteousness."

The delegates to the Brussels Financial Convention came away feeling that the prosperity of every country was of vital importance to each individual in every separate country, that the good-will and interest of every man was a vital factor in commercial prosperity and that an enlightened public opinion which would receive the Ter Meulen Bonds was a powerful lever to financial matters. So the League of Nations is proving the interests of every country are the interests of all, that no man and no country can live unto himself or itself and grow as he or it should, that the principle of Christianity should rule in international affairs and that an enlightened and active public opinion will insure the permanence of peace. Viscount Grey has well said that the League has still to be made effective and that it

will be made effective if the peoples of the different nations are in earnest about the securing of permanent peace and make their governments understand that they are in earnest. It is the duty of every citizen to do his part in creating an enlightened public conscience.

—A. L. McCrimmon.

MORAVIANTOWN

ENVIRONMENT makes the man and man makes the environment. The Thames River, winding its way through Western Ontario divides, at one point, two communities which illustrate the above proposition. If you leave the village of Bothwell and proceed southward you pass well-kept farms and productive oil fields. About two miles from the village you cross the Thames River and find yourself in Moraviantown, an Indian reserve. Here, the diminutive houses, the small patches of cultivated land, and the general air of contentedness with mere existence is in striking contrast to the prosperity you have just left. There is little difference in the quality of the soil, but a vast difference between the descendant of the roving Red Man and the Anglo-Saxon who has pushed his conquests to the world's outposts.

The inhabitants of Moraviantown cannot look back to an ancestry as warlike as many of their brethren. Their ancestors belonged to the Deleware tribe and had migrated from Ohio. They had been converted to Christianity by Count Zinzendorf, the great Moravian Missionary, and the tenets of their belief had taught them that war was sinful. In consequence they had refused to take part in the border warfare of the eighteenth century.

During the war of 1812 the inhabitants of Moraviantown, true to the teaching of their spiritual father, took no part in the struggle, notwithstanding the fact that the Battle of Moraviantown was fought within a mile and a half of their village, which was at that time situated on the north bank of the Thames.

There is little to indicate to one who motors past the scene of the battle that in this place was staged part of the historic struggle between Canada and the United States. A small monument has been erected close to what is known as the Longwood's Road, which runs, at this point, near the north bank of the river. It was erected to commemorate the battle and also the death of Tecumseh. It simply states the fact that it marks the spot where the great Indian Chief lost his life. How he came to his end it is impossible to determine; so many and various are the versions of the story. It is thought, however, that he was personally opposed, in the battle, by Col. Johnston, who commanded the American cavalry, and that the latter shot him as Tecumseh sprang upon him with his tomahawk.

The place of Tecumseh's burial is a mystery. It is probable that he was buried on the field, and one cannot avoid the thought, when traversing the fields in the vicinity of the monument, that he may be walking above the bones of the bold champion of a people whose course is almost run.

A remarkable man, this Tecumseh. Born and reared among the primitive haunts of his race and imbibing from childhood their superstitious beliefs, he yet had the instincts of an empire builder. To combine the scattered Indian tribes and to speak to the British and American Governments with the voice of a confederacy was the dream of his life. He recognized that the isolated and warring Indian tribes were an easy prey to the avarice and land hunger of the white man.

He understood his people thoroughly. More intelligent than the average Indian, he understood their superstitious natures and was not slow to take advantage of their strange beliefs, in the furthering of his purposes. When he became chief of his tribe

he set up one of its members as a prophet. To him were ascribed divine insight and power, and although Tecumseh himself was the real ruler he allowed the prophet to govern ostensibly under his dictation. However questionable may be such a method of government it was certainly adapted to the limitations of the people whom Tecumseh was called upon to rule, and shows the astuteness of the statesman.

It is a tribute to British justice that this leader of his people in his attempt to secure their liberty should have cast in his lot with the Canadians in their struggle against the American forces.

Securing information of General Hull's departure for Detroit he delegated a party of his braves to follow him unperceived, while he himself crossed the border and offered his services to the Canadians. Tecumseh was proud of his alliance with the Great Father over the sea—the King of England. Before the battle of Moraviantown he unbuckled his sword, a present from the British Government, and handing it to one of his lieutenants directed that, in the event of his death, it be given to his son, when he became a warrior.

It is related that the body of Tecumseh and those of some of his followers were flayed and that razor strops were made from their skins. Fortunately there is no conclusive evidence of any such barbarity. There seems to be more probability that the body of the great chief was born by his sorrowing braves through the silent forest aisles to be interred in some lonely spot known only to the Red Man.

—H. Wilson, '17.

From Deborah's Song

Arise ye chiefs of Israel's throng!
Ye kings and princes hear!
The battle is not to the strong
That trust in horse and spear.

Ye sons of Israel sheath your swords,
The Lord hath fought for thee!
And Ancient Kishon at His word
Flows bloody to the sea!

Was there in Israel a shield,
In any hand a spear,
Before the Lord from Edom's field
Came marching out of Seir?

But God hath led His battled hosts
To Israel's glorious wars,
And naught was Jabin's haughty boast
Or Sisera's iron cars.

Let those that love Him as the sun
Go forward in their might!
Their sure and even courses run
In justice, truth and right!

—R. J. Lang, '16.

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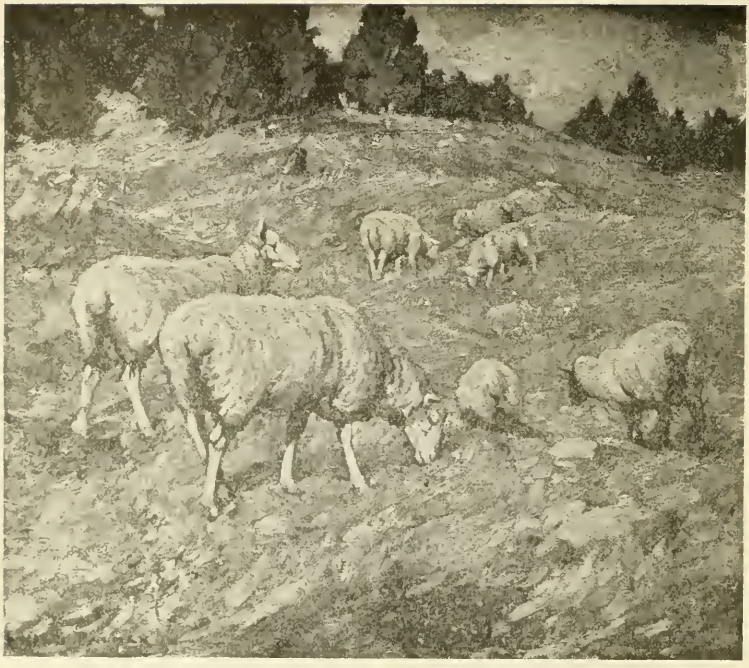

PALMER, H. S., A.R.C.A., O.S.A.

October in the Sheep Pasture.

A Canadian painting exhibited at
the Canadian National Exhibition, 1921.

OVER THE WASHTUBS.

OU KNOW," said Maria, as she vigorously prodded with a long stick a tubful of soaking, steaming clothes, "I just love to wash."

"Why, no, I hadn't imagined you had any great fondness for the laundry tubs," replied Penelope, from her position at the ironing-board. "But I'm glad to know it. Any time your own laundry bag is empty. . ."

"No, Pen dear, don't be foolish. Of course I'm not so fond of it as to start any competition with our Oriental friends. But I do like the inspiration I always feel when I am scrubbing away—unless I scrub away part of my finger, of course. There is something about the gurgling of the water, the foaming of the suds, and the swish—swish—swish."

"Well, there is something a little too energetic about your 'swish, swish.' Look at the floor."

"Oh, that's all right. But as I was saying, washing is such a pleasant change from studying. If anything is bothering me I can always think it out clearly over the washtubs. I like to plan all the wonderful things I am going to do some time—buy myself a car, and go abroad and—all round the world in fact."

"In the car, Maria, or a washtub?"

"Penelope, you unsympathetic person! When I get this towel wrung out I'll wind it around your neck."

"Be careful, my Maria. I have a trusty weapon in this iron, let me warn you."

"Flatirons and rolling pins went out of fashion when woman suffrage came in. Don't you know that? But, 'to compound this strife,' and give you tangible proof of the inspiration I receive from practicing the humble art of washing, I'll tell you how I am inspired to spend the afternoon. As soon as I finish this I'm going to borrow your notes from the last 'Pol. Econ.' lecture and copy them, if you'll let me, and if I can read

them. Then I'll do some work on my History essay, or perhaps I'll study some English for Monday. Which would be better, I wonder. What is it? Oh! 'Mary' says you are wanted at the 'phone, Penelope."

The baffling, tantalizing smile on Penelope's face when she returned to the laundry aroused Maria's curiosity and she finally asked "Well, why the silent and secret amusement?"

"Oh, I was just thinking about your plans for the afternoon. Jack just phoned to ask me to a picnic. He said one of the boys would ask you, but of course, inspired as you are to such noble efforts for the afternoon you will hardly feel like giving them up for a mere picnic. It will be a wonderful day in the Park. Too bad you can't go."

"Now, Penelope, this is no time for mirth. I'll have to hurry. Open the door for me, please, and remember when the 'phone rings I am out hanging up clothes. Who did you say is to ask me?"

But Penelope's answer was inaudible, as the door banged after Maria's hasty exit.

—Helen B. Cline, '21.

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Editorial Notes

The University has been honoured this month by the election of Chancellor McCrimmon to the office of President of the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec, and the students here appreciate the vision and judgment of our Churches in thus choosing a man so loved and admired within these halls. The MONTHLY has, therefore, the privilege of extending a double welcome to the returning Chancellor. We rejoice in his new health and look forward to a year of progress. The article from his pen which is published in this number we commend to our readers as a valuable survey of the work of the League of Nations up to its recent conference at Geneva.

The Registrar reports to date 233 registrations, as against 236 of the same date last year, which shows that we are just holding our own in regard to numbers. It is not altogether to be deplored that we are not increasing in size with the phenomenal rapidity of our great but overgrown neighbour University, but we could wish for a greater student body than we boast at present. The prospective move to our new site, whether Toronto, Hamilton or Woodstock, however, makes the future rosy with promise, and although the senior years of our present student body will see little of the new buildings, all look to the day when Alma Mater shall be as great as her own great spirit.

The MONTHLY is a student publication, and therefore, while it welcomes manuscripts of all sorts, it prefers those which have not previously been used to balance accounts with the faculty. We earnestly solicit original work that is done for its own sake. Last year produced from students in attendance eleven publishable contributions that were written solely for the purposes of the MONTHLY, and a rather obvious comment would concern itself with the possibility of a noticeable improvement. We are convinced that our students have the brains and confident that they can discover the necessary will power. It is said that seventy-five per cent. of the world does not read, that ninety per cent. does not think, and that ninety-nine per cent. cannot express thought in writing. Let the elect one per cent. here prove its existence.

Strictly speaking, subscriptions to the MONTHLY are payable in advance, but the Publication Board hesitates to press this delicate point. However, it would greatly facilitate matters for the business staff if all our extramural subscribers would see to it that their dollar-and-a-half is mailed to Mr. Stiver at an early date. It will save us trouble and postage, and will spare our friends the ordeal of opening letters from one creditor at least. Thank you, —and please add exchange where necessary.

College News

Around The Hall

Editor: Max C. Welch, '23.

GOOD tradition is, among other things, the standard by which achievement is measured, and therefore is the goal of endeavor. As it forms the most ample basis of excellence it is reasonably held in the highest reverence and esteem, whence it exerts an irresistible influence. Comparable to a stage setting, its presence consciously or unconsciously moulds the character of the drama enacting before it. Dramatic sentimentality must appear ludicrous on the stage of the immortal "Hamlet," and in no less degree does high tradition preclude the possible success of subsequent baseness. Traditional excellence glorifies and enslaves with a necromantic touch, and as aristocracy bereft of tutelary tradition must inevitably sink to common level, so anyone disobeying the edicts of long excellence must sink irrevocably in a gulf of ridicule.

In contemplating the history of these columns, we realize that in treatment, form, and matter, they are traditionally excellent. Long have they held the mirror to the face of college life, and have seldom been guilty of greater distortion than a natural convexity. These traditions must be upheld; and thus we discern our path as one of humble imitation. to tread which is a privilege, but to vary from which is to appear ridiculous.

The events of the present session gasp for utterance, so it remains for us to add only this, that our college spirit must become palpable mainly in the written thoughts of our undergraduates. Suggestions, therefore, relating to college activities, ideas in connection with college customs, sidelights on college life, all will be welcome in the form either of letters or skits. Write—and the mirror will be brightened; the lines and lineaments of the college image will appear with traditional clearness.

Opening Chapel—The first chapel service of the present year was held on Tuesday afternoon, September 27th. This was

an exceptionally interesting occasion, owing to the presence of Chancellor McCrimmon, after his year's absence. After the devotional exercises had been conducted by Mr. Orchard, of the Foreign Mission Board, and Mr. Haverstock, of Century Baptist Church, Dr. Farmer, in a few words, voiced the pleasure that all had felt at seeing the Chancellor at his post again. Then followed Chancellor McCrimmon's address, in which he pointed out to the students the responsibility that was theirs in view of their training at the University, and of the privileges which it involved. He called attention to the advantages of McMaster life, in particular those arising from the intimate personal contact of the students with the professors, and urged the former to make full use of those advantages. In conclusion he indicated the disciplinary value of the various courses, and strongly emphasized the supreme truth that is to be found only in Jesus Christ.

Autumn Convocation—Professor Michell delivered the address of the evening on "The Question of the Place of Humanistic Study in the University Curriculum" at the Autumn Convocation in Castle Memorial Hall on the evening of October 7th. The speaker humorously deplored the modern tendency to lay too great emphasis on practical education, and the failure to appreciate the great classics which interpret for us the spirit of the ancients. He scored the students of to-day for their lack of knowledge of the great literary masterpieces of past and present ages, and defended their study and cultural value for the modern university. He referred to the present system of examinations as a necessary evil which set the students' vision upon the attaining of a scholastic standard rather than upon the gaining of appreciation of the beauty and grandeur of the literary gems at his disposal. This heritage should teach him to "see the right things of life, the highest ideals, the humble spirit, the spirit of service, and to find no task so lowly but may be ennobling to him who performs it." Therefore he defended "the study of the classics, of the sciences of philosophy, and all those branches of learning which go to make up the full stature of mankind."

During the programme, which was opened by prayer by Dr. Geo. T. Webb, prizes and scholarships were presented to the students concerned. Chancellor McCrimmon also briefly traced the development of the University, and referred to the present plans for extension.

Another aspect of the Autumn Convocation has come to our notice in the despairing plaint of an inept Pope who dedicates his lines to the iniquitous delays experienced in the receiving of prize money:

What dire distress from money causes springs,
What disappointments rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to Scholarships is due;
This, e'en the Registrar may deign to view.

Lo, he who hath by work a prize obtained,
The list in spring his noted name contained.
But not so soon was money to be got;
The calendar had hit the happy thought
That in the autumn and the spring he should
Be given each half of his free livelihood,
That spendthrift habits might be thus deplored,
And lectures be attended, not ignored.

The summer passed, the prizeman all afraid
That coin in alien hands might be mislaid,
And autumn came, with glorious hues and haze,
Time when the Registrar his money pays.
But not e'en yet is penury relieved
Though hard-earned cash will surely be received.
Lo, Autumn Convocation looms ahead
A time to fill the candidate with dread.

His name is called, an envelope transferred,
"A cheque for certs," the candidate averred.
But no, "Call at the sanctum of the Registrar
Where all the list is kept, and shekels are."
That night is passed in trembling hope and fears;
Next day's announcement moves the eyes to tears.
The list not ready! "Then Jove witness wrath,
I'll tread no more the schoolman's thorny path."
The youth hath earned his money three times o'er;
Now, to obtain it, proves a beastly chore.
Anticipation has been so drawn out
The edge is off the exploit without doubt,
And crisp new bills mere scraps of paper seem
To him who lived six months upon a dream.

Y.M.C.A. Banquet—On the evening of October 11, the McMaster Y.M.C.A. entertained the newcomers to the college in their customary hospitable and Christian way. The first consideration was, of course, to feast the guests, and this being satisfactorily done, Mr. J. S. Tiffin, who occupied the chair, called upon Chancellor McCrimmon for an address. Very appropriately the Chancellor pointed out the divers intellectual and moral pitfalls that strew the path of college life, and in view of these showed the necessity for the student to centre his personality and thinking around Christ. This address was followed by talks from Mr. E. H. Clarke, Mr. Lang, and representatives from the various college organizations, all pointing out the value of these incidentals, and exhorting support for them. An interesting digression was made, when the guests themselves were asked for a brief statement of their names, addresses and ambitions. The response of the new men was most encouraging, a sincere desire to do the will of God for their lives being expressed in most cases. A large percentage of them told of ambitions to enter the gospel ministry. Dr. Gilmour closed the meeting with prayer.

As this is our last opportunity to warn or advise our Freshman friends, we therefore publish the following verses:

Little Willie was a Freshman, green as grass and greener too,
Not a tint in all creation ever had a greater hue.
One day while out exercising, through a field he chanced to pass,
And a brindled cow devoured him, thinking he was only grass.
Little Willie is in heaven, vacant are two places now,
In his class there is no Willie, in the field there is now cow.
—Trinity Meds.

Senior Picnic—Careless of the unpropitious "Probs" Year '22 made an early morning start for the Falls on October 11. With profuse expressions of their grief, they waved their coat-sleeves at the host of friends gathered upon the fast receding wharf, and lo—the chaperon had been left behind!

A short ride from the boat later brought the party to the Glen. A long and slippery descent there proved fatal to our "Dinty" and the pickles; nor was he the only one heard communing with himself. Several of the canines accompanying the party were seen to slip their leashes and descend into oblivion. Pie, chelseas, and roast doggies quite took the edge off thirty and three perfectly fine appetites.

Thence proceeded these grave Seniors to the Horseshoe Falls, and there donning a monkish garb, passed in awed silence through vaulted passageways, coming at last to light of day behind the Falls. After a most interesting visit to the Hydro power plant they walked to the "Baled Hay Factory" and there saw the unsuspecting grains shredded, and these shreds baled, toasted, and dried.

So, after realizing the power of the falling waters, they proceeded to see the utilization of the same in manufacturing a foodstuff, and then turned their lagging steps toward the American shore. There they spent a short time in sightseeing, after which they took the Gorge Route car to the boat. Fortunately for some, tea was served before the ship reached the lake, for there Jupiter having squeezed the clouds dry turned the case over to Neptune. However. to the tune "Mary ate some oysters, Mary ate some clams, . ." the entertainment committee led a merry line of couples in a precarious gallop about the decks, while others, not so hilariously inclined, retired in splendid isolation to the rail. But in the bustle of disembarkation which followed, missing meals were forgotten, and the picnic voted "the best ever."

Junior Picnic—October 4th was rather a blustering sort of day, and it was sadly rumored that Year '23 might have to picnic in some cellar, or in the shelter of some kindly woodshed. Their decision to set out in spite of appearance, however, settled the changeability of the weather and there was no further sign of rain until they kicked the fire's dying embers on the historic flat-stoned shore at Long Branch.

The journey, made under the auspices of the new commission, was the occasion of a heated dispute, regarding not the increased fare, but the division of an ice-cream cone. That implied inroad into capital account will enforce, it is to be feared, a too rigid economy in the future.

Games in the park were numerous and the outlay of prizes extensive. Preference, however, was given to the losers. Experience taught the Juniors that before eating three soda biscuits, all entries in that contest should be examined and those inclined to breathe through their mouths debarred!

A wiener and marshmallow feed prepared them well for the customary sing around the fire. Then, with due recklessness in cheering and in casting away of empty baskets, festivities ceased, and '23 had made their first social recognition of

one another as Juniors. No one remembers the journey home.

While delving among the gems of the Editor-in-Chief's treasury, we happened upon a timely ditty by a meditative grad.:

I was sleeping long and peaceful,
(Two a.m. or maybe more);
Came a dream upon me stealing
(I had bathed the night before).
Seemed to hear some voices mutter
Just outside my chamber door,
And a Sophomore choke and sputter;
And in tones I've heard before
Quoth a Senior, "Smash the door!"

Then I rose, and shaking, quaking,
I unbarred my chamber door,—
Nothing but the darkness staring
Inky darkness, nothing more,
And the ghostly street-lamps flaring
Through the windows frosted o'er.
List! was that a voice replying
Down about the second floor?—
"Come on, he was bath'd before."

Dream! that thought no longer lingers.
I turned back and roundly swore,—
See the mark upon my fingers
Where I jammed them in the door!—
But I could not go to slumber
As I had in nights of yore,
So I made a vow eternal
Kneeling on the gritty floor,
Swearing I would bathe no more.

DIARY OF A FRESHMAN PRESIDENT.

"INNOCENCE ABROAD"

Sept. 26. Left home, sorry to go. On second thoughts, I pulled myself together, my overcoat off, and my valise open. Extracting from said valise a copy of (this appears to have been erased—Ed.) I sat down to read. When I arrived at McMaster to-night, I realized that the world was mine, although Toronto appears to be ignorant of the fact.

Sept. 28. Meeting called after first lecture—surreptitiously a president — not myself—was elected. But they don't know me yet.

Sept. 29. A further meeting called by president-elect, for further elections. Four sophs made their way out, though our president ordered them to stop. We caught one who tripped as he reached the end of the desks. Then five or six sophs came in and ordered us to go to chapel. Eximus.

Sept. 30. Another further meeting held. Sophs came again. How can we have our elections if they are always butting in? They came in through the back windows and demanded the key to the door which we had cleverly locked. When we couldn't find it, their friends on the outside broke in the door, and told us that the way was clear. I noticed a hose attached, as I went out. I suppose the janitor had been cleaning the floors; and left as soon as the sophs came. They are very rough (the sophs, not the floors). Later—Now I know what the hose was for, but I mustn't tell. Secret. (Still later). The sophs tell us that all our meetings were illegal, as our president was not elected at a regular meeting. We can't have elections outside—never done y' know—and the sophs only break up the ones inside. Thus we agreed, on their generous suggestion, that they sent a rep. to our elections and that we be undisturbed. We are nothing if not original. Last year's frosh would never have had the brains to think of that, I am told. But the girls did not like this. They said so. Latest—At our election I was chosen president. The sophs

congratulated me. I am the great man of the college. To-day at dinner I was called upon for a speech—noisily and with great vigor. Only inherent modesty and unusual self-control prevented my so doing.

(Next morning). I don't know what to think of the sophs. They got me last night, and dressed me in a bizarre outfit, the rear of which they painted in geometric designs. The rest of the evening was very embarrassing. I was glad when the end came, even if it was the worst.

Tuesday night. The sophs are going to initiate us to-night. Preparations are everywhere evident. We must beware!

Wednesday morning. Last night was a false alarm. The sophs are all bluff.

Thursday morning. Was rudely awakened last night and blindfolded, after paying the customary initiation fee. Have only dim memories of what happened, but heard all about it a few days later. The rest of the school is quite sore on the sophs for the way they used us. I can smell that egg yet, and I wash my hair six times a day! And my best bath towel is simply ruined with green paint. There goes the dinner gong. I close in haste!

(Not to be continued).

—F. F. McN.

Women's Department

Editor: Miss Frances Trotter, '22.
Asst. Editor—Miss Jeanette Reddick '23.

"Time, you old gypsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day?"

IF we could only be Freshettes again! "Just for one day," to come tremblingly to the door to read "McMaster Hall" over it with new eyes, to press through the throng inside to the tune of "gangway" for the first time, to be ushered down the long hall to opening Chapel, to come next morning to wear green ribbons and obey in all respects the Sophettes' will, to feel the thrill of secret class-meetings,—would it not be fun? No, this gypsy man never goes over the same road twice.

Surely just a turn or two back on the road might be allowed. It is not so very long since, as self-important, all-wise Sophomores, we plotted dark reckonings for those entrusted to our training. No, the feeling will not be summoned. This gypsy man never goes over the same road twice.

Not even carefree, joyous Juniors may we be, for our days of Seniority have come. These days towards which we have looked forward with such longing, when we would have left far behind our "green and salad days" and be fully "growed." These will go all too soon, and yet, why try to stop this old gypsy man at all? Just gladly "follow the Romany pateran west to the sinking sun!"

Where would the "McMaster Spirit" go if any one of the four types were lacking? (It would not be a proper first editorial if some suggestions were not offered as to the composition of the "McMaster Spirit," that all-pervasive, yet elusive something.) Perhaps it is just a co-mingling of the innocent Freshette, the "know-it-all" Sophomore, the "gay Junior" and the "grave Senior," seasoned or flavored with the afterglow of the graduates.

Can we not make a *live* spirit this year,—energetic, enthusiastic, loyal, ever-ready and, above all, friendly? Then "when Ghost meets Ghost" we shall be proud of ours.

W. S. B.—The McMaster Women's Student Body appeared in full feather at its first meeting for this year, which was held in the Chapel on Friday afternoon, September 30. The head girl opened the meeting with a few words of welcome to the new girls, and a request for loyal support from every member of the Student Body. The presidents of the various societies were called to the front to state their plans for the coming year. Marion Royce, president of the Women's Literary Society, spurred the assembly on to real interest in that factor of the college life. The words of the Choral Society president, Phyllis Chapman, regarding the anticipated amalgamation of the men's and women's societies, met with sounds of approval. The remarks made by the president of the Athletic Society, Alice McDougal, indicated very bright prospects for this year. The last society to bespeak its place in the college life was the Y.W.C.A., and we were further informed of the expected change of the Y.W.C.A. to the new and larger organization, the Student Christian Association. The president, Frances Trotter, introduced a speaker connected with this work, who gave a short talk explaining the meaning of this change of which we shall hear later.

Picnic—The Women's Student Body was again fortunate in setting the date—Thursday, October 6th—for its annual picnic, the weather being ideal and the attendance exceptionally large. Many who visited the Humber Valley for the first time did not fail to be impressed by its delightful scenery and all felt amply repaid for their rather long tramp. The main feature of the program was a much anticipated baseball game which has been treated exhaustively elsewhere in these columns, and which revealed to us the fact that several of our Freshettes will be quite an asset to the college along athletic lines. A most appetizing lunch was served by the executive who displayed great ability in balancing the coffee kettle in the required position over the insecure fire. After a few songs we began the long walk to the Bloor car line, the Freshettes feeling better acquainted with each other and with the whole student body. A dark rumor was later spread abroad that the Frosh president, as a result of this same outing, also felt better acquainted, but the acquaintance in this case was confined to an exceedingly black kettle and the most efficient method of restoring it to its original hue.

Baseball—Wallingford vs. Outside Girls—The baseball game between the Wallingford girls and the outside girls was played off at the Women's Student Body picnic and afforded all the thrills of professional ball.

Each player came fully armed with a distinctly original code of rules, which she valiantly upheld on every occasion, and each also set her own bases, which naturally led to some slight differences of opinion. One weak point on both teams seemed to be the lack of ability on the part of the players to hold the ball long enough to convince the others that she had actually caught it, but in this minor point improvement was quite noticeable before the last innings, as was also the batting ability of both teams, which even endangered the safety of motorists on the drive.

The final score also bore the prevailing tone of uncertainty, various suggestions having been offered. But we believe the official report to have been 26-18 in favour of the Wallingford girls.

Tennis—In spite of the fact that it rained six drops, the representatives of the different years bravely fared forth and played off the inter-year tennis tournament, on Saturday, October 8, at the Walmer Road courts. After deciding who should have the court with the sun, and who should have that with the fence, the players for First and Third Years started their fight for supremacy on the list of sports.

Dorothy Roper and Jeanette Reddick of Third Year won against Dorothy Homes and Dorothy Smith of First Year. In the game between 2nd and 4th Years, 2nd represented by Emo Gilmour and Ruth Starr, won against 4th represented by Doris Hooper and Nell Curtis. The finals, played after an intermission for refreshments, were hot and long, and after an extremely evenly contested set, second year won. Congratulations, Sophs!

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained" is a good motto for the Athletic Executive. The "venture" this fall has consisted so far of the launching of an Open Singles Tournament among the girls. A goodly number have found themselves able to pay the small entry fee which will go toward the purchase of a suitable trophy for the lucky winner. At this date, however, the winner is yet far off, for the first round is still being played. But if the present enthusiasm lasts we shall soon be able to present the laurels to the conqueror, should she survive the strenuous programme ahead of her.

Ghost Parade—Shortly after midnight on October 4, there echoed through Wallingford's halls wailing as of the dead repenting of sin, which warned us poor Freshettes that our doom had come. We were rudely disturbed by ghostly figures and led blindfolded out into the unknown dark, there to be introduced to our grandmother's ghost whose clammy hand we later identified as a glove full of apple sauce, which food has since passed from our category of favorites. And so on, through doors and windows and over stairs, till the time came for the delivery of an address on our shortcomings. Each of us was forced to do penance for her few sins, but, purgatory past, we were rewarded by the spirits for our good deeds, and we joyfully partook of grapes, Chelsea buns and candy. After this we were ordered to return to our slumbers and keep quiet! ! .. . . which we didn't!

Initiation—A short time ago a day nursery was established here under the supervision of capable nurses, to watch whose management of the children was an education in itself. The day began with a roll call, followed by the proper robing of the little ones for games and the neat tying of hair with green ribbons, after which the nursery was cleared to make room for games. Ring-around-a-rosy, paddy-cake and kiddie-cars, chewing gum and "comforters" were resorted to, after which came mending and cookery for the older ones. The blindfolded walking of a tight rope, the exchange of molasses, and the singing of a song occupied some of the older children, and the nursery full was later addressed on the rules of the institution, and taught to sing McMaster songs. The nurses in charge are to be congratulated on the day's programme and on the way in which the children were prepared for the ordeal.

Party at Wallingford—On Friday, September 31st, a dress-up party was held in Wallingford Hall, the hostesses being the Old Girls of Wallingford, and the guests the Freshettes in and out of residence. Costumes were ingenious but far from elaborate, and the party began and ended early, as little Freshettes must be off to bed before the Sandman comes. Amusing games were played and refreshments, including lime juice, were fully enjoyed. The party was a splendid opportunity for the new girls to become acquainted and start the year well, and was voted by all a great success.

Afternoon Teas—Feeling that the social side of Wallingford was, in spite of many enjoyable parties, really insufficient, some leading spirits suggested the holding of a tea hour once a week, to which all McMaster girls, whether in residence or out, should be invited. The plan was at once approved of, and crystallized into action on Wednesday, October 5th, when Miss F. Baxter presided over an informal tea. The institution proved to be a success, if we judge by the number and unanimous approval of the participants.

Athletics

Editor: O. C. Elliott, '23.

THE athletic outlook for this year seems particularly promising. The annual influx of new material is by no means below the standard of previous years, and it is hoped that every line of sport will experience a renaissance of pep and enthusiasm through the keen and properly-directed effort of the new-comers.

About the time we were viewing with an air of satisfaction the disposition of our baggage—and that of our neighbors,—Captain Platus had already provided an opportunity of displaying our prowess publicly by calling a rugby practice on the second day of lectures. Since then very few days have passed without the snappy half-hour of 'signals' at noon and a 'work out' at Ramsden Park in the afternoon.

For some seasons past the lack of proper coaching has been an outstanding weakness in University athletics. This year McMaster is particularly fortunate in having Mr. E. H. Worden to direct the squad of hopefuls. His previous experience in this line at Guelph Collegiate should prove invaluable in the making and training of a worthy rugby team. The number trying for a place on the Senior team is very encouraging, but those in charge would welcome the appearance of sufficient men to provide for a second team of full strength. From this could be drawn well-

trained players to strengthen the first team as occasion demanded, and to provide against future years.

From observation of other teams at play during the progress of a game, the revised rules seem to have eliminated much of the old time bucking and line plunging. There is a tendency to more open playing requiring more speed and not necessarily so much weight in a player. Coach Worden has demonstrated twelve-man rugby tactics in several bright and timely blackboard talks; and ample opportunity was given for everyone to correct any misconception of rugby under the new regulations.

McMaster is again represented in the Junior Intercollegiate Rugby Union as formerly, being linked up with the other two rivals, O.A.C. II and Varsity III. The schedule drawn up is as follows:—

Saturday, October 15—McMaster vs. O.A.C.
Wednesday, October 19—Varsity vs. McMaster.
Saturday, October 22—Varsity vs. O.A.C.
Wednesday, October 26—McMaster vs. Varsity.
Saturday, October 29—O.A.C. vs. McMaster.
Saturday, November 5—O.A.C. vs. Varsity.

The schedule to decide the Inter-year Rugby championship is looked for within a short time. Co-operation on the part of everyone is all that is required to make this Mac's big year in sport.

Field Day

Under ideal weather conditions the Twenty-third Annual Field Day of the McMaster Amateur Athletic Association was held on Thursday, October 13th, at the Varsity stadium. The events were keenly contested by a good representation from all the Years.

For the second time H. G. Dyce, '23, proved his right to the Chancellor's Medal and the McNaught Cup by winning the Athletic championship with a score of 17 points. Last year he established his claim with a total of 23 points. The first Association medal was won by A. H. Carr, B.A., Theology, with a sum of 15 points, and C. Boadway, '25, with 11 points took the second Association medal.

The results of the events in detail were as follows:—

100 *yd. Dash*—1, A. H. Carr, B.A., Theol.; 2, G. B. Atkinson, '22; 3, M. A. Smith, '22; Time—11 secs.

Half Mile Run,—1, H. G. Dyce, '23; 2, H. O. Lloyd, '23; 3, J. G. Jones, '22; Time—2 mins., 12 4-5 secs.

Running High Jump—1, E. W. Pardington, '23; 2, H. G. Dyce, '23; 3, C. W. Stephens, '24; Height—5 ft. 2 ins.

Runing Broad Jump—1, H. A. Bearss, '23; 2, H. G. Doolittle, '22; 3, M. A. Smith, '22; Distance—18 ft. 9 ins.

One-half-mile Walk—1, R. L. McBride, '22; 2, P. G. Paterson, '23; 3 M. A. Smith, '22, and I. Cadwell, '25, (tied). Time —4 min. 16 4-5 secs.

Pole Vault—1, E. W. Pardington, '23; 2, G. M. Henry, '23; 3, M. A. Smith, '22. Height—8 ft. 9 ins.

Putting the Shot—1, M. Dallman, '24; 2, R. L. McBride, '22; 3, M. A. Smith, '22. Distance—30 ft. 7¼ ins.

One Mile Run—1, H. G. Dyce, '23; 2, H. O. Lloyd, '23; 3, R. M. Simmons, '24. Time—5 min. 17 secs.

220 *Yd. Dash*—1, A. H. Carr, B.A., Theol.; 2, C. Boadway, '25; G. B. Atkinson, '22. Time—25 1-5 secs.

Throwing the Discus—1, R. Dick, '24; 2, H. G. Dyce, '23; 3, C. W. Stephens, '24. Distance—80 ft. 3 ins.

440 *Yd. Dash*—1, A. H. Carr, B.A., Theol.; 2, C. Boadway, '25; 3, H. O. Lloyd, '23; Time—59 secs.

Running Hop, Step and Jump—1, M. A. Smith, '22; 2, H. A. Bearss, '23; 3, H. G. Dyce, '23. Distance—38 ft. 3 ins.

120 *Yd. Hurdles*—1, C. Boadway, '25; 2, H. G. Doolittle, '22; 3, G. B. Atkinson, '22; Time—20 secs.

Relay Race—1, Seniors; 2, Sophomores; 3, Juniors.

In points per Year, '23 was first, having a total of 49; '22 was second with 34½; '24 came third with 16; Theology followed close with 15, the Freshmen bringing up the rear with 11½.

The events were run off with gratifying promptness by the Field Officials. By four-thirty the entire programme had been completed with the exception of the Tug-of-War. It is expected that this will be contested at an early date and the winners announced.

Our Graduates

Editor: Elven John Bengough, B.A.

NOW that "The McMaster Graduate" has been successfully launched with promise of safely navigating the journalistic seas, the purpose and scope of this column of "The Monthly" may be slightly varied. The Editor takes it that many items which are of great interest to the graduates have little or no attraction for the undergraduates. Such items, for instance, as the transfer of a minister from one church to another are of little news value to a student body unacquainted with graduates of earlier years, and notes of this nature may quite properly be left to the Editor of "The McMaster Graduate." On the other hand, it is of great interest to the undergraduates to know how McMaster graduates fare; whether they find themselves on an equal footing with graduates of other universities when competing for higher educational distinctions, and when entering the various callings and professions of life. In other words, the average undergraduate is interested in the graduates not so much in their personal relations—for he is not acquainted with many of them—but in their representative capacity. This seems to be a fair assumption, and the Editor shall act upon it, as far as feasible, in the selection of material for this column. "Achievement rather than mere circumstance" shall be our watchword. If we fall occasionally below this high standard, it will be through lack of information on the Editor's part; never believe that it is lack of achievement in the part of the graduates.

The Class of '21.

As the Student Body reassembles for another year, there are always a number of familiar faces missing. Those who last year were the leaders in student life have left to enter the larger sphere of life's activities. They are "gone but not forgotten," and it seems appropriate in this first issue of the session to call the roll of the class that has just graduated.

Miss Eva Anderson is in Scotland with her parents. During the winter she will attend the Teacher Training College in Glasgow.

Miss E. N. Burridge is Industrial Secretary for the Toronto Young Women's Christian Association. She spent the summer in New York taking a course in Y.W.C.A. training.

Mr. F. L. Brown is attending the College of Education, and is living in the McMaster residence, taking also some work at McMaster.

Mr. A. H. Carr has returned for Theology.

Miss Mary Clark is in Vancouver, B.C., attending the Normal School. After her course there she plans to obtain a teaching position in Washington State, so as to be near her mother, who is now living in Yakima.

Miss Helen Cline has taken a position as Superintendent for the Dominion Chautauqua Co., Calgary, Alta., the engagement to last for three months. She will be travelling between Emerson, Man., and Nanaimo, B.C.

W. A. Dodge is going into business in Detroit.

Ira Eberle has returned for Theology.

George Farmer is attending the College of Education, and is living in the McMaster residence.

Colin Farmer has a position in Toronto with the Thomas Wilkins Co.

Of Percy Ferguson the Editor has no recent information.

Miss Mabel Giles is Assistant Principal of the High School in Olds, Alta.

George Gilmour preached at Belle Ewart during the summer, and is now back in the Hall taking Theology.

Miss Helen Gilmour is taking professional training for secretarial work.

Murray Groat is, we believe, in British Columbia.

Robert Harman has entered his law course at Osgoode Hall.

Miss Cecilia Hounsom is at the College of Education.

Thomas Jamieson is entering a medical course at the University of Toronto.

Ross Kennedy is attending Osgoode Hall.

Miss Rivka Levi is taking M.A. work at the University of Toronto.

Osgoode McDonald is Director of Boys' Work for the Baptist Sunday School Board of Ontario and Quebec. He is also taking some work in Theology at "Mac."

Alvin McGrath is continuing his theological studies which he began last year while completing his Arts course.

W. F. C. Nelson is taking theological work at Rochester Theological Seminary.

Homere Racicot spent the summer at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, carrying on research work in plant pathology. This winter he continues the work at the University of Toronto under a bursary awarded by the Honorary Advisory Council for Scientific and Industrial Research.

Maurice Spector completed his course and was graduated last month. He will enter the Law School.

Miss Marjorie Starr is at her home, doing secretarial work for her father, Dr. C. L. Starr.

Mr. Kenneth Taylor is taking up graduate work at the University of Chicago.

Mr. Will White is teaching school at Radisson, Sask., until the end of December.

Mr. R. S. Willison is teaching in Cappon, Alberta.

Outgoing Missionaries

McMaster is making an unusually large contribution to the ranks of the missionary forces this year. Among those who sail this autumn are:

Rev. E. W. Armstrong, '20, sails for India with his bride, who was Miss Evelyn Smith, '18. Mrs. Armstrong is the daughter of Dr. E. G. Smith, of India, and was born in that country. Since her graduation she has taken training as a nurse at Toronto General Hospital.

Miss Alma Matthews, '15, who has been on the staff of Brantford Collegiate Institute for some years. Miss Matthews' arrival in India is being anxiously waited by John Davis, '14, Principal of the Waltair High School, and it is understood that shortly after her arrival Miss Matthews will change her name to Davis.

Rev. John Hart, '21, is a graduate of Brandon College. His wife was Jean Cameron, '20 (Brandon). Mr. and Mrs. Hart sail for India during October.

Arrangements were completed in the early summer for Rev. H. O. Eastman, '22, to sail for Bolivia in July. It was found, however, that Mrs. Eastman's health would not permit sailing at that time, and plans were cancelled. Mr. Eastman has taken charge of the church in Burk's Falls, Ont., and looks forward to Bolivia in the spring. The postponement of Mr. Eastman's departure resulted in an earlier sailing than

anticipated for Rev. H.E. Wintemute, '19, who leaves for South America in a few weeks. Mr. Wintemute goes to La Paz to relieve Mr. Alex. Haddow, '13, who returns to Canada on furlough next summer.

Miss Clara B. Hellyer, '16, sails this month for India. Since graduation Miss Hellyer has taken her course at the Faculty of Education, has taught for two years, and has studied two years in the White Bible College in New York.

Among missionaries returning to India this autumn after furlough will be Miss Georgina McGill, '11, and Rev. A. A. Scott, '03. Rev. Dixon Smith, '11, remains in Canada for another year for special training in industrial work in India.

Miss Kate Armstrong, '20, expected to sail in August for Burma to resume her missionary work there, but in view of the state of her health, the American Baptist Board, under which she works, suggested that she take a few months further furlough. She has returned to Toronto. Her brother, Mr. Ernest N., planned to sail to Burma with her, but has delayed his departure for a time.

Rev. Norman Davis, '14, hopes to return to his mission field in Nigeria next spring. His earlier return has been prevented by the illness of his wife, who, we are glad to learn, is now improving. This winter Mr. Davis will teach in the Missionary Training Institute, New York City.

Rev. John Hall, '16, returned to Nigeria last spring, and letters received from him indicate that he is back into the swing of his work with characteristic enthusiasm.

McMaster Men In Politics

The new provincial cabinet of Alberta contains a McMaster graduate. Mr. Perrin Baker, '00, who has been farming in the west for a number of years, is now Minister of Education for the Province of the Foothills. The new Attorney-General, Mr. J. E. Brownlee, is a member of the McMaster Alumni Annex; that is to say, not being a graduate himself, he did the next best thing, and married a McMaster alumna,—Miss Florence Edy, '09.

In the ensuing Dominion election there will doubtless be some McMaster men—and perhaps women—in the field. Of these we shall report later. We have already heard of one U.F.O. candidate, J. Alex. Wallace, '03, in Norfolk, Ont.,—and one graduate who declined nomination, namely, Principal Wearing, '09, of Woodstock College.

Personalia

'01.—L. F. Kipp has become City Editor of the Montreal Daily Star. For the past year and a half Mr. Kipp has been in St. John, N.B., as managing editor of the St. John Standard.

'02.—We regret to chronicle the death of W. T. Hawkings, late School Inspector at Moose Jaw, Sask. Though he died in December last, the news reached us only recently. We understand his illness was of short duration and his death unexpected. He leaves a wife and small daughter, who are now in Regina. To these and to the brothers, J. E., of '99, and C. S. V., of '15, The Monthly extends sympathy.

'03.—Rev. John McLaughlan, Ph.D., is now rector of St. Mark's Church, Seattle, Wash., one of the largest Anglican churches on the coast.

'05.—Euclid A. Helie is now lecturer in French in Colby College, Waterville, Me.

'06.—Dr. A. S. Woodburne has been appointed to the Department of Philosophy at Madras Christian College, one of the foremost educational institutions of India.

'14.—E. H. Lock is on the staff of the Duke of Connaught High School, New Westminister, B.C.

'14.—L. S. Cutler is a member of the legal firm of Adair & Cutler, in Gleichen, Alberta. At last report Mr. Cutler has been in hospital in Calgary for some weeks, suffering from blood poisoning.

'14.—Jenkin H. Davies has completed two years of his law course in Calgary while in the City Solicitor's Office. Both years Mr. Davies has obtained the highest standing in the province, winning the Caswell Co. prize twice in succession.

'15.—C. V. Farmer and C. P. Hope are practicing law in Toronto under the firm name of Farmer & Hope.

'15.—C. S. V. Hawkings is chemist for Price Brothers & Co., Ltd., the paper manufacturers, at Kenogami, Que. He will welcome a visit from any McMaster man who takes the Saguenay trip.

'16.—B. E. Gilbert is now on the staff of Brandon College.

'16.—R. R. McGregor is a chemist in the Food and Drug Laboratory of the Department of Health in Ottawa.

'16.—H. R. McLarty and Miss Muriel Stillwell, both of the class of '16, were married on August 16th. Mr. McLarty has taken a position with the Dominion Department of Agriculture

in Summerland, B.C., where he is employed in a laboratory for plant pathology. He plans to spend his summers at the University of Illinois, where he is carrying on his Ph.D. work in the Department of Botany.

'16.—Rev. John Linton successfully combines football with the ministry. During the summer a Montreal paper reported that Mr. Linton played centre forward in the Grand Trunk soccer team, and scored five goals. He is described as a "dazzling player, whose manner of insinuating himself through the defence and scoring, borders on the miraculous." Mr. Linton is pastor of Point St. Charles Church.

'17.—Frederick W. Rayfield is now on the staff of the Port Arthur Collegiate Institute.

'18.—W. A. Lawrence is Professor of Chemistry in Bates College, Lewiston, Me. He has been given the task of re-organizing the chemical department. Bates is a college of some eight hundred students. Dr. Lawrence is the second McMaster man on the staff, R. A. F. McDonald, '04, having been Professor of Education for some years.

'19.—Ora C. Dennis is now Science Master in Woodstock College.

'19.—M. Cleeve Hooper has completed his law course at Osgoode Hall.

'19—D. D. Hurst is entering a medical course at the University of Toronto.

'19.—L. A. Walker is also enterng a medical course this fall in Toronto.

'20.—Miss Florence Franklin is teaching in Ridgetown High School.

'20.—Miss Helen Mabee is on the staff of Kingsville High School.

'20.—Miss Marion Pearce is teaching in the new High School at Burford.

Ex.-'20.—Rev. Percy H. Robert, Theol., of Vermilion, Alta., has accepted an appointment under the Alberta Baptist Convention, devoting himself especially to the field of Religious Education.

'20.—Miss Jennie Wright is on the staff of Markdale High School.

'20.—Miss J. M. C. Wylie is attending the College of Education.

Here and There

Editor: JOHN D. TAYLOR, '22.

"I will make a brief of it in my note-book."
—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*

Summer has slipped elusively away, and Autumn is with us again. J. F. D. in *The Trinity University Review* writes with singular appropriateness for this season:

> Summer, where art thou? I have watched for thee
> With close discerning eye full twenty years
> Of slow-revolving time; and now my fears
> That thou art non-existent seem to be
> Well-founded; surely imperceptibly
> Thou com'st and goest, bring'st nor eyes nor ears
> A sign which proves thy presence. For one hears
> Sweet notes of birds—'tis Spring indeed; we see
> The falling leaves—'tis Autumn. All is change,
> And summer but a point—the apex fine
> Of Spring's glad upward march and Autumn's slow
> Retreating step. Like man's elusive prime:
> In youth he ever sees it 'fore him range,
> And sudden past, reluctant sees it go.

An article entitled "The New Poetry," by Miss Amy Lowell, published in *The Ubyssey* is an exceedingly interesting apology for the new school and its *vers libre.*

The "new poetry," writes Miss Lowell, is a part of the general aesthetic revolt or reaction which has been instituted against all the artistic achievements of the nineteenth century. But, as practised by its serious exponents, it has a more definite cause and development than "futurism" in painting or "ragtime" in music.

In the decadent period at the close of the century, the direct influence of the Romantic Revival finally expired. That influence had been paramount during the Victorian period, following four distinct lines which had their source in four of the principal Romantic poets, Byron, Keats, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. The style of Wordsworth and of Keats had the strongest influence, the chief disciple of the latter being Tennyson, who is the especial anathema to the modern poets. Among the hosts of lesser versifiers the original force became so debased that a completely new departure was felt to be necessary. For this movement the impetus was derived, strangely enough, from Coleridge, least im-

portant of the Romantics during the Victorian Age in England. He had influenced Poe, and, through him, Mallarme and the Symboliste movement in France. From the latter the new poets, principally in the United States, gained the chief qualities of their form, often called "free verse."

The exponents of these new verse forms insist on the fact that poetry is essentially a spoken, rather than a written literary form. They claim that vers libre and polyphonic prose abundantly justify themselves if they are intelligently read aloud, and that the bulk of adverse criticism and public misapprehension is due merely to the typographical arrangement on the page. It remains to be seen whether a school of free verse readers will arise which will understand, and give proper value to the new forms; and if this occurs the public taste regarding the work of modern poets may be finally fixed.

The American National Association of Corporation Training, consisting of 154 members, representing about $3,000,000,000 in capital, and employing 800,000 men, recently sent out a quqestionnaire to ascertain the opinion of its members about college men in business in the United States. Out of fifty replies forty held that college training has a fundamental relation to business success, other things being equal. In short, four-fifths believe that a good man is made a better man by the addition of a college education. Four of the spokesmen for their companies, having generally unfavorable views of the utility of college training for the average individual, hold it essential to the professions and specialized technical callings. Twenty-six companies make distinctions of some kind in favor of the college graduates among their employees.

The President of Armour & Co., as he is designated in the report, has the following comment to make:

"I have no time for the shallow criticism that colleges turn out an undue proportion of fools, or that they are hothouses for the idle rich or anything of the sort. Colleges do not make fools. A great many fools enter college, just as a great many fools enter everywhere else in life, but the average collegiate institution performs a truly remarkable service in a fool-killing way, because it lets out very few fools in comparison with the number who enter."

Whence the saying "stealing a man's thunder"? *The Globe* offers this interesting solution as to its origin.

Stealing a man's thunder means about the same as taking the wind out of his sails. The phrase takes us back to the time of Pope and Addison and the dramatist, John Dennis. There is a very human note to the happenings which gave rise to it. Dennis, who was esteemed lightly by the two authors mentioned, was the discoverer of a method of manufacturing stage thunder. This won him considerable notice, and from Pope a ridicule amounting to persecution. First came Pope's "The Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis," then his "Dunciad" with:

> "To move, to raise, to ravish every heart
> With Shakespeare's nature, or with Jonson's art,
> Let others aim; 'tis yours to shake the soul
> With a thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl."

Dennis put on his play, "Appins and Virginia," but it proved a failure, even with the manufactured thunder rolling and booming. Two years later, dropping into a theatre to see "Macbeth," he heard his own thunder from the wings, and, jumping up in a passion, cried out the phrase which still keeps his memory green: "They scorn my work, but steal my thunder."

But when blindness, old age and poverty leagued themselves against John Dennis, it was Addison who gathered his work together for publication, and it was Pope who penned the foreword which made its sale a success.

At this season, when our senior year makes its annual pilgrimage to Niagara, the following little poem by Carolyn C. Wilson, which first appeared in *The Pagan*, is especially appropriate:

Picnic papers and iron rails, smoke-smudged sky and a captured beast,
Lithe and terrible, angrily voiced; gaud bedecked and snowy fleeced.
Cheap small people come by night; mock homage bringing they stand and stare
Vacant-eyed at the insolent glare of calcium lights on foam-pure hair.
While a listless moon hangs pale in air.

Snapping the shutters of Brownie 2s, have you no fear, you smug and good,
Fear of a captive's regal strength docilely making your breakfast food?

Apropos the interesting discussion on epitaphs, led by our predecessor in these columns some months ago, we add the following to the list already published. The first, a notable triumph of sound over grammar, is in a Welsh churchyard:—

> Weep not for us, our children dear,
> We are not dead, but sleeping here;
> As we are now you soon shall be,
> Therefore prepare to follow we.

The other is one of the most beautiful we have seen; it is on the grave of a little child at Hillmorton, in Warwickshire, and consists of one word—"Transplanted."

The foolishest book is a leaky boat upon the sea of wisdom: some of the wisdom will get in anyhow.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Silence is the College Yell of the school of experience.

The *McGill Daily* quotes the college yell of the barber's college as:

"Cut his lip,
Slice his jaw,
Leave his face
Raw, raw, raw."

"*Speaking of odd similes,*" writes J. C. M., "you might also mention Swinnerton's description of Gaga in 'Coquette.' He had 'large, soft, brown eyes, like chocolate which has been in a warm place.'"—*Boston Transcript.*

In The Sunday Times of ninety years ago, King William IV., having succeeded to the throne the day before, a correspondent suggested that a new version of the National Anthem should be sung in honour of the Queen-consort. The first two lines of the suggested version run:—

God save our noble queen,
Queen Adelaide, we mean.

Possibly, the correspondent was anxious that the Omniscient should make no mistake as to whom to save.

"Why have I never married?" the old bachelor said in reply to a leading question. "Well, once upon a time, in a crowd, I trod on a lady's gown. She turned furiously, beginning, 'You clumsy brute!' Then she smiled sweetly, and said, 'Oh, I beg your pardon! I thought you were my husband! No; it really doesn't matter in the least.' And when I came to think it over, I decided that maybe I'd just as well let marriage alone."—*Life.*

Suggestion for sign to be posted in the dining room: "Don't make fun of our tea or coffee. You may be cold and weak yourself some day."

1st one—"And certain parts of Scotland are said to have gone dry!"

2nd one—"Mon! mon! the old land will soon be sae dry they'll hae to be putting the postage stamps on wi' safety pins."

—*University Monthly.* (*N.B.*)

"The college graduate," said President Hibben of Princeton at a tea—"the college graduate sets out from college to conquer the world. Yes, he sets out with a very big opinion of himself, but he soon gets taken down.

"A college graduate, the day after commencement, swaggered into a bank and asked to see the President. He was told to wait in an anteroom, where a small boy was chewing gum.

" 'Boy,' he said, after a bit, 'do you know if there's an opening in the bank for a college graduate?'

"The boy, chewing grimly, answered:

" 'Dere will be if dey don't slip de extra five-spot wot I'm askin' fur in me next pay envelope, see?' "—*Washington Star.*

Have you heard Levana's new yell?

Pinicky, panicky,
Absolute similarity
Bob-tailed hair and powdery.
Ah! men.

—*Queens Journal.*

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges since last issue: *T. C. D.* (*Dublin*), *Acta Victoriana*, *Trinity University Review*, *Queens Journal*, *Argosy*, *Acadia Athenaeum*, *Brandon Quill*, *University Monthly* (*N.B.*), *Dalhousie Gazette*, *McGill Daily*, *Philomathean Monthly*, *Blue and White*, *Survey-Athenaeum.*

Thank you!

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CHAUCER, "THE PROLOGUE."

THE *Canterbury Tales* are a collection of stories told by certain pilgrims as they rode together to worship at the shrine of Thomas à Becket. *The Prologue* is the introduction to these tales. In this Chaucer pictures twenty-nine pilgrims gathered at the Tabard, a popular house of public entertainment in Southwark, on the evening before their pilgrimage begins. This device is employed by him to make his readers familiar with the pilgrims who are to tell the *Canterbury Tales.*

Dryden, when confronted by "the largeness and objectiveness" of Chaucer's writing, could only exclaim, "Here is God's plenty." "This," says Aldons Huxley, in an article in a recent number of the *London Mercury,* "proves, when all is said, to be the most adequate and satisfying of all criticisms." There is in this statement a brief explanation of the fact that to-day true lovers of English poetry delight in Chaucer. They are willing to make themselves familiar with the body of his poetry, which has become old and fossilized, in order to enjoy its spirit, which is still "young and immortal".

If one should seek to analyze Chaucer's genius, he would do well to go to that part of his work in which this young and immortal spirit is most evident, viz., his character sketches; and nowhere are they more perfect than in the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales.* It is difficult to pick out the great features in a poet's work, but there are a few outstanding ones in *The Prologue* which one can select as the reason for Chaucer's unusual charm.

The most important factor in Chaucer's greatness as a poet, that which distinguishes him from all other writers, is "joyousness". It is not the great soul showing through the beautiful things of this world that inspires him; he is not absorbed with interest in the supernatural, but in the "material world of nature". Everything delights him because of what it is in itself; men and women are to him fascinating creatures. He takes them as he finds them; good or bad, they are all interesting; their virtues charming, their faults amusing. He is no moralist who denounces men's sins; the greatest praise he can give is to say that a thing is perfect of its kind. The ability of this disinterested admirer of men to look at men's virtues and faults with an open and unprejudiced mind, enables him to combine in his poetry both idealism and realism.

It is not difficult to discern his idealism. The "nine and twenty in a companye", who gathered at the Tabard the night before the pilgrimage to Canterbury, were none of them mediocre. Chaucer describes them each in turn, and every one is not only the representative of a class, but the most perfect example of his own type. The Knight was "evere honoured for his worthinesse"; no one had ridden farther, nor fought more successfully than he. The Prioresse, a perfect medieval lady, was the personification of sweetness and tenderness; her appearance, her accomplishments and sentiments were gentility itself. So shrewd was the merchant in all his bargainings, that no one ever knew him to be in debt. The Clerk of Oxenford was assuredly a true scholar, for "gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche". Of the "poure persoun of a toun", Chaucer says,

> "A bettre preest, I trowe, there nowher non is",

for

> "Christes lore and his apostles twelve,
> He taughte, but first he follwede it himselve".

The cook was all that a cook should be, for

> "He cowde roste, and sethe, and broille, and frie,
> Maken mortreux and wel bake a pye".

Nowhere in the world was there a physician equal to the doctor

in this company, for "he knew the cause of every maladye". Even the Monk, the Frère, the Sompnour, and the Pardoner, who were anything but admirable characters, are made most attractive.

Not for a moment, however, would Chaucer have us imagine these pilgrims as impeccable; they are real men and women, and as such cannot be perfect. Monks of the fourteenth century were not deeply religious, and Chaucer the realist, in his sketch of the Monk, did not omit his faults, but rather painted him as "a lord ful fat and in good poynt", one whose whole thought was for hunting and high living. The Frère's vulnerable point, love of money, stands out clearly, for, says Chaucer,

> "in stede of weepyng and preyers,
> Men moot yive silver to the poure freres".

Neither does the Schipman's habit of smuggling escape unnoticed,

> "Ful many a draughte of wyn hadde he ydrawe,
> From Burdeux-ward, while that the chapman sleep.
> Of nyce conscience took he no keep".

The Wif of Bath had the physical deficiency of deafness, and was perhaps not altogether to be commended for having had five husbands. Of the Frankelyn it is said,

> "To lyven in delite was all his wone,
> For he was Epicurus owne sone".

The seeming magnanimity of the host of the Tabard Inn, in assuring his guests that their entertainment "shal coste noght", was hardly true generosity. Each man in paying his board bill would, no doubt, more than recompense him for any trouble he might take to make their journey pleasant. Thus Chaucer describes the foibles of these pilgrims, and makes them more real for us in so doing. Their deficiencies did not grieve him, they entertained him. He did not use their mistakes to draw lessons for humanity, but rather includes them in his pictures because misdemeanours play a part in making human beings so interesting.

It is quite natural that the man who was so enchanted by all that he saw and heard should choose to give us insight into his

characters, not through an account of their thoughts and spiritual experiences, but through descriptions of their outward appearances and actions. Each person in *The Prologue*, with his outward appearance and habits portrayed, stands before us with his character completely revealed. With incomprehensible skill, the poet weaves in a detail of dress here, a peculiarity of behaviour there; some particular which contains the very essence of the character, and makes the reader smile with pleasure as he realizes that the types which Chaucer knew so well are all about us to-day. The description of the Prioresse is concerned with her dainty manners and tender actions. As soon as the teller of this tale has said, "Sche let no morsel from her lippes falle", and

> "Sche wolde weepe if that sche sawe a mous
> Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde",

or again,

> "Of smale houndes hadde sche, that sche fedde....
> But sore wepte sche if oon of hem were dede",

we feel that we know this sweet lady. In no way could we get a more perfect understanding of the Monk than is given by the description of his love of hunting and his hatred of work: by the description of his face, that was "as he hadde ben anoynt", his eye "that schon as eny glas", his "bridel heere gynglen in a whistlyng wynd", "his bootes souple", and "his horse in gret estate". No detail could better convey an idea of his fastidiousness than that contained in the lines,

> "And for to festne his hood under his chynne,
> He had of goldy-wrought a curious pynne:
> A love-knotte in the grettere ende ther was".

The reader of the sketch of the Clerk of Oxenford feels as if he could discern the very thoughts of this scholar. Chaucer achieves this clear characterization by telling about the Clerk's thin horse, his worn-out coat, his love of "Aristotle and his philosophie"; his habit of spending all his money on "bookes and on lernyng", his speech which was "schort and quyck and ful of high sentence". The Frankeleyn's Epicurean nature is shown when Chaucer says,

> "Hit snewede in his hous of mete and drynke,
> Of alle deyntees that men cowde thynke".

A detail in the conduct of this man's household affairs is a revelation of his temper.

> "Woo was his cook, but-if his sauce were
> Poynaunt and scharp, and redy all his gere".

Still another instance of remarkable ability to use details of conduct to indicate character, is to be found in the description of the Sergeant of Lawe.

> "Nowher so besy a man as he ther nas,
> And yit he seemede besier than he was".

Besides referring to the actions and attire of the Wif of Bath, which show her to be a practical, capable woman, Chaucer, by means of a detail in her behaviour, depicts that feeling of superiority so ingrained in her,

> "In all the parisshe wyf ne was ther noon,
> That to the offryng byforn hire schulde goon,
> And if ther dide certeyn so wroth was sche,
> That sche was out of alle charité".

A splendid example of Chaucer's ability to depict character by description of outward appearance is to be seen in the way he deals with the Mellere. Every detail contributes to making his character clear. One has no difficulty in imagining the type of man of whom Chaucer says,

> "He was schort schuldred, brood, a thikke knarre.
> There nas no dore that he nolde heve of harre,
> Or breke it at a rennyng with his heed".

Chaucer makes use of detail not only to reveal the inner nature of these people, but also to increase the reality of the whole scene described, and to give the impression that he actually saw these Canterbury Pilgrims. Sometimes he achieves this atmosphere of reality by giving a person's name, or by specifically stating that he has forgotten it; sometimes by mentioning a minute detail in dress, as in the account of the Yeman, "an horn he bar, the bawdrik was of grene"; sometimes by noting a particular physical deficiency, for example, of the cook he says,

> "But gret harm was it, as it thoughte me
> That on his schyne a mormal hadde he".

In other cases he relates some particular in connection with the

journey to Canterbury; the description of the Mellere closes with the lines,

> "A baggepipe wel cowde he blowe and sowne,
> And therwithal he broughte us out of towne";

or again, in describing the Reeve, "And evere he rood the hyndreste of the route".

Still another thing which Chaucer's joyousness and sensitiveness to colour and sound brought to his character sketches was a never-failing supply of exquisite similes. The "yong squyer" was "as fressh as in the moneth of Maye",

> "Embrowded was he as it were a mede
> Al ful of fresshe floures, white and reede".

The Frere's

> "eyghen twynkled in his heed aright,
> As don the sterres in the frosty night",

and

> "His nekke whit was as the flour-de-lys".

The Frankeleyn's beard was "as is the dayeseye", and

> "An anlas and a gipser al of silk
> Heng at his girdel, whit as morne mylk".

The Sompnour "chirped as a sparwe". The Pardoner

> "hadde heer as yelwe as wex,
> But smothe it heng, as doth a strike of flex";

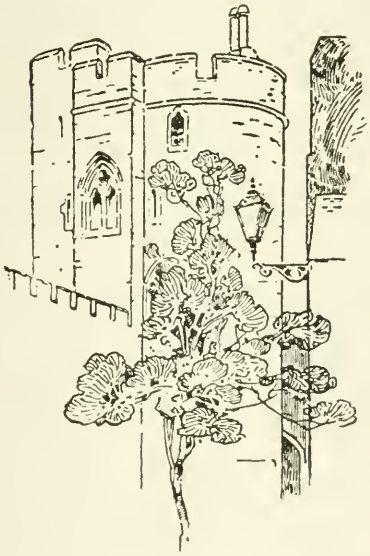
and "a voys he hadde as smal as eny goot". These are but a few of Chaucer's similes. They are all beautiful and simple, and wherever used, they shed a ray of light which illumines the whole portrait.

Although in an analysis of Chaucer's character sketches, his joyousness, his idealism, his realism, his use of concrete images to indicate character, his wonderful interweaving of details and his perfect similes are seen to be important features in his charm, nevertheless they do not explain it all. One would make a serious omission were he to forget Chaucer's whimsical wit. There is not a single description of these pilgrims in which his subtlety is not evident. It is almost impossible to explain this by specific reference, and yet if one wished to give an example, perhaps these lines from the description of the Prioresse best illustrate it,

"And theron heng a broch of gold ful schene,
On which was first i-write a crowned A,
And after amor vincit omnia".

It could not be definitely said that Chaucer felt that there might be a double meaning to "amor vincit omnia"; there is no bitterness in the humour, but one is dimly conscious that Chaucer is amused at the foibles of feminine nature personified in this "nonne". It is this elusive quality running all the way through the *Prologue* to the *Canterbury Tales*, which binds all the other attributes of his writing together; it is this indescribable something which gives the final touch to the pictures of the pilgrims. Chaucer, in the "serenity of detachment", stands watching the lives of these men and women as a "happy spectator".

—Helen M. Gilmour, '21.



REMINISCENCES OF A TENDERFOOT.

"Along the road to Anywhere, when each day had its story;
When time was yet our vassal, and life's jest was still unstale;
When peace unfathomed filled our hearts as, bathed in amber glory,
Along the road to Anywhere we watched the sunsets pale."

—Service

HIS is our stop."

By means of this terse announcement, the field manager of the Oxford-Cobalt Silver Mines intimated that Lane, Robinson and I were to follow our first trail through the bush. We stood a moment in silence looking about at the strange surroundings. As the electric car disappeared I felt that sense of isolation which is only experienced when one is cut off from civilization for the first time. True, Cobalt was only five miles away, and within a quarter of a mile lay the small settlement of Giroux Lake. Nevertheless, my feeling was that I had seen the last vestige of civilization when the train, known as the Cobalt Special, had left Toronto Union Station sixteen hours previously.

"Was it only yesterday that I said good-bye to Toronto?"

"Yes; to-day is the fifteenth of June and I left Toronto on the fourteenth."

In the midst of this musing, Donald, our manager, led the way toward the trail, not, however, before we had obtained a view of our surroundings. On either side of us stretched the rails of the electric railway, steel ribbons which emerged from a passage on our right, the walls of which rose perpendicularly to a height of twenty or thirty feet, and which disappeared behind a cliff on our left. Behind, the houses of the village of Giroux Lake clung to the face of the rock; and in front, the forest-covered hills served as a reminder that the country was not completely barren.

The trail! Shall I ever forget it?

A narrow foot path beginning at the car line penetrated the

forest and in its sinuous course led upward to the summit of the hill immediately before us. Deep trenches crossing the trail at irregular intervals made us nervous; roots tripped us; sharp stones seemed to cut our feet; branches whipped our faces; mosquitoes tormented us; and black flies lacerated us.

Finally we attained the summit. A gray patch of rock cropped through the soil and on this a brick chimney and its fireplace reared themselves, all that remained of some pioneer's dwelling. On three sides, the bush hemmed in this little clearing; but on the fourth the hill dropped suddenly away, revealing a splendid vista. We gazed in admiration. Even Donald, who had observed the scene daily, lost his indifference for a moment. In the valley many feet below, Lake Giroux lay like a huge sheet of silver. About a quarter of a mile away the hills closed in suddenly, forming a narrow channel, in the centre of which a small island was located. As we viewed the scenery, the rugged hills clothed with verdure, an occasional patch of gray betraying the absence of soil, and the beautiful lake nestling in the valley, Carlyle's expression "beauty alternates with grandeur", seemed particularly appropriate.

Our guide led us down the steep side of the hill. With stones scurrying under our feet we reached the shore of the lake and began a detour. Then we penetrated what seemed to be a veritable "forest primeval." The sunlight was shut out by the trees which grew in an almost impenetrable mass. The trail showed no solid ground under our feet, merely stumps and roots in various stages of decay.

And so the trail continued for more than a mile until we reached a corduroy road which led through the valley.

"De corduroy road go bompety bomp,
De corduroy road go jompety jomp,
An' he's takin' beeg chances upset hees load
De horse dat'll trot on de corduroy road.
Of course it's purty rough, but it's handy t'ing enough
An' dey mak' it wit' de log all jine togedder
W'en dey strek de swampy groun' w'ere de water hang aroun'
Or passin' by some tough ole beaver medder."

At the far end of this valley a couple of buildings were seen, and we learned that these comprised our camp. At the west of these buildings the rock rose perpendicularly, though at the east side of the valley the hills were less rugged. On some of them tall white trunks devoid of all branches shone in the sunlight, all that remained of the forest after some fire had raged.

"The graveyard of the forest," I thought.

As we were not to commence camping that day we walked a quarter of a mile further to the mine. Here some rough timbers projected out of a square hole cut in the rock, into which a bucket suspended on a cable was raised and lowered. The descent into the mine was novel but not unpleasant. Standing in a whirling bucket (the cross-head had not yet been installed) we dropped into a black hole. I looked up to see daylight, only to receive drops of water in my face. At the bottom of the shaft we found the miners dressed in rubber suits and doing their work by the aid of acetylene lamps. These threw a ghastly light, bright enough, however, to enable Donald to operate his pick among the rocks and water in order to obtain samples of ore. During the ascent he explained to me something of aplite, argentite and other formations of this region, but to my ignorant mind his words were merely a confused mass of "ites". Having finished our tour we returned to Cobalt to make preparations for our new home.

The following morning Lane, Robinson and I moved to the bush. On that day we had our first experience carrying "pack-saeks" filled with provisions, on our backs, and before the camp was reached three very tired boys were satiated with the wonders of nature. Immediately on arriving at the camp, the pack-saeks having been unloaded, we began building our bunks. As two other members of our party had not yet arrived, provision had to be made for them. For three inexperienced youths, the manufacture of balsam beds, hitherto only read of in Boy Scout stories; the "boxing in" of the spring; and the disposal of our supplies had a totally unexpected interest.

No feather beds were ever as comfortable as our balsam couches during the first few nights. After working in the fresh air for several hours the opportunity to rest was indeed welcome. Imagine such a life! Breakfast was served about six o'clock; then we worked in the bright sunshine, eating bologna, bread and jam for lunch. After the day's work we enjoyed the regulation dinner of bacon, beans, bread and jam. At nine-thirty or ten we retired, lulled by the incessant buzzing of mosquitoes.

Saturday night was always looked forward to with a certain amount of pleasure. After McDermid and Nesbit arrived, three members of the party went to the grocer's at Giroux Lake for the week's supply of provisions, while the two boys remaining would prepare dinner.

The settlement of Giroux Lake has a rather restricted business district. The general store, with its various departments of groceries, tobaccos, meats, dry goods, boots and shoes, together with the post office, was sheltered under one roof. Under another the ice-cream parlor and pool-room were conducted in peace and quietness. The young men when they were waiting for their order to be filled frequently visited each of these scenes of activity. After an hour or so they were usually on their return trip over the trail. For a short time after our arrival there was a decided lapse from conventional standards in the matter of shaving, but when it was learned that a young lady occasionally served in the store at which our groceries were bought, self-respect reasserted itself, particularly on Saturdays.

We, however, did not travel to Cobalt to admire nature, either animate or inanimate, but to work. Our first work was indeed interesting. The manager would prospect and when he had discovered a vein in the bare rock we would descend to the valley, decide on a spot near which it might be expected that the vein would be found. At this place we would dig a trench at right angles to its apparent course. This trench was to be extended down to the rock, and continued along it until the vein was found. Then a new trench would be commenced which

would follow the course of the vein. The object of this work was to enable Donald to obtain samples and to observe the formation and width of the vein.

This trenching was merely introductory. A new type of work which could locate more square inches of tender skin on a man's hand than any other ever experienced by us was undertaken. This toil, however, had a zest to it, in that we could see that, as each day progressed, we had helped extend the boundaries of civilization and had brought order out of chaos. As our ancestors worked a century ago in Southern Ontario, so we were working in Northern Ontario, cutting down trees, stripping them of branches, chopping them into logs, and piling them to be burned. In this task there was no melancholy. The merry ring of the axe, the mischievous chirping of a chipmunk, the warning buzz of an angry swarm of wasps, and the subsequent dash for safety,—all added to the charm of life.

The feature of my life last summer that made the greatest impression on my mind was neither the work nor the housekeeping. The few hours of recreation that remained in the evening after the dishes were washed stand out quite vividly as the most pleasant part of the whole summer. Saturday evenings we usually played Five Hundred. The scene is still fresh in my mind; four players sitting silently around a table of unplaned lumber, the darkness broken by the flickering, yellow glare of two oil lamps, and the smoke from the pipes and cigarettes slowly curling to the roof. Sometimes the evenings would be spent in letter writing or recounting reminiscences. Robinson would narrate some of his adventures while engaged in aviation overseas, or McDermid would accompany us on his mandolin as we sang.

Near our shack a huge mass of rock, upon which a few pines grew, formed a high hill. Quite frequently some of us would climb to the top of this to stretch out upon a great, sloping rock and watch the sunset. I do not know whether the sunsets in Southern Ontario are less beautiful or if on acount of the ab-

sence of high hills they are seldom seen. But the sunsets here were glorious, at times a wonderful riot of color, orange, red, blue; at other times a quiet combination of tints and shades which met the distant hills in a confusing bluish mist. As the glories of the sunset disappeared and twilight gradually drew her veil of darkness over the earth, we would rest on the rock, smoking and conversing quietly.

One evening Robinson and I took our blankets to this hill and slept under the stars while the Aurora Borealis lit up the sky with phantom tongues of flame. When I awoke the first blush of dawn was visible on the eastern horizon, and I heard for the first time that very beautiful poem of Harriet Beecher Stowe's as Robinson quoted it:

> "Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
> The solemn hush of nature newly born;
> Alone with thee, in breathless adoration,
> In the calm dew and freshness of the morn."

Such a summer could not last forever. We learned that our work would be finished on the twenty-fifth of August. I must confess that we were quite happy at the prospect of returning to our homes. Meals without cooking and dish-washing certainly appealed to us. Such dainties as pastry and fresh fruit compared very favorably with camp fare.

Preparations for closing camp were carefully made. Our supply of provisions continued to dwindle. Personal belongings were packed away where they could be found easily. On the final day we made our last trip over the trail, five tanned and muscular specimens of young Canadian manhood. Nesbit intended to leave for the "West" on the following day. McDermid expected to journey as far as Muskoka. The rest of us considered home to be the best possible destination that we could select.

It was with a strange feeling that Lane, Robinson and I stood on the rear platform of the southbound train on that evening in late August and watched the sunset. Then we returned to our seats and lived again the summer as we looked at the pictures that had been taken. With a sigh each retired, resolved, I am

sure, to return once again if possible to Northern Ontario, the country that had wrought its spell upon us and had bequeathed imperishable memories.

—Frank Stiling, '24.

A GUIDING SONG.

I would that I might tell you, friend of mine,
That happy words you uttered long ago,
Sung in my heart like some soft-measured line,
Clung to my life and would not let me go.
'Till I had made their music my heart's song,
And passed them on to lives that knew them not,
To gather them as they were swept along,
To find fresh joys, new sorrows all unsought.

In night's dark hours and through sunny days,
I've learned the selflessness your music sings,
I've learned the understanding heart it brings,
The bitter unforgiving it allays.
'Twas "Everybody's Lonesome," that you said.
Through mystic ways this golden song has led!

—Amy E. Campbell, '12.

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Editorial Notes

A *recent University speaker* opened up a live question when he attacked the time-honored custom of initiating Freshmen in our Canadian Colleges, and one Toronto daily rejoiced at his words, picturing the Canadian public as waiting for just such an inspired pronouncement. According to this journal, the only truth expounded in the practice is that of the ungodly power of numbers, and it longs for students strongminded enough to skip a year and stop such vicious proceedings. Another Toronto paper strikes a truer note, when it discounts the "gloomy dean" attitude of many people, and recognizes that there may be tongues in grease, sermons in eggs, books in the paint brushes, and good in everything. No one defends the vandalism of pre-war days here; no one wants to revive the inhuman practices now banned;

but surely no one can condemn the principle of the thing. Initiation makes for democracy and good sportsmanship, and aims to remove all traces of conceit from newcomers. The prince and the pauper are equal under the paint brush. All men look alike when covered with grease. The bad-tempered rich man gets the same medicine for his anger as does the surly hoodlum. Initiation creates *esprit de corps* in a College, and helps to organize the Freshman year as early as possible. No healthy man wants to be coddled; he is glad his presence makes enough difference to have a session over it. And finally, initiation is vastly superior to a system of long-drawn-out fagging. The man who fags you patronizes you, the man who initiates you does not.

This month the MONTHLY boasts a new cover design. We like it ourselves, and hope it will meet with your approval. It is the work of Mr. H. S. King, '25. We do not need a new cover every month, but we do need fresh manuscript constantly. Think it over.

McMaster's annual efforts to secure possession of the Kerr Shield for inter-college debating have begun again, this year's beginning being, however, auspicious rather than spectacular. Mr. A. H. Carr, B.A., and Mr. E. Orsborn, Theo., were appointed to humble St. Michael's College in the first round, using as the proper means thereto the negative of the resolution, "That the policy of the Federal Agrarian Party is in the best interests of Canada." After our men had collected the proper material, culled it over, and digested it, word came from St. Michael's that they would default the issue. We are grateful for the victory, and confident that our men would have won in any case, but we must not impute cowardice to the defaulters. We are given to understand that the St. Michael's faculty forbade the debate, against the wishes of the student body there. Congratulations, Messrs. Carr and Orsborn! May your successors copy your industry, though they dare not hope for your bloodless victory.

The next round puts McMaster opposite the Dental College, and we are to be represented by Mr. Geo. Henry, '23, and Mr.

C. H. Brisco, '24, who will uphold the negative of the resolution, "That Canada's right of appeal to the Privy Council be abolished."

The attempt to secure a new McMaster yell is being made again this year, this time with the added incentive of a three-dollar prize to be awarded by the Student Body Executive if a suitable yell is submitted. Money talks, we know, and it is to be hoped that it can also yell, for otherwise this year's contest will probably be as unproductive as its predecessors. Let all those who feel themselves capable of murdering the King's English in the interests of rhythm and noise bestir themselves.

"Character wants room; must not be crowded on by persons, nor be judged from glimpses got in the press of affairs or on a few occasions. It needs perspective, as a great building. It may not, probably does not, form relations rapidly; and we should not require rash explanation, either on the popular ethics, or on our own, of its action".—*Emerson.*

"The great principles of right and wrong are legible to every reader; to pursue them requires not the aid of many counselors. The whole art of government consists in the art of being honest. Only aim to do your duty, and mankind will give you credit where you fail".—*Thomas Jefferson.*

College News

Around The Hall

Editor: Max C. Welch.

IN the halls of McMaster there exist over the thresholds of no small number of dormitories sententious mottoes and facetious inscriptions. To the mouldering epitaphs of a crumbling abbey or a moss-grown churchyard belong the truly penetrating commentaries on human existence, but in our less sagacious maxims seems to lie more import for ourselves. Sons of McMaster are the authors of them all, and descending to us with the sanction of the past, they array themselves before us in the respected mantles of tradition, and in this guise they remain with us, breathing into the college atmosphere a scarcely noticed effluence.

Thus traits worthy of McMaster are held ever before us, not, to be sure, in such ludicrous denotations as the "Big Four", but in the humorous implications inherent in them all. "Paradise Lost", classical as is the allusion, dances with levity, and who cannot conjure as felicitous a picture of industry in "Dante's Inferno" as in "Progressive Pilgrims Parlor"! In spite of partial disqualifications "White House" and "Vatican" are also worthy conceptions of a student's aim, and in the face of "Faith, Hope and Charity" we make a pious bow! Customs such as these are, seem to deserve perpetuation, and to him who has aspirations to support them, we suggest only this—that he strive more after originality and beware a usage that borders on the hackneyed.

It is not fair that we should say everything; we therefore welcome the following outbursts.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

I am a Sophomore in good standing, and as such I protest most vehemently against a certain pernicious sytem that appears to be in vogue. Very recently I was approached by an unspeakable imposter who invited me to be present at an exclusive repast to be held for the students, and following the example of my room-mate allowed myself to be parted from a silver collection.

Looking back I cannot imagine where the banquet was held, for I spent several hours looking for it and only succeeded in finding three Seniors talking in a dark hall and a few Juniors sitting on some steps. As they looked at me with marked suspicion I did not accost them, but I have reason to believe they were guards and in some way coadjutors in the affair. Of course, I would not have anyone misunderstand me; it is not the sardines, the cold chicken, the coffee, served with cream, and all the other delicacies that I am thinking of, but the principle of the thing. Sir, I cannot help blushing with indignation when I think of everyone else enjoying this delectable function while a Sophomore was excluded.

Yours, etc.,

CYRUS.

[If Cyrus can supply the name of the participant in this extraordinary function no doubt he could be prevailed upon to render some account of it.—Ed.]

Dear Mr. Editor:—

I must confess to having received a rude shock after the perusal of certain lines appearing in your last issue, October, on page 28. You call them a "timely ditty," but to me they are sinful and suggestive doggerel, viewed both from ethical and literary standpoints. First of all, the incident you portray is undeniably vicious. That any student, having succeeded in retiring before 2 a.m., and having fulfilled health's requirements with a bath twenty-eight hours previously, should find his mind so worked upon by strange visions as to imagine, and I fear, with some degree of justification, that an attack upon his person was being planned, in spite of page 129 of the University Calendar, is a lamentable state of affairs. Then, too, the class of students to whom his experience was due is one which no self-respecting student body ought to tolerate. A Soph who would "choke and sputter" is certainly no fit man for this place, and a Senior who would encourage the deliberate mutilation of a door is a man whom I cannot fellowship. The alleged poem of which I write realizes, I believe, that the disastrous effects of such conduct will be evident, not only in the lives of those responsible for it, but in the whole school. The last line of the poem shows that it is only a matter of time before voluntary ablutions here are extinct. This state

of affairs may be accounted for partly by our plumbing system, but I fear that intimidation is also doing its deadly work.

Speaking as a literary critic, I have been unable to determine whether or not the affair was wholly dream or partly fact. I shall not press this point, however. Your poet has succeeded, I think, in giving us a fair idea of the student's character. The references in stanza three to the swearing and the grit upon the floor point out two sad defects in the youth's make-up—profanity and bad housekeeping—which are perhaps the ground for the whole attack upon him. I note with pleasure, also, that the flatmasters are doing their duty with regard to the lights in the hall, as revealed in lines 12 and 13.

I am sure, sir, that the pernicious character of the poem has escaped your notice, but I trust you will take greater care in future as to the literature which you place in hands of young men and women during the most formative period of their lives. Thank you for your valuable space, sir, and believe me

Yours infernally,

Infra Dig.

[We wish to assure "Infra Dig" that we appreciate his criticism; but would like to suggest that next time he takes exception to what we publish, he express his displeasure in writing something about twice as good. We will print it.—Ed.]

Freshman-Sophomore Banquet—Unofficial minutes of the Freshman-Sophomore Banquet run as follows:—"After the drawing of partners, and the consequent ordeal of introductions, we assembled at the "Selby" at 7.30 on the evening of November 1. As the arrangements were perfect, the banquet proper began almost at once. Were I gifted with the descriptive genius of a Washington Irving, I might perhaps venture to attempt a description of the evening that followed, but being as I am, I can only relate the events in chronological order—minutes of the meeting, as it were. Fain would I speak of "sumptuous repasts, choice viands, and brimming bowls," but to do so is but to belittle a great accomplishment—the menu of the evening. Mr. Chapman, though a novice, was an able and efficient toastmaster, allowing us ample time to finish the Salade de Fruit, ere proposing the toast to the King. The Freshman president did not respond to this toast as expected, 'tis true; but a rousing toast it was. Mr. Brisco, orator and debater, proposed the toast to the Freshmen; combining with his American oratory much

common sense and good advice. Mr. Cadwell replied for the newcomers, telling one of his old-time stories of the canny Scot. He sat down. Followed a well-rendered and spirited piano solo by our former vice-president, Miss Starr, after which came the toasts to the Faculty and Alma Mater, wittily proposed, and answered in kind. Our newest friend from the South was enthusiastically welcomed by "all present." Mr. Helps gallantly gave us "the Ladies, God bless 'em," and Miss Macarthur replied on behalf of her sex. Some were heard to suspect that she had read one of Sylvia Pankhurst's effusions, but such was not the case. Mr. Crofoot, "our well-known vocalist," did carol right lustily, and was encored therefor. What need to speak of promenades? My own card has many autographs, and my pen ran dry in returning them. "Thy Praises McMaster" was again sung. The new '24 yell made its début. That of '25 has yet to appear. Altogether a very satisfactory evening, gentlemen!"

Lit.—October 21.—Open Lit was successfully held in Castle Memorial Hall on the evening of October 21st. The meeting was opened by speeches from the president, Mr. Brown, and the honorary president, Professor New. A short but excellent programme ensued, which included a piano solo by Miss Phyllis Chapman, a reading by Miss Helen Brown, and a vocal solo by Mr. G. V. Crofoot. According to time-honored custom, most of the evening was spent in promenading; thus old acquaintances were enabled to exchange their greetings, and the new members of the student body to become acquainted. Then eager freshmen bolted hither and yon with food from Coles, and spoons from the dining-room, the aforementioned waiters later washing up *ad nauseam* after the departing crowd had given them back their dishes.

Lit.—October 28.—On the evening of October 28th, the members of the Lit assembled to hear a lecture on "Burma and the East," by Mr. Armstrong. In the course of his lecture, Mr. Armstrong showed that the Oriental nations are changing owing to the influence of the war and missionary effort. Experience on the Western Front has taught Easterners many things, which, coupled with the teachings of Christianity, are forcing the Eastern religions to modify their doctrines in order to survive. The introductory part of the evening's programme was acceptably supplied by Miss Ruth Starr at the piano.

Lit.—November 4—On the evening of November 4, the Lit. provided an impromptu programme, thus preventing the temporary extinction of our social activities when St. Mike's defaulted the Intercollege debate to us. The meeting opened auspiciously with a vocal selection by Messrs. Lang, Gilmour, Ruttan and Crofoot, followed by a reading by Miss Pugh and a vocal solo by Miss Seiling. At this point the classical element may be said to have dropped out, and in its place a succession of oratorical effusions provoked the risible faculties of the audience with "side-splitting" effect. The first effort was put forth by Mr. Orsborn, who disclosed a number of intimate "Summer Memories." In the next address Mr. Dingle dilated on "Paint", its uses, misuses, and general efficacies. "Hot Dog" was discussed with considerable profundity by Mr. Taylor, "Wallingford Teas" by Mr. Atkinson, and Mr. Lang with masterly exposition treated "Hair." Discoursing on "Noses", Mr. Gilmour made frequent allusions to the poets, which he ably expounded, adding from time to time observations of his own.

Theology Picnic—Know All Men By These Presents that we the Theology Class of McMaster University, did, on Monday, the seventeenth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-one, hold a picnic at and upon that certain parcel of land known and described as Long Branch Park, and situate, lying and being in the Township of Etobicoke, County of York and Province of Ontario, upon and after the arrival of the party whereat certain proceedings were had and taken hereinafter more particularly described as follows, that is to say:

1. An alleged baseball team, wherein one side or team scored nineteen points or runs and the other side or team scored five points or runs, which said baseball game the learned players did adjudge and addeem to have been won by the side or team firstly above mentioned.

2. A banquet or handout which was conducted on the shore of Lake Ontario, being part of the above named parcel of land, which said banquet or hand-out was received with gratitude, washed down with hot coffee, and topped off with toasted marshmallows.

3. A song-fest, concert, community sing, or operatic performance, immediately after and following the said banquet

or hand-out, near to and surrounding a camp-fire situate, placed, and burning upon the lake-shore aforesaid, followed by a series of noises known as yells, wherein expert assistance was provided by a certain animal commonly known and described as a dog, but otherwise unknown to these deponents, situate, standing, and barking upon and from the higher ground above the lake shore aforementioned near to and above the place where and at which the aforesaid campfire was burning.

4. And it is hereby expressly admitted and declared that ladies were present and did take part in all the said proceedings.

Now Know Ye that, having done and concluded all the hereinbefore described acts and things, all those persons who had taken part therein did thereupon return to their respective places of residence, having had an enjoyable and convivial picnic.

And deponents further say not.

Sophomore Picnic—The sophisticated members of the class of '24, met together on the cold, gloomy afternoon of October 12th and quite undaunted by the gloom-provoking elements, journeyed to Long Branch. There the ground was distinctly humid but as the games were exciting, circulation soon improved and life looked much rosier; in fact, the fresh-sophs appeared quite happy. Finally, breath grew short, and vacant longings evoked a spirit of restlessness among the company. Professor Moon, realizing what the difficulty was, undertook a noble piece of work, and a huge fire soon glowed pleasantly on the beach. Indeed, it was not long before a suggestive fragrance began to pervade the air. A large pot of coffee was boiling and an odor that is usually associated with canines and fall fairs was in evidence. Following the meal, the traditional sing-song was organized.

Senior Party—In Wallingford Hall the Senior Girls entertained their year in a merry whirl. On Hallowe'en, by half-past eight, the guests had all arrived in state, while Ghosts and Spirits prowled without, on mischief bent, we have no doubt; for many a swain for his lady fair, called, and failed to find her there! As books bedecked came every one, some with costumes, some with none. And all were good, like angels they, and this was all that saved the day; for gay confusion reigned supreme, in chestnut hunt, in games. It seemed that all of us were

young once more. We played contented on the floor, essayed the apple, chased the eat, were powdered from an upper flat. At last, a sign of passing time, Wassail was drunk in good red wine.

Year '23 Party—Unique and mysteriously worded invitations in the hands of Year '23 girls were the first hint of the Hallowe'en Party that was to follow on October 21st in Bloor Street Church. With just the amount of trepidation that was polite under the circumstances these fair ladies appeared at the time appointed, and were straightway welcomed with barbaric fervor and hurried through an inquisitorial procedure that resembled the scrutiny at a modern election. Scarcely was the ordeal over when the unhappy news was announced that in coming to the party a Junior had rather unfortunately been run over by a steam-roller. However, as his remains had been gathered in a basket, they were now, by way of farewell, to be passed around for inspection. Lest the sight should prove touching, this was executed under cover of a sheet, but this action caused some skeptic to remark that the eyes felt like grapes and the hand like a glove! When these sad members had been removed, the party devoted themselves for a little time to games, and then betook themselves to the "Simplicity Inn" where a merry party was ended.

Frosh Picnic—On the afternoon of October 12th humble Freshettes and Freshmen, accompanied by their chaperones, warily betook themselves to a sheltered spot on Kew Beach. There games of all kinds were played on the sand while certain members of the class displayed considerable prowess in building a fire. Soon, however, this cheerful blaze and the boiling coffee gave them all such a hungry feeling that they gathered around to wait for lunch which eventually consisted of rolls, wieners, pork and beans, bread and butter, pickles, olives, cakes, marshmallows, and coffee enough for the hungriest. Soon the coolness of the evening began to be felt, and they gathered closer into the circle around the fire to sing in exultant tones the songs that were popular in days gone by. When the embers of the dying fire changed from vivid red to black, the merry picnic party dispersed, happy that so auspicious an event had not been interrupted by uninvited guests.

The latest perpetration in the nature of a yell is this effort from Theology:

Hermeneutics, Eisagogics, Catechetics, Rah!
Halieutics, Pedagogics, Homiletics, Bah!
Dogma, Liturgy, Symbols, Yah!
Lower Critics, Higher Critics, Rah! Rah! Rah!
Hoi Baptistai, Sis Boom Bah!

Women's Department

EDITOR: MISS FRANCES TROTTER, '22.
ASST. EDITOR: MISS JEANETTE REDDICK, '23.

"Come and take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow."

GLASSED-IN Bookshelves? Oh, yes, they keep the books scrupulously free from dust. They prevent thumb-marks, worn edges,—and all else that proves "books are life-long friends whom we come to love and know." But our McMaster library shelves are long, well-filled and open. The hand can run lovingly along the books in search of hidden treasure. True, there are still extant several signs bearing the motto "Please do not handle the books" but our present hospitable librarian has most emphatically scratched out all the "nots" and underlined the "do's." It is not the fault of either shelves, custodian or treasure if we do not seek. "Finders are keepers." Who can rob us of a book once read?

When you browse the next time for an hour (does any hour pass more quickly), look for these on the library shelf. First of all, there is "Mary Stuart," John Drinkwater's new play. It may not stir you in the reading as did "Abraham Lincoln," but this new picture of Mary as a "great lover" always lacking an object worthy of her love, has its fascinations.

"Not Riccio nor Darnley knew,
Nor Bothwell, how to find
This Mary's best magnificence
Of the great lover's mind."

Did you see the notice in *The McMaster Graduate* of a play in four Acts by Seaward Beddow, '06? It is called "The Challenge," and is said to have created considerable stir in England with its bearing on the social unrest. The products of our own graduates always hold a special interest.

There is a charming book which has been in the library since 1914, "Mary Powell and Deborah's Diary." Does Milton seem to you almost a being from another world? Miss Manning has so mingled fact and fiction that is seeming truth, and withal in such a charming, quaint style, that you will not easily lay down these diaries with their pictures of Milton from the viewpoint of wife and daughter.

William Lyon Phelps is a name which we heed regardless of the subject of the writing to which it is signed. Best of all, however, he always chooses subjects in which we are interested for their own sakes. "Essays on Modern Dramatists" includes J. M. Barrie, George Bernard Shaw, John Galsworthy, Clyde Fitch, Maurice Maeterlinck and Edmond Rostand. Which one makes your fingers itch most to hold the brown-covered book? "We burn daylight;—here, read, read."

W. L. S.—In all our hearts lurks a certain wander-lust, a desire to travel and do, and see, farther than our daily routine allows. But even though for the present we must be stay-at-homes, we may let our minds "wander fancy free" and catch a glimpse of other places and other peoples. Miss McGregor guided us on one of these delightful thought travels at Women's Lit. on Friday, October 21st, when she told us about part of her wonderful trip through Europe last summer. First we visited Chester, where we walked along the old Roman wall and saw the ancient cathedral, the water tower, and the quaint shops arranged in tiers. Travelling northward we passed Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, and saw the heather growing on Ben Lomond. In Edinburgh, the castle, the home of John Knox, and Princess street claimed our attention. At Abbotsford we browsed through Scott's old library, full of his books and curios, and then stopped at the old Abbey Hotel at Melrose. A trip through the Lake country gave us a new understanding of Wordsworth, and after a coaching trip through the hills we explored Kenilworth and Warwick. At Stratford we visited Shakespeare's tomb as well

as his house and the old garden which contains every flower mentioned in his plays. Reaching London, we paid our tribute at the grave of the unknown soldier, along with others from every corner of the world. After visiting the Poet's Corner and exploring London Tower, we came at last to the old Cheshire Cheese Inn, which has retained the customs and atmosphere of the days of Samuel Johnson and Dickens. At this point, the five o'clock bell rudely interrupted our realistic and most enjoyable "trip," and we could only stay long enough to thank our guide and sing an old familiar song.

'23 Programme.—The first "year programme" of the Women's Literary Society was given by the Juniorettes with their usual originality in all numbers. The poster reflected the prevailing spirit of Hallowe'en. The curtain rose first, on a party of "spooks," apparently spirits recently departed from the "golden shores of old Miami." The "Jack-o-Lantern Toddle" was the next item and the varied expressions and graceful movements of these strange creatures were very amusing. In the "Evolution of a Co-ed", we were each made to "see ourselves as others see us." The playlet "Rugby vs. Shakespeare" involved some excellent histrionic ability. In spite of the accidents which befell the various characters, we feel sure the rugby players interested would appreciate their worthy intentions. Lillian Richards' instrumental successfully and delightfully covered the confusion of scene shifting. Altogether, the Juniors have set a high standard!

Y. W. C. A.—If one may augur the success of the Y. W. C. A. for 1921-22 from the attendance at its first meeting on October 28th, the year will be a phenomenal one. The programme was very worth-while. Alice Macdougall gave us something of the spirit of the Elgin House Conference: Louise Seiling sang, and Mrs. Holman spoke to us concerning some of the practical phases of social service, closing with an appeal to girls who are planning their life-work to do so in such a way that they may definitely serve Christ.

Emblems.—During the last few years the interest of the women students of McMaster in Athletics has increased by leaps and bounds. Until this year, however, we had given no thought to emblems, the symbols of achievement which add such glory to

a college sweater, and which the men already wear. Now we are determined not to be outdone. We, too, must have an "M," and if that is beyond the reach of most of us, at least a crest or a numeral. There are three different cases in which an "M" may be awarded,—(1) To the members of a team playing in a final, winning, league game; (2) A committee consisting of the Honorary President, the President of the Society, and the Head Girl, may recommend not more than two names a year on the grounds of some exceptional athletic merit or service to the Association. This recommendation shall be submitted to the Association for approval; (3) To those making 150 points out of a possible 250. These may be won in Hockey, Basketball, Hikes, Swimming, Tennis, and Field Day Sports.

The twenty-five points necessary to win a numeral can be made in any one of the above, while the Crest belongs to a member of any college team.

Surely the numeral is possible for us all, but if we would win the highest award, we must put forth our whole heart and soul into winning each game; we must take the greatest interest in every athletic activity. Then we shall win not only personal honour but add glory to our college name.

"By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd."

Field Day—Perhaps you did not know that McMaster University has the distinction of being the only college in Toronto to have an Annual Women's Field Day. Although this institution is still in its infancy it is already famous enough to have attracted the curious camera of the Pathé News.

The events and results were as follows:—

High Jump—1, R. Starr, '24; 2, E. Gilmour, '24; 3, C. Cook, '24; Height—4ft. 2 ins.

Basket Ball Throw—1, E. Wright, '22; 2, I. Wood, '25; 3, A. Macdougall, '22; Distance—54 ft. 2 ins.

Broad Jump—1, E. Gilmour, '24; 2, R. Starr, '24; 3, M. Smith, '22 and L. Marlatt, '25 (tied); Distance—12 ft. 1 in.

Hop, Step and Jump—1, E. Gilmour, '24; 2, R. Starr, '24; 3, C. Cook, '24.

100 *Yards Dash*—1, R. Starr, '24; 2, H. McAlpine, '22; 3, E. Gilmour, '24.

Three-Legged Race—1, R. Starr and E. Gilmour; 2, C. Cook and H. McBrien; 3, M. Jones and D. Smith.

Obstacle Race—1, E. Wright, '22; 2, C. Cook, '24; 3. L. Seiling, '25.

Walking Race—1, R. Starr, '24; 2, E. Gilmour, '24.

Relay Race—1, '24; 2, '25; 3, '22.

Tug-of-war—1, '23; 2, '22; 3, '25, '24.

The medal for the best athlete, given by Miss McGregor, goes to R. Starr, '24, with 26 points. Second place was won by E. Gilmour, '24, with 22 points, and third place by E. Wright, '22, with 12 points.

In points year '24 was first, with a total of 65; year '22 followed with 19; '25 came third and '23 fourth.

The Common Idea of an Editor:—Someone wearing horn-rimmed spectacles, rushing through stacks of material, marking "rejected" with an enormous blue pencil! *This* editorial chair has always stood empty,—the editor being absent soliciting news. Women of McMaster, will you take a dare? This is *your* department. Acceptances are easier to obtain here than refusals. Make it possible this year for the Editorial chair to be occupied occasionally.

Athletics

Editor: Otho C. Elliott, '23.

THE autumn of 1921 is unique in the athletic annals of McMaster. A little time spent in research amongst the former volumes of The Monthly has failed to disclose anything to eclipse the present prospects of sport around the old school. The Freshmen have shown an ability and willingness to put forth their best efforts to excel in every line. Those to whom the customs and traditions of the University are not new, have given the McMaster spirit an impetus in their whole-hearted endeavors to maintain and improve, if possible, McMaster's ideals of true sportsmanship.

This year's rugby team had the distinction of tying for the lead in the Western group of the Junior Intercollegiate Rugby Union, winning three games out of four in the group schedule. Unfortunately our men lost the chance of playing Queen's III, for the Junior Championship, by bowing before Varsity III, in the group play-off at Rosedale on November 12.

Nor are successes confined to rugby alone. The soccer team has two games to its credit and the basket-ball team one. With such an undoubtedly quickened and active interest in athletics, there is no limit to the possibilities of McMaster in the realm of sport.

Rugby.

McMaster 7, O.A.C. II. 1.—Despite the unfamiliar surroundings, McMaster defeated O.A.C. in the first game of the series by a score of 7 to 1. The game was played on the O.A.C. campus on Saturday, October 15th. Ideal weather conditions offered no advantages of wind to either side. O.A.C. with the heavier team depending on line plays could not compete successfully with Mac's speedier aggregation as a scoring machine. At one stage of the game they were within one yard of the touch-line but failed to cross the chalked mark. Smith for McMaster, scored the only try in the game. Undoubtedly the whole-hearted support of a handful of energetic rooters for the Maroon and Grey aided greatly in the defeat of the Agrarians. The results of good coaching and persistent training were evident in the co-operative team play which characterized the efforts of the team throughout the progress of the

contest. The line-ups of victors and vanquished were as follows:

McMaster—Quarter, Gilmour; flying wing, M. A. Smith; halves, Platus, M. Hughes and Doolittle; snap, Taylor; insides, Morrison and Black; middles, Price and Houghton; outsides, Paterson and Jones; subs., McGrath, Webb, Freeman, McLay and Eberlee.

O.A.C.—Quarter, C. A. Smith; flying wing, Walsh; halves, Heggie, T. M. Smith, and Dickson; snap, Sheppard; insides, Ross and Beattie; middles, Richmond and Purdy; outsides, Chowan and McArthur; subs., Wilson, Tolton, F. Hamilton, W. C. Hamilton, Presant and Buckley.

McMaster 2, Varsity III. 10.—A cloud to clod precipitation in true Hatfieldian style made Rosedale Athletic Field look like an annex to the Don Valley brick-yard when McMaster met Varsity III. in their first struggle for grid-iron honors on Wednesday, October 19th. Treacherous footing and a rain-soaked ball were the causes of much of the loose handling that occurred on both sides during the progress of the game. Varsity was the first to score, Coleman making a touch in the first quarter, but this they failed to convert. In the second quarter Mac started scoring when Hughes placed a kick over the Blue and white goal line. With the ball almost where it had been at the beginning of the game, half-time was called, the score being 5 to 1 in Varsity's favor. The third period was a battle in which fortune apparently favored first one and then the other, but fooled them both by not allowing a point to either side. In the closing period the first period was paralleled. Coleman making a touch for Varsity which was not converted, and Hughes again kicking over the goal-line. Varsity III were the victors 10 to 2. The line-up was as follows:

McMaster—Quarter, W. Hughes; flying wing, Smith; halves, Platus, M. Hughes and Doolittle; snap, McLay; insides, McGrath and Eberlee; middles, Price and Houghton; outsides, Paterson and Jones; subs., Webb, Black, Boadway, Freeman and McBride.

Varsity—Quarter, Teagle; flying wing, Monkman, halves, Tusky, Coleman and Reid; snap, Johnston; insides, Lappin and McCully; middles, Snider and Hainey; outsides, Billings and Breithaupt; subs., Beck, Leary, Whitsun and Code.

McMaster 12, Varsity III. 8.—Fighting hard, and fighting all the time gave the Maroon and Grey the victory over Varsity on Wednesday, October 26th, on the rear campus. Refusing to accept what seemed to be defeat, Mac won by the most spectacular finish witnessed this season. Despite the chilly zephyrs, the numerous side-line fans—and fannettes—lent their supporting cheers and encouragement until the game was won. In the first quarter Varsity started the counting by kicking over Mac's goal-line. Several minutes later, when about fifteen yards from Varsity's line, Doolittle placed the pig-skin over in a creditable manner, scoring a touch. This was successfully converted, adding another point to the score. The second period was marked by even-matched efforts to make points. Varsity gaining one more by a kick over our goal-line.

At half-time McMaster was four points in the lead, the score standing 6 to 2.

The third quarter Varsity again made a point on a kick over our goal-line. In the last period Varsity by a continual series of heavy line plunges, secured a touch but failed to convert. Now in the lead with a score of 8 to 6 Varsity had almost counted the game as theirs. With but two minutes' of play remaining, Doolittle, by a brilliant run of twenty-five yards, cleverly eluding half a dozen intervening opponents, scored a touch which was later converted; and the game was won.

The line-up for the game was:

McMaster—Quarter, Gilmour; flying wing, Smith; halves, Platus, M. Hughes and Doolittle; snap, McLay; insides, McGrath and Black; middles, Price and Houghton; outsides, Paterson and Jones; subs., W. Hughes, Webb, Eberlee, Taylor and Freeman.

Varsity—Quarter, Teagle; flying wing, Monkman; halves, Cole, Coleman and Reid; snap, Johnston; insides, Lappin and McCully; middles, Snider and Leary; outsides, Sproule and Breithaupt; subs., Carslake, Tusky, Billings, Beck and Whitesun.

McMaster 8, O.A.C. II. 2.—The return game with the scholastic tillers from Guelph was played on the Rosedale Athletic Field on Saturday, October 29th. Good student support and excellent weather aided in producing the only desirable result —a win.

During the first quarter Mac men seemed unaccountably

disorganized, but the condition was only temporary. At half time the visitors were in the lead by one point. Tightening up on their plays in the third and last periods McMaster again exhibited her ability to stay with the game to the finish, carrying off the victory with a score of 8 to 2. To the superior kicking of M. Hughes, the defeat of the agriculturists was due, and to him is also due the only touch of the game, when he got away on a long pass for the desired goal. W. Hughes missed a field-goal by inches. With this victory McMaster was again tied for group honors with Varsity III. The line-up was as follows:

McMaster—Quarter, Gilmour; flying wing, W. Hughes; halves, Platus, M. Hughes and Doolittle; snap, McLay; insides, McGrath and Black; middles, Price and Houghton; outsides, Paterson and Jones; subs., Webb, Freeman, Taylor, Eberlee McBride and M. A. Smith.

O.A.C.—Quarter, Dickson (captain); flying wing, Walsh; halves, T. W. Smith, C. W. A. Smith and Presant; snap, Sheppard; insides, Tolton and Beatty; middles, Richmond and Hamilton; outsides, Hadden and Zeigler; subs., C. A. Smith, Broughton, Raney, Buckley.

McMaster 1, Varsity III. 6.—Although rugby can hardly be classed as a winter sport, that snow-covered field in Rosedale certainly had an Arctic aspect on Saturday, November 12th, when the final game of the Junior Intercollegiate was played with our arch-rivals, Varsity III's. With the majority of lectures cancelled the team did not lack for support from the rooters despite the slushy condition of the side-lines.

Both teams were severely handicapped by the uncertain footing and the first period passed without any results. During the second period the good punting of M. Hughes rescued McMaster from several precarious situations. At half-time neither team had scored a point.

Within the first few minutes of play in the third quarter quick work on the part of Captain Platus secured a rouge for Mac, the first scoring of the game. Varsity played up strong and were in possession of the ball three yards from our line at the end of the period. On the second down in the last quarter Teagle carried the ball across for a touch for Varsity which was converted. McMaster then forced their opponents to the defensive for the remainder of the quarter but had not secured the

hoped-for touch when the whistle blew 'time'. Varsity were group Champions with the score 6 to 1.

The line-ups were as follows:—

McMaster—Quarter, Gilmour; flying wing, Smith; halves, Doolittle, M. Hughes and W. Hughes; snap, McLay; middles, Houghton and McGrath; insides, Price and Freeman; outsides, Jones and Platus; subs., Webb, Taylor, McBride, Black, Paterson and Segsworth.

Varsity—Quarter, Teagle; flying wing, Sorby; halves, Pequegnat, Cole and Coleman; insides, Lappin and Carslake; outsides, White and Breithaupt; middles, Snyder and Smith; snap, Johnston; subs., Reid, Leary, Billings, McCully, Brule and Minerver.

Soccer.

In soccer football McMaster has come off victorious in the two games played to date. Captain Sam Vose has piloted the team to the winning post in both instances. Much credit is due him, since it has been exceedingly difficult to arrange practices that will not conflict with the numerous activities of other student organizations.

McMaster 1; Normal 0.—The first soccer game was played against the expounders-elect of the three R's, at Willowdale Park on Saturday, October 22nd. The Normalites, although putting up a strong effort, were unable to register a goal throughout the contest. Walter Hughes made the point which gave University the victory. McMaster team had Lloyd, Henry, Hackson, M. Hughes and Lawrence as forwards; Carr, Vose and Stiver played on the wing and centre divisions; I. Eberle and W. Hughes formed the defence, with T. Eberle in goal.

McMaster 3; Normal 0.—For the second time Normal School was defeated by McMaster at Soccer. The game was played on the Riverdale flats, Wednesday, November 2nd. This time the efforts of the Pedagogues met with no better success, they being unable to score at any stage of the game. Hackson, M. Hughes and W. Hughes each registered a point in Mac's favor.

The line-up of the winning team was as follows:

Forwards—Henry, Dyce, Hackson, M. Hughes, W. Hughes; wings, Carr and Stiver; centre, Vose (capt.); defence, I. Eberle and Van Slyke; goal, Preston.

Basketball.

This year's activities in basket-ball have been confined to games with teams selected from the various gymnasium classes at the Central 'Y.' The personnel playing on official teams representing Central 'Y.' are excluded from playing on the inter-sectional teams. To offset the showing to date of McMaster in the Basketball League, it must be kept in mind that the majority of the players are also playing on the rugby team. Also Mae games are scheduled for Wednesday evenings and unfortunately several important rugby games have been played off Wednesday afternoons. McMaster has a good basket-ball team which will undoubtedly give a good account of itself under favorable conditions. Below is given a list of the games played and their results.

Wednesday, October 19th—Seniors 14, McMaster 11.
Wednesday, October 26th—Business Men 24, McMaster 14.
Wednesday, November 2nd—Doormats 23, McMaster 33.
Wednesday, November 9th—Seniors 34, McMaster 23.

The team usually lines up in the following manner—Forwards, Houghton and Atkinson; centre, Pardington; defence, Paterson and Doolittle (or Smith); subs., Wood, Kitchener and Jones.

Our Graduates

Editor: Elven J. Bengough, B.A.

McMaster Men in Postgraduate Work

McMASTER has always been distinguished for the success of its graduates in the fields of higher scholarship. Before the Arts Department was ten years old, our graduates had won an enviable reputation at the University of Chicago, and that reputation has been so uniformly maintained that now a student applying for admission to the Graduate School enters without question if he presents a diploma from McMaster. A similar record for scholarship is being made at other graduate schools. This year several McMaster men have completed their work for higher degrees.

T. Russell Wilkins, '12, Professor of Physics at Brandon

College, has obtained his Ph.D. at Chicago, his research work having been an investigation of helium.

At the University of Illinois, Mansen J. Bradley, '15, completed his work in Chemistry for the degree of Ph.D., and he is now on the staff of that University as Instructor in Chemistry.

J. A. Gunton, '16, also secured his Doctor's degree in Chemistry this year at the same University.

Walter A. Lawrance, '18, who took Professor Walker's place in McMaster last year, received the degree Ph.D. from the University of Toronto last spring for work in Chemistry.

J. G. Whiten, '05, is at the University of Chicago, completing work in Religious Education for the Doctor's degree.

S. G. Cole, '16, is completing his Ph.D. work at Chicago in the Department of Systematic Theology.

Ernest M. Armstrong, '00, took his M.A. at Chicago last spring, having spent on this work his furlough from his mission work in Burma.

Three more McMaster men enter Chicago this fall for graduate work, these being Milton W. Tyndal, '16, and Arthur C. Riley, '18, in the department of Philosophy, and Kenneth W. Taylor, '21, who will probably take his work in Political Economy.

Four McMaster names appeared in the list of awards of studentships and bursaries issued last July by the Advisory Council in Scientific and Industrial Research:

H. G. Oddy and H.N. Stephens, both of '20, have studentships in Chemistry. Miss Evelyn Dempsey, '20, has a bursary in Biochemistry and Zymology, and Homere Racicot, '21, a bursary in Botany. Mr. Stephens will work at McGill University, and the other three at the University of Toronto. Mr. Stephens obtained his M.A. last spring at the University of Toronto.

New Pastors In Toronto

Rev. J. M. Warner, '04, has become pastor of St. Clair Ave. Baptist Church. Mr. Warner took his Theology at Rochester, since which time he has held two or three important pastorates, including that of the First Church in Woodstock, Ont. He comes to Toronto from West Henrietta, N.Y., and we are glad to welcome him back to Canada and to Toronto.

Rev. L. S. Haverstock, '10, has moved from Strathroy, Ont., to accept the pastorate of Century Church, Toronto, succeed-

ing Rev. C. H. Schutt, '95, who some time ago became Superintendent of Home Missions. Mrs. Haverstock is also a McMaster Graduate, Mildred Adam, '12.

Rev. James A. Grant, '00, who was forced to resign the pastorate of St. Clair Ave. Church last spring on account of ill-health, has sufficiently recovered to resume active work, and has become pastor of Woodbine Heights Church in the east end of the city.

PERSONALIA

'09.—Rev. Thos. Hindle is carrying on missionary work at Gashatay, Mongolia. He is one of the band of five missionaries with whom are associated also three Chinese evangelists and one Chinese lady teacher, the organization being known as the "Mongolia for Messiah Mission." Mr. Hindle worked under the International Famine Relief Committee in distributing help to refugees from the famine area.

'10.—Walter L. Blackadar, Assistant Actuary of the Equitable Life, New York, is giving a course of lectures on Investment Accounting at the University of New York.

'10.—After finishing his post-graduate work at the University of Illinois in 1915, Dr. K. A. Clark joined the Department of Mines at Ottawa in connection with a new line of work that was being undertaken in the study of road building materials. A few years later he was transferred from the Geological Survey branch of the Department to the Mines Branch as chief of the Road Materials Division. That division undertook to make a field and laboratory study of available road materials in various parts of the Dominion with the object of learning how best such materials could be utilized in meeting the road building needs of those parts of the country. A year ago he left Ottawa on the invitation of President Tory of the University of Alberta to join the staff of an Industrial Research Department that was being established at that University to study the various specific problems of the province. The problem of roads is a very real one in Alberta, and there is plenty of scope for a road material investigator. One of the potential road materials is the huge tar sand deposits in the northern part of the province. So far no satisfactory method has been devised to reclaim the bitumen from the mixture of bitumen and sand, but the most promising use of the material when it is made available seems to be in the building of roads. This

problem is being tackled by Dr. Clark, and he reports encouraging progress. Dr. Clark's status at the University is that of Research Professor. He is a member of the University staff that has been assigned by the University to work full time on the provincial industrial problems which are being studied by the Provincial Government.

'18.—Floyed C. Hartley is now on the staff of the Northern Academy, Monteith, Ont., teaching Mathematics and Physics and having charge of the boys' sports. George S. Johnson, '05, is Principal of the Academy, with Mrs. Johnson (Lillie Senior, '05), as Assistant Principal. This is a residential school conducted by the Ontario Government, opened about a year ago. It is already overcrowded, with 91 resident students and over 30 applications refused. Extensions to the plant are under way.

'19—Mr. Cleeve Hooper is now practising law with the firm of Skeans, Buck & Hooper, at 171 Yonge St., Toronto.

'20.—Rev. Walter T. Steven, after a year's delay in California, owing to Mrs. Stevens' ill-health, has arrived in China. For a year he will be attending the language school at Nanking, after which his permanent address will be Hunan Bible Institute, Changsha, Hunan, China. We learn that both Mr. and Mrs. Stevens are making good progress with the language.

'20.—Miss Helen Kerr is teaching at Cayuga, Ont.

'21.—Those who were present at Convocation last Spring will recall the genial face and kindly manner of Sir John Kennedy, who was one of the recipients of the LL.D. degree on that occasion. It is our melancholy duty to chronicle the death of Sir John on October 25th, at the age of 83 years. Sir John was an engineer of note. He built the first double-track railroad in Canada, a line running between Glencoe and Windsor, Ont. He was also the director of the extensive engineering works in connection with the development of Montreal Harbor. He became blind in 1907, but this did not interfere with the prosecution of his professional work. He was knighted in 1917.

Marriages

FIELD-CARR—On May 18th, 1921, at Eldon, Missouri, Miss Wanda Carr, to Rev. Fred W. Field ('19), of Batavia, Illinois.

JONES-MYERS—On July 7th, at Goodwood, Ont., Nellie May, youngest daughter of Mrs. Myers, of Goodwood, to Chas. Durant Jones ('08), of Dundas.

WILLIAMS-ELLIS—At Toronto, in June, Winnifred, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ellis, of Toronto, to Ralph E. Williams ('13), of Cleveland, Ohio.

SCHUTT-STANLEY—On the 28th June, at Toronto, Miss Kathleen Stanley, to Rev. C. H. Schutt ('95), Superintendent of Home Missions for Ontario and Quebec.

ZIEMANN-DUNNING — At Tokyo, Japan, on July 6th, Elizabeth Harriet Dunning, to Percy P. Ziemann, ('16), of Tokyo.

ATKINSON-TARLTON—In Toronto, June 28th, 1921, Roy G. Atkinson, (ex-'16) to Miss R. M. Tarlton.

DEMBER-EATON—On May 14th, at Plainfield, New Jersey, Margaret Evelyn Eaton, '18, to Douglas Wilson Dember.

AVERY-MACKLEM—On May 10th, at Toronto, by Rev. John MacNeill, D.D., Ruth Annie Macklem, '16, to Charles Avery, M. Se., of Ottawa.

BROWNE-GILLESPIE—On June 14th, at Murray St. Baptist Church, Peterboro, Hazel Hepburn Gillespie, daughter of Mrs. Gillespie and the late T. G. Gillespie, to Carl Sanford Browne, '12.

INNIS-QUAYLE—On 10th May, 1921, at Wilmette, Illinois, Harold Innis, '16, to Mary Quayle.

ARMSTRONG-SMITH—At Walmer Road Church, Toronto, on September 15th, Edward W. Armstrong, '20, to Miss Evelyn Elizabeth Smith, '18.

PALIN-McLEAN—At Flaxcombe, Sask., on June 29th, William Palin to Miss Eldred Leola McLean, '11.

NEWTON-McARTHUR—In Toronto, on October 11th, by Rev. E. T. Newton, Llewellyn Parry Newton, '21, to Miss Sadie Irene McArthur, '18.

WINTEMUTE-RUTTAN—In Castle Memorial Hall, on November 10th, by Rev. F. Weston, Herbert E. Wintemute, '19, to Miss Mary Ruttan, of Toronto.

Here and There

EDITOR: JOHN D. TAYLOR, '22.

"The bells are like majestic hymns,
So light at break of day,
That robed in sheerest lawn they seem
Or clad in flowing sound
Poured out from joyous bells
In purest melody".—*Georges Rodenbach.* (*tr.*)

WE are indebted to *Art and Archæology* for an article, "The Carillons of Belgium after the War," which appeared in their August issue. The author, Mr. William Gorham Rice, sketches in a very pleasing and informing way an outline of the history of the carillons, and has indicated their place in the national life. The brief review which follows has somewhat destroyed the unity of Mr. Rice's work, but by eliminating comment and making free use of quotation we have hoped to offset this.

Commemoration of a great epoch in American history is proposed by a memorial carillon at Washington in which all the States would be represented, each by a bell tuned in perfect accord with its fellows. Such a memorial, it is believed, would record in "majestic and satisfying artistic form the aspirations of the people in the Great War." That the people at large might enjoy an appreciation of carillons, Mr. Rice has written of them.

"I dreamt that people from the land of chimes
Arrived one autumn morning with their bells
To hoist them on the towers and citadels
Of my own country, that the musical rhymes
Rung by them into space at measured times
Amid the market's daily stir and stress,
And the night's empty starlit silentness,
Might solace souls of this and kindred climes.
Then I awoke: and lo, before me stood
The visioned ones, but pale and full of fear;
From Bruges they came, and Antwerp, and Ostend,
No carillons in their train. Vicissitude
Had left these tinkling to the invaders' ear,
And ravaged street, and smouldering gable-end."

Thus Thomas Hardy wrote in his Sonnet on the Belgian Expatriation. Nor was he the only traveller who had come

under the magic of the carillons. De Amicis, the Italian traveller, heard strange music coming from he knew not where, and which he tells us "was from a chime of bells ringing a lively air, the silvery notes falling slowly one by one, and now coming in groups, in strange flourishes, in trills, in sonorous chords, a quaint dancing strain somewhat primitive, like the many-coloured city on which its notes hovered like a flock of wild birds, making one smile and sigh at the same moment."

These Flemish belfries were used to summon the citizens to arms in defence of their rights or to counsel for their common liberties. Every Teutonic burgher community desired to wring from its feudal lord the right of erecting such a belfry. The crown of every belfry was a carillon, and to this day the bells belong to the town and the bell-master is a municipal officer.

The origin seems to lie in the old custom of preceding the striking of the hour by a short chiming of "three or four small bells in the clock tower as a premonitary signal." In their efforts to surpass one another, the towns increased the number of bells and the musical scale became complete. Brief melodies were rung with hour and half hour, and later, with the addition of still more bells, whole tunes were heard. The point of greatest development came with the invention or application of the keyboard in the playing of the bells. By this it was possible to render almost any composition, varying with the skill of the executant, and so regular carillon concerts came into being. Recitals of the kind are now announced by widely distributed posters telling the music to be given and the carilloneurs who are to play.

"Thus in the course of two or three centuries was developed the carillon, a musical instrument of distinct characteristics and possessing wide possibilities for community service. Not only did it have, by automatic play, constant companionship with time, but beyond this the master could make the town council meeting hour enjoyable, and the market (ever a feature of the life of the Low Countries) additionally gay for young and old." Folk songs and patriotic airs were played as well as lively tunes to which they could dance on any occasion of merry-making.

A carillon of the first order has three or four octaves of chromatically attuned bells, each bass bell weighing about four to eight tons, while the lightest bells in the highest octave of the same carillon will not weigh over twenty pounds each. "A

chime has been described as a slice of about ten bells taken approximately from the middle of the range of a carillon, but including only such bells as are necessary to complete the diatonic scale upon which the chime is based."

Though Longfellow speaks of "heart of iron," and Poe of "golden molten bells," and other poets of "silver bells," we learn that they are made of an alloy of copper and tin. "The addition of other metals only impairs the quality of the tone." The precise proportion of tin is usually 21 to 25 per cent. "In days gone by the highest tone of the bells was the only one that any attempt was made to tune and the other tones left to fate, a conglomerate mass of noise!" Nowadays bells can be tuned with greater exactness than a piano.

Of those carillons destroyed in the war, only two were of first importance, that of St. Peter's, Louvain, and that of the Cloth Hall, Ypres. The four finest, those of Melines, Bruges, Antwerp and Ghent, are to-day more than ever perfect.

Mr. Rice, speaking of his recent visit to Antwerp, says: "Looking out over the trees of the Place Verte from the open windows of our rooms, we saw the cathedral now close enough to us to reveal the delicate details of its beauty, and, above the confusion of the flower market and the tram cars in the busy square below, we heard, before the great bell Karolus struck the hour, a lightly falling carillon melody. Every few minutes of the day—a background to the animated market scene—the rippling notes came floating down from the lace-like spire above; and at night it was a delight to fall asleep listening to the soft, exquisite music."

"The carillon is indeed a very beautiful and majestic musical instrument. Only those who have heard Chopin's Funeral March on this instrument can conceive how impressive that music can be." The rest of us must trust the poet for an accurate understanding of its qualities. Victor Hugo wrote of it, and translation has not spoiled his lines:

"I love the carillon in thine ancient towns,
O Flanders, guardian of a noble race,
Where the cold North, a glow of warmth has found,
Reflected from the sun of bright Castile.

The carillon with starry melodies
Adorns the unawaited midnight hour,
Till faint above, in shimmering azure fields
Imagination sees the mystic gleam

Of form most like a Spanish dancing maid,
In raiment music-filled and silvery,
Which, then, down-coming through the nearer air,
Appears a being, radiant and gay.
On glittering wing she sweeps o'er drowsy roofs,
And strewing wide her magic rippling notes,
Awakes without remorse earth's weary ones,
Now rising, falling, as a joyous bird,
Now quivering as a dart that strikes the targe,
Now touching the transparent crystal stair
That frail depends from heights Elysian,
Behold this spirit quick, this soul of sound,
This elf aërial from another sphere,
Bold, glad, extravagant of motion, free!

Anon she mounts, anon descends the skies,
Then step by step, with tinklings delicate,
In distance far, the vision fades away.

A silent space. Then Time on deep-toned bell,
With stroke on stroke, compelling, tranquil, slow,
Anew to man declares mortality."

"*Every once in a while* some outstanding Canadian expresses a fear that Canada is slowly but surely being Americanized", says a writer in *Canadian Finance*. He goes on to point out that such forces which are at work moulding us differently from the Americans will continue at work for many years to come. It seems a tribute to Canadian character that it has remained Canadian in the face of the many Americanizing influences—movies, plays, current events prepared for American consumption, and thus from their viewpoint.

He concludes, "We do not mind being Americanized so long as the process includes a still stronger cultivation of those British principles which are the foundation upon which both American and Canadian national characters have been solidly set —further than that we do not care to go—neither do we need to. We are content to remain a little different."

Those P. B.'s.

"*The park-bench mind always* comes before the park-bench body. What the mind shrinks away from in the beginning is what the body has to submit to in the end. The man who gets twice as much as he's worth always squanders it; later, when he demands it and doesn't get it, he is headed for the park bench although he may not know it.

To receive more than you are worth is to borrow from the future. If the man who sits on the park bench had been willing to make the bench he wouldn't be sitting there."—*Life.*

"*Men willing to work* must no be allowed to starve while a crust remains in the national cupboard." So said Mr. Lloyd George at Inverness. Comment by *Punch*: "It is just this gift of mastering foreign languages that makes our Premier so popular."

In recommending that book reviewers turn their efforts towards old books the *Ohio State Journal* says:

"There are many old books, half-forgotten but too good to fade entirely into obscurity, which should occasionally be called to the attention of the reading public and thus revived."

Now that Prof. Matthews (who has just reviewed *Table Talk of Victor Hugo* by Lesclide in the *New York Times Sunday Review Magazine*) has broken the ice for the reviewers, we wish that others would follow his example and occasionally present some good old book that we all ought to know about but don't."

She—"I like your cigarette holder."
He—"Why, I never use one."
She—"Don't be so dense."

—*Purple Cow.*

Heading in the "Mail and Empire": "Britannia Beach, B.C., to rise sphinx-like from its ashes." Perhaps the sphinx and phoenix are first cousins.

Will—Gee, Mary's lucky!
Bill—How's that?
Will—Well, she went to a party last night where the boys had to kiss the girls or on their refusal to do so were required to give them a box of chocolates.
Bill—Well, how was she lucky?
Will—She came home with thirteen boxes of chocolates.

—*McGill Daily.*

We are pleased to acknowledge receipt of the following Publications since last issue—*McGill Daily, Queens Journal, Sheaf, Argosy, Trinity University Review* and *Canadian Finance.*

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WILLIAM McMASTER.
1811-1887
Founder

The
McMaster University Monthly

VOL. XXXI TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1921 No. 3

Meminisse

When the year is full with the month's ripe juices.
And over the brim the foam-flowers drip,
When the Master of months His storehouse looses.
And the fat of the seasons waits to the lip,—
Who thinks of the sower by meadow and mere,
In the far barren days of the youth of the year?

When time is full from the press of the ages,
Shall the earth have travelled in vain?
When the harvests of men are ripe to their wages,
Shall remembered be sun and the rain?
Bethink ye what these and the sower have done,
And know ye that God and the Sower are one.

—Blanche Bishop

A Founder's Day poem, reprinted from THE MONTHLY of February, 1895.

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FOUNDER'S DAY: ITS HISTORY AND PURPOSE.*

FOUNDER'S DAY is almost as old as the University. The first session of the University began in October, 1890, and the initial celebration of Founder's Day occurred on December 22nd, 1891. During the thirty years between then and now, it has undergone an almost complete transformation in character, and consequently a brief sketch of its origin and gradual evolution may be of interest to the present generation of undergraduates. Though my qualification for attempting to write such a sketch lies in the fact that I have been continuously and intimately connected with the function since I joined the Faculty in 1894, I gladly acknowledge my debt to the files of The McMaster University Monthly for precise information as to the dates when various changes took place. My experience in consulting the volumes of our University magazine justifies me in commending the accuracy and fullness with which the events of college life were recorded by the undergraduates of the past, and leads me to exhort the present staff of The Monthly to follow the example of their predecessors in this respect. Let them remind themselves that in chronicling the life of to-day they are also doing a real service to those who come after them.

From 1891 to 1899, Founder's Day was celebrated on the last day before the Christmas vacation, and therefore was naturally marked by the social festivities of the Christmas season. Two functions were held, a Christmas dinner in the afternoon, and a more strictly commemorative ceremony in the evening. At the former, which was attended by the Faculty, the undergraduates, and a few guests, there were speeches proposing and replying to the toasts usually honored at an academic banquet, and at the latter, which was open to the friends of the institution, a formal address was delivered by some

*Substance of an address delivered at Chapel service, Friday, November 25th, 1921, in response to a request of the undergraduate members of the Founder's Day Committee.

prominent pastor or layman on some theme appropriate to the occasion. At the first celebration, in 1891, Mr. (now Dr.) D. E. Thomson, Chairman of the Board of Governors, paid a glowing tribute to the life and character of the Founder of the University, but in succeeding years the public speaker, while not forgetting the Founder, usually chose an educational theme. For three or four years a unique feature of the exercises was the reading of original poems in memory of the Founder. These were usually composed by undergraduates, for in those days the University was in some measure a "nest of singing birds," to quote the complimentary phrase applied reminiscently to McMaster by Professor David Reed Keys, of the University of Toronto.

As early as 1895 social activities of a simple kind became part of the evening exercises. The undergraduates decorated the Hall with bunting, flags, and lanterns, and after the educational address, which was now transferred to the dining-room, they and the guests roamed through the building, visiting the students' rooms, two of which were specially prepared, one as a model of neatness and one as a triumph of disorder. To quote from The Monthly: "In one end of the hall views were projected upon the screen, among them many mirth-provoking local hits. On the stairs a programme of music, oratory, and elocution was presented, and such music, such oratory, such elocution!" Note the ambiquity of the word "such."

In 1897 cards of invitation were issued for the first time, and to no fewer than 1200 guests. Promenades were also introduced, and two musical programmes were provided, one at 9.15 and one at 10 o'clock, and both in the dining-room, the performers being partly undergraduates and partly friends who gave their services without remuneration. The scientific apparatus of the University was also displayed for the benefit of the promenaders.

The year 1900 was marked by innovations. The annual Christmas Dinner was served on the day before Founder's Day,

the educational address was delivered in the afternoon of Founder's Day, and the social exercises were magnified into a Founder's Day "At Home" in the evening. The day was important in the history of the University, for in the afternoon the corner-stone of Castle Memorial Hall was laid with appropriate ceremonies and addresses.

With the completion of Castle Memorial Hall in 1901, a new era began in the history of Founder's Day. Not only was there more space in which to accommodate the guests, but also the experience of the previous years had shown that it was difficult to combine an educational address with a social function. The undergraduates preferred the gaiety of the latter, and generally absented themselves from the former, and their preference was shared by many of the guests. Such a condition was obviously not fair to the orator. The authorities of that day had therefore to choose between two more or less incompatible alternatives. They recognized that the young folk were right in asking for an outlet for their social instincts, and they resolved to provide an opportunity for social culture by transforming the celebration of Founder's Day.

Consequently from 1901 to 1921—a space of twenty years—Founder's Day has been celebrated by means of a social function. In some years a portrait has been unveiled and a brief address given, though admittedly not under specially favorable conditions.

In 1904 the function became more elaborate and by the same token more expensive. The Board of Governors made a generous grant, the members of the Faculty contributed at least five, and sometimes seven, dollars each, and the undergraduates paid fifty cents each. At the same time the undergraduates made themselves corporately responsible for the entertainment of the guests, and taxed themselves for much labor and a pretty large additional expenditure for decorations. Each of the various years in Arts and the class in Theology decorated a special room, using the colors of the class. Spurred on by a spirit of generous rivalry they produced in 1904 and

later some beautiful results. This practice, in its original or a modified form, prevailed until 1919, when it was felt that it demanded too much time and energy, and accordingly it was dropped. While it lasted, however, it lent distinction to Founder's Day and called forth the unstinted admiration of the guests and secured even lengthy descriptions in the press.

In 1905, in order that none of the undergraduates might miss the function by reason of early departure for the Christmas vacation, the date of Founder's Day was fixed at about the first of December. When the new Science Hall was opened in 1907, the laboratories of the University were opened for the inspection of those present. Finally, in 1913, the undergraduates, feeling themselves more or less lost in the multitude of guests, suggested that the number of these be reduced, and that an admission fee be charged, as is often done at other colleges and elsewhere. The consequence has been that the Founder's Day celebration has become almost entirely a social function for the undergraduates and their young friends. The members of the Faculty and their wives attend it and enjoy doing so, but unfortunately it no longer appeals to the members of the Board of Governors and the Senate, or to the graduates, or to the pastors and members of the Baptist Churches of the city.

Having traced the evolution of the function from its beginning, I should like to add a few words on another aspect of it. Inasmuch as Founder's Day was inaugurated in the time of the first Chancellor, Dr. Theodore Harding Rand, we may presumably infer that we owe both the idea and the name to him. An experienced educationist, a poet, and a Christian gentleman of generous culture, he knew that comely functions should have a place in the life of a seat of learning, and that they could enrich the lives of both Faculty and undergraduates. He accordingly instituted Founder's Day, partly to honour the memory of the man whose princely generosity had endowed the University, partly to provide an occasion on which to proclaim the value of higher education, especially when

given under distinctively Christian auspices, and partly to state the ideals of the young institution in the hearing of Toronto Baptists, and thereby to enlist their sympathy and support. With the passing of the years other means have been employed to serve the ends he sought to attain. From an intimate acquaintance with Dr. Rand in the last ten years of his life, I can confidently aver that he would have rejoiced to see the young men and women of the University cultivating the graces of social life as they will to-night. At the same time he would have found satisfaction in the spontaneously expressed desire of the undergraduates to be informed concerning the Founder of the University.

We may all feel honest pride in the name McMaster, for the man who gave the University its name bore a spotless reputation for business integrity and filled a large place in the public life of his day. Born in Ireland, on December 24th, 1811, and coming to what was then Little York in 1834, he began his career as a humble clerk in a retail dry-goods store and ended it, in 1887, at the age of 76, as a captain of commerce, a pillar of finance, and a public-spirited servant of the people and the King.

He was the first President of the Bank of Commerce, a director of the Bank of Montreal, and Chairman of the Canadian Board of the Great Western Railway, which was later merged with the Grand Trunk, and is now a part of the Canadian National Railway. In 1862 he was elected to the Legislative Council of Ontario, and at Confederation was appointed to the first Senate of the new Dominion of Canada, of which body he remained a member until his death.

He was led to Christ at the age of ten, and during his long life strove earnestly to live as ever in his great Taskmaster's eye. A Baptist by conviction, he believed that Baptists had a message to proclaim to the world, and gave generously of his means to promote the cause of Christ through the instrumentality of Baptist churches. Though he had not enjoyed the privileges of higher education, he saw clearly that a liberal

culture could strengthen the influence of both preachers and laymen. To provide a well-trained Baptist ministry he endowed the Toronto Baptist College. Later in life he made provision in his will for the gift of about a million dollars for what the leaders of the denomination insisted, even against his desire, should be called McMaster University.

The example of his life may well serve as an inspiration to us all. He used his native abilities to accumulate what for that time was a fairly large fortune, but he held it as a trust for others. He dedicated it to the cause of Christian education, and consequently it goes on multiplying in the formed characters and enlarged powers of the graduates and under graduates of this University. They may well revere his memory and devote a few minutes of Founder's Day to grateful acknowledgment of his munificent gift to the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec, and through them to the world.

—W. S. W. McLay.

"*Culture is not measured* by the greatness of the field which is covered by our knowledge, but by the nicety with which we can perceive relations in that field, whether great or small."—*Stevenson.*

"*I hate cynicism* a great deal worse than I do the devil; unless, perhaps, the two were the same thing? And yet 'tis a good tonic; the cold tub and bath-towel of the sentiments; and positively necessary to life in cases of advanced sensibility."—*Stevenson.*

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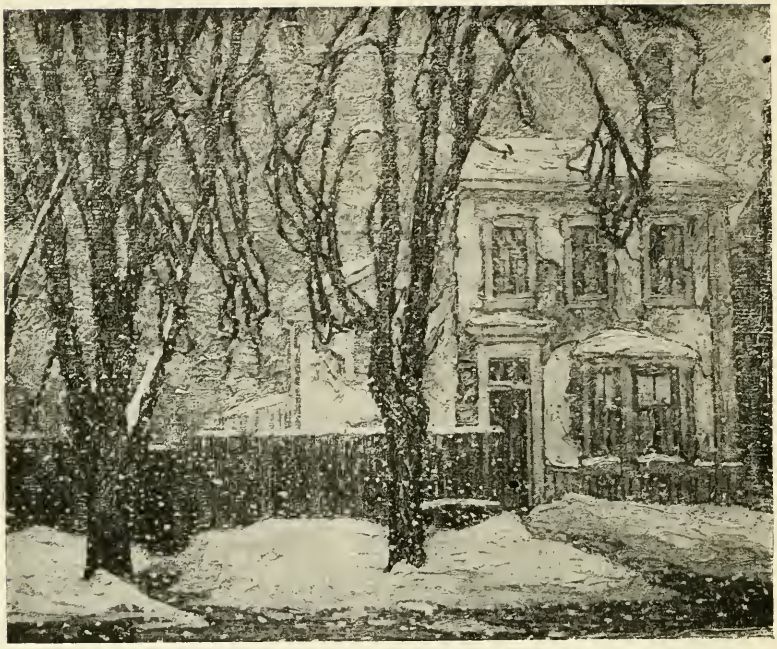
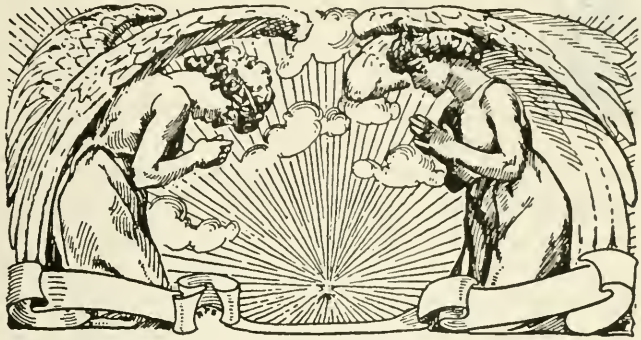


HARRIS, LAWREN, O.S.A.
Snowfall.

A Canadian Painting, exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition, 1921.



Peace

All day on windswept heights the firs have tossed,
Storm like a passion bruised and broke their strength;
Some on their mother earth have spread their length
That not too strong have striven and sobbed and lost;
And now the even comes; the cruel breath
Is still, and yonder in the foam-fleet sea
Garish and red, the sun sinks sullenly,
And lo, a star is seen, like life from death.

Blest Star, 'twas thee that with thy light divine
Three hoary sages led one happy night
To find a Saviour basked in holy light,
To greet a power beneficent as thine.
Men like immortal trees are tried and riven
Till calm comes down with Him from prescient Heaven.

—Max C. Welch, '23.

SIR JOHN KENNEDY

WHEN, at the Convocation of this year, McMaster University conferred on Sir John Kennedy the degree of Doctor of Laws, no one supposed that this would prove his last visit to Toronto. He himself entered into this function with deep interest, and it was evident during the day of Convocation and during the evening itself that it had proved to him a real delight to renew old friendships in such a happy way, and to come once more into touch with our University with which, as a Governor, he had been identified in its earlier days. It is safe to say that no one on the platform at the Convocation last May excited quite the same interest as Sir John, whose dignified bearing and manner were not allowed to be eclipsed by the pathetic blindness that he had learned to bear with such fortitude.

Born at Spencerville, Ontario, in September, 1838, he came of sturdy Scotch stock, and he early learned to grapple with the difficulties of this new country. His gifts for engineering he seems to have inherited from his father, and to skill in his profession he added industry and integrity that soon marked him out for promotion. During his residence in Hamilton he gained distinction as Engineer of the Great Western Railway, and in this capacity he designed and constructed the first piece of double track in the province of Ontario. He was accustomed to speak of the great stimulus in his profession that he received from Mr. Keefer, but he made such great progress because he himself was so apt a pupil.

But the great work of his life was the construction of the Montreal harbour. There are many people still living who can remember the days of the old wooden wharves in Montreal. These used to be taken down every autumn and put up again at the opening of navigation. But Sir John Kennedy changed all that, so that the present visitor to our great national harbour can hardly realize, as he sees the present magnificent cement and

stone structures that make up this great port, how crude all was when Sir John took hold of it. But the price paid for all this was assiduous and constant toil, year in and year out, from the year 1875, when he took charge of the work, until the day of his death, on October 25th, 1921. To be sure the coming on of his blindness made it necessary for him to relinquish the post of chief director, but he was made at once consulting engineer, and his long experience and good judgment made his advice of the greatest value.

It would not be possible to state in a brief space all that should be said about Sir John's gifts and capacity, but a few of the outstanding features may be cited. He entered upon a titanic struggle with the forces of nature and he was able to win. The problems of the Montreal harbour were neither few nor simple. There was the swift and heavy current of the river; there was the grinding and overpowering ice; there were the regular destructive floods; and there were other things. But Sir John built a guard-pier to sheer off the current; he built revetment walls to shut out the floods; he devised buoys that would do their work in the swift river; and he deepened and kept deepening the channel from tide water up to Montreal.

But he had also human forces to cope with. In a great public work like the building of a port, many people are concerned and these are not always easy to deal with. But here also Sir John proved a signal success. By tact, by patience, by firmness mixed with good temper, and by the weight of sheer ability and character he succeeded in steering his course out of great difficulties, and he managed, although sometimes after a long battle, to get his way in almost everything. He regarded it as one of the most important features about the Port of Montreal that the Harbour Commissioners have complete control of all the freight as soon as it comes into the Harbour area, and this point he gained by persistence, because he had the foresight to see its importance in the swift handling of freight.

Over himself and his powers, too, Sir John had great control.

He was gifted with constructive imagination of a high type, but he managed always to keep this within the bounds of the practical. He was constant in his devotion to his task, and ever did with all his might what his hand found to do. He was resourceful and inventive and when one avenue was blocked he tried another. He had great shrewdness and he saw deeply into the nature of things. He was gentle and kind, so that children felt at home with him, and loved to have him with them. He was loyal and trusty and true. He was a deacon of the Olivet Church in Montreal, of which I had the honour to be pastor, and in that capacity I had reason to know what a true friend he was and what a steady-footed fellow-worker he proved himself to be.

There is one special incident that I should like to record, because it casts light on one of the reasons why he was known as a man who could bring things to pass. When the present Olivet building was put up, he was chairman of the Building Committee. One morning during the erection of the building, we had something important in hand, and I was over looking after some matters when Sir John came on the ground and checked things over with the builder. He turned to me and said: "Things have such a wonderful way of going wrong, that I never assume in a case like this that they are right, but always come to see for myself." That remark I have remembered on many occasions since, and I think have often been saved from humiliation in some practical things through remembering Sir John's guiding principle.

It is for reasons like this that we do well to pay a sincere tribute of respect to the memory of a great and good man who had a very remarkable power to get things done, and who has woven his life into the Montreal Harbour—one of our great national assets. But above all we honour him as one who has left behind him a record of a life spent in the service of his Master and lived in the strength of his Saviour.

—J. L. Gilmour.

BEATRICE AND BERTRAM

Being a revised version of Shakespeare's
"Much Ado About Nothing."

EARS of strenuous warfare had keened Bertram's sensibilities to the satisfying comfort of Leonard's villa. He was revelling in the mere animal pleasure of complete surrender to the soothing influences of a bright July day and his favorite pipe. Lying there on his back at full length, his eyes shaded by an old peaked cap, he looked the picture of contentment.

"She is certainly the leader among the ladies." "Righto! She has both brains and beauty. A rare combination, I assure you," replied a youthful voice. Again the other, "I understand she is ambitious to become Mrs. Bertram."

Hearing his name thus mentioned, Bertram, although eavesdropping was foreign to his nature, was grateful for the hedge which hid him from the two on the other side. Cautiously peeping through the leafy screen, he recognized Peterson and Claudham, both guests like himself at Leonard's house-party. To his consternation they seated themselves on a bench directly opposite him. Ordinarily he would have made his presence known, but confused and restrained by pride he remained where he was.

"Mrs. Bertram! Really?" queried Claudham, "Why, they clash with fiendish delight. Every time they meet they give vent to remarks of particularly vitriolic fervour. Where did you get that idea, Peterson?"

"From a perfectly reliable source, my boy. I overheard Harriet telling her father how Beatrice raves about Bertram. Love him? Well rather-r!"

"Then why all the pointed thrusts at the poor man?"

"Oh, he's quite capable of defending himself, don't worry. Besides, is it likely that a woman of her stamp would throw herself at him like any school-girl? She'd rather die single than sacrifice herself to his stupid blindness."

"Just like a woman, eh, Peterson?" laughed Claudham. "Well, it's almost noon, and we're not ready for lunch. Let's go."

Completely overwhelmed, Bertram sank back on the sod, making desperate efforts to regain control of his whirling thoughts. Candidly, he rather enjoyed his frequent verbal combats with the quick-witted Beatrice, but beyond this trivial indulgence, neither entertained any personal interest in the other. In fact, both had declared repeatedly, that they never could fall in love, had even boasted of their continued celibacy. Certainly this gossip of the guests had hit Bertram heavily; from behind, as it were.

"Your soup will be nuts, Mr. Bertram, if you don't hurry. The gong for lunch sounded five minutes ago."

Startled, he jumped to his feet. For once in his life his usually ready tongue could only stammer an embarassed "Thanks" to the mocking face of Beatrice on the other side of the hedge.

That evening the men of the party had gathered in the den after dinner. Bertram's unnatural silence in the midst of a lively discussion did not pass unnoticed for very long.

"Why so quiet, gloomy one?" asked Leonard the host.

"I have the tooth-ache."

"What! Can a despicable molar paralyze *your* tongue?" sneered Peterson.

"Sarcastic gibes were hardly expected from a toothless old greybeard like you."

"Tooth-ache nothing," broke in Claudham. "Come on, old boy, out with it. Who is she?"

"She! Are you crazy?"

"Nor simple either," retorted Claudham. "We can see that crease in your trousers, and our faces in your shoes. Is she pretty?"

"The mystery of the missing vanilla-bottle is solved, gentlemen," added Peterson, sniffing at their victim's clothing. "What extremes a man will go to when milady has him by the nose."

"Fools!" snorted Bertram, with a gesture of despair. Approaching Leonard he said, "A matter of business, can you spare a moment?"

When they had left, the two remaining winked solemnly and then burst into roars of spontaneous laughter.

"The bare hook's good enough, Peterson."

"Just like a fish," he agreed.

This house-party of Leonard's was a most delightful interval of leisure for Bertram and Claudham. It was a breathing space before they resumed their places as citizens after several years' absence overseas. To Claudham it was more; for to-morrow he hoped to realize the fondest hope of youth in taking to wife his host's daughter, Harriet.

The next day was all a wedding-day should be. Something akin to the charm and allure of Nature seemed to permeate and radiate from the bridal party as they stood before the altar that afternoon in the little church nearby. Even the modulated voice of the minister seemed to enhance with its richness the sacredness, the beauty, and the simplicity of the impressive ceremony.

"Will you have this woman as your lawful wife?"

"NO!"

For an immeasureable period everyone was mute, tense.

"Sir, do you realize what that infers?" thundered Leonard, livid with rage.

"I do; and can support my inference with proof."

Dazed by this cool retort, Leonard could only reply, "Need I remind you that our hospitality no longer includes you as a guest?"

Everything was topsy-turvy. Claudham produced the evidence in support of his action and hastily returned to the house to make his preparations for an immediate departure. Leonard, reluctantly forced to admit the proof, left with his daughter, broken-hearted and humiliated. Beatrice and Bertram were left alone in the hushed silence of the church.

"You believe Harriet has been misjudged?"

"The intimacy of a lifetime prohibits my belief in anything but her innocence, all proof to the contrary."

"Intuition has surpassed reason before now. Here's to it. May it do so again," affirmed Bertram, gripping her hand. Never had they been so open, so sincere. This demoralizing event had revealed rare and unexpected qualities which their too persistent banterings had hitherto obscured.

A little later, they were still talking, earnestly, emphatically, without the least resort to trivial wit.

"I not love you? Bid me do anything for you."

"Kill Claudham!"

"WHAT!" shouted the amazed man.

An hysterical chuckle escaped from her lips. She swayed, and crumpled up on the floor in a faint. While the man revived the overtaxed woman his mind was thronged with conflicting doubts and fears. During the return to the house, the abashed Beatrice was at least grateful for his reckless driving which rendered speech impossible.

As they went in, a servant handed Bertram a note. Tersely excusing himself he retired to his rooms, opening the envelope as he went. It was from Claudham.

R——— Hotel,
June 16, 1919.

Dear Bert,—You must be dumfounded at this cruel twist of Fate, but no more than I. This place has suddenly become repugnant to me. Am eager to be on our way to the mines. When can we start? Come to-night and talk things over. Until then, so long.

Claudham.

With the groan of a modern Atlas, he tossed the note on a table. A memory came to him of that day when the quick courage of Claudham had cheated the Honor Roll of the name of Bertram. As an expression of his gratitude he had offered to Claudham an important position in his mining interests in Northern Ontario. Claudham had accepted, and in consequence, had

been included in Bertram's invitation to stop over for a short while at Leonard's house-party, on their way to the mines. Claudham was also the person Beatrice wanted killed.

His common sense told Bertram that her judgment was perverted. The humiliation of Harriet had so wrought on her emotions that her spirit cried out for vengence. But if she was so distressed, could he credit her declaration of affection for him? Did she really want him to do away with the man to whom he was indebted for his life? That would be the basest ingratitude. To exclude Claudham from the promised mining position would be bad enough. A knock interrupted his deliberations.

"Come in."

"A message for you sir, and I was told to wait for an answer." said the maid. The note ran thus:

Dear Mr. Bertram,—

How can I ever thank you for your assistance this afternoon? Am still too upset to appear for dinner. Would it be possible to speak with you for a few moments to-morrow morning?

Beatrice.

Bertram read it through again, then beneath on the same page he wrote:

'Will be pleased to see you about ten o'clock.' Bertram.

Replacing it in the envelope he returned it to the waiting servant.

Ten-fifteen the next morning saw the pair occupying a bench on the terrace.

"Yes, I realized you weren't quite your natural self yesterday." After a pause "What are we going to do about Claudham?"

The lady was silent, not knowing what to say.

"Pardon, Miss, your uncle has been looking for you this last half-hour." Beatrice recognized the intruder as one of Harriet's maids.

"What's the matter?"

"Mr. Leonard has had some news; he's waiting for you in the library, Miss."

"Did you hear that?" said Beatrice, turning to her companion. "Come on. Let's hurry!" And they hastened to hear the latest.

Someone with a personal grudge against Leonard had schemed his humiliation through the most vulnerable point of attack—his daughter, Harriet. Discovering this too late to avert yesterday's horrid farce, Leonard was now anxious to set things right again. In another day a tactful reconciliation had been successfully manoeuvred.

The place once more assumed its former air of festivity. In the semi-privacy afforded by a window-seat, Bertram, the calloused bachelor, and the avowed spinster Beatrice were absorbed in topics purely personal.

"Could Harriet and her maids have been deceived? They swore you were badly smitten."

"Peterson and those other fellows said *you* were hopelessly infatuated, Beatrice."

"Not quarrelling surely?" Leonard's drawl interrupted. "Oh, well, true love never runs smoothly."

"But she has just told me she doesn't love me!"

"And he has just said the same to me," added Beatrice.

The old man burst into a hearty roar of laughter. "I might believe such nonsense if I hadn't found this. Look! A rippling rhyme 'To Beatrice.' Not in love? That's a good one."

At this point Harriet, who had been an interested spectator, joined them, and thrust a closely written sheet under Beatrice's nose and demanded, "Guilty, or not guilty?"

Glancing over her shoulder Bertram caught a glimpse of a poem with the title "On Bertram." With a taunting laugh at the embarrassed couple, Harriet grabbed her father by the arm and led him out of the room on the run.

"Come on, Dad; this is no place for us."

—O. C. Elliott, '23.

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Editorial Notes

One of the arguments advanced by the exponents of McMaster's proposed move to Hamilton is that the loss of the large reference libraries, art galleries and museums which we have in Toronto would not seriously alter the life of our student body. There is just enough truth in this argument to make many of us uncomfortable, but not enough truth quite to convince us. We know, for instance, students here who have lived next door to the Royal Ontario Museum for four years, yet who have never darkened its door, in spite of the fact that it houses a very unique collection of interesting relics. We know others who have never been to the Grange, and we suspect others still of never going to

the Public Library. And what is more serious, very few of us know the true value of our own library in the College. All this to our eternal shame, and thereby might hang a sermon. But on the other hand, many of us do make frequent use of our advantages here, and know more about a library lamp than about a footlight, and the loss of such advantages would be real. And moreover, we believe profoundly in a cultural osmosis that must affect all students. No man can live among cultural buildings without receiving some valuable impressions upon his mind. The knowledge that things exist is valuable, though perhaps not particularly enlightening. But all things considered, we admit that there is enough truth in the argument to make most of us uncomfortable. To your libraries, O Israel!

Very great interest should surround our publication of Professor McLay's review of the history of our Founder and Founder's Day. It was in part delivered at Chapel service on Founder's Day this year, and made a deep impression, and it is hoped that facts will help to rekindle the old time interest in the function connected with the day. Our reprinting of "Meminisse" from the MONTHLY of February, 1895, is done with the purpose of illustrating one forgotten phase of Founder's Day, and of supplementing Professor McLay's article.

Concerning inter-college debates. On December 6th Miss M. Mason, '22, and Miss H. Brown, '22, succeeded in convincing their St. Michael's opponents that Canada's right of appeal to the Privy Council should be abolished. But unfortunately, Messrs. G. M. Henry, '23, and C. H. Brisco, '24, had to admit the same proposition the next evening at the hands of the Dental College team. We regret the loss of the Kerr Shield again this year, but wish to assure our men that they have no reason to feel ashamed. To our ladies we extend congratulations and best wishes. The men will now hide their diminished heads until Mr. H. W. Lang, M.A., and Mr. A. W. Small, Theo., go forth against Rochester next February.

Owing to the illness of Mr. Bengough, we have had to suspend the "Our Graduates" department for this month. What news of the alumni is at hand will therefore have to wait till January before it is presented to our readers.

The Board of Publication

of

The McMaster University Monthly

extends to its readers

Hearty Christmas Greetings

and all Good Wishes for

the Coming Year

Around the Hall

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EDITOR: MAX C. WELCH, '23.

HE traditions of two thousand years of Christianity cluster around the Christmas season, and these coupled with our own revocable pasts tend to possess us of associations both numerous and rich. For most of us, however, there are some which stand out conspicuously among the rest, as, for example, in this country, we seem to associate the thought of Christmas with our northern winter. Over the whole world there is seen, lying like a woven counterpane, a coverlet of snow. At hand all nature bends beneath its wintry mantle save where, black against the sky, wan tree-trunks raise their lengths in gloomy patches. Farther distant, the whiteness is broken only by some snow-fringed steeple, till, like a mist it melts away into infinite greyness. Here and there flutters a tiny bird; and from time to time a lonely passenger creaks his way by, his warm breath, like sad thoughts, falling from his lips in sullen, heavy vapor. In the dwellings of men different preparations are in progress for the Christmas-tide. Perhaps a tree, still fragrant and green, stands like a beneficent spirit in the centre of the room. On its bright branches tiny candles are dancing, reflected by flashing tinsel and pretty, colored baubles. A group of people are there, but you notice especially the children, whose faith in a rotund-figured Santa Claus most readily justifies their presence in the scene. Frolic and fun and laughter fill every corner and the air is charged with excitement; this is, indeed, Christmas.

Such are the pictures that present themselves to us at this time of year; such are the memories that crowd like friendly spirits around us. They are only the externalities of Christmas, and yet they enchant us from ourselves; despoil us of work-a-day thoughts and commonplace motives, and transport us to a

realm of pure delight. Let us entertain these homely ideals this season, and we need have no fear that the true Christian spirit will escape our souls.

Reception at Walmer Road.—We recall the Sunday School hall at Walmer Road Church once on a Sunday evening when it was blue with smoke at an entertainment for soldiers, but never have we seen it so gay and so abandoned as it was on November 15, when a time of music and feasting was had for the Baptist students in Toronto. The earnest searchers after truth came in troops, with McMaster in the lead, and our numbers enabled us to drown all other yells with our unspeakable "Rah! Rah! Rah!" The evening was a great success, both in respect to the quality of the programme and the pulchritude (in some cases assumed only for the occasion) of the guests. Mrs. Pickard and Mr. Earnest Warren sang, and an orchestra from "Oaklands" held us to the last note of its three selections. Then Dr. MacNeill welcomed the students, and Chancellor McCrimmon told some of his inimitable stories, explaining at the same time what associate church-memberships for students were. Rations were served, and after this *sine qua non* we returned to our *status quo*. The Church Militant at Walmer Road is no mean hostess.

Founder's Night.—

> "In such a night
> Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
> That did renew old Æson."

Indeed, as the couples strolled through the clear night air of November the twenty-fifth enchantment seemed to be abroad. Some Medea had labored as of old, all her charm and magic being spent in McMaster's halls. Brightly shone the lights on the gay crowd that thronged into Castle Memorial Hall where they were met by Chancellor and Mrs. McCrimmon, Mr. Lang and Miss Marlow. Then the merry couples stood in groups conversing or wandered about arranging for promenades, meeting friends, old and new.

The promenade cards being filled, the orchestra began to play in earnest, thus announcing the first promenade. Slowly the ladies with their escorts left behind them the Chapel, so resplendent with bunting and flags, and departed to search out the mysteries of the men's residence. Many were the Ah's! and Oh's! with which the ladies expressed their surprise at the glor-

ies of the rooms; many the smiles that betrayed their pleasure on viewing various comfortable "cosy-corners."

The ladies by the witchery of their beauty reigned supreme. Their voices in soft accents of gracious gratitude were heard by the charmed gentlemen who so quickly found chairs in the crowded dining room and so deftly plundered the tables to serve them. After lunch promenading seemed *de trop*; cosy-corners, the settee in front of the fire place, and the chairs at the ends of the halls becoming increasingly popular. Then indeed was the air pregnant with enchantment and romance as "soft eyes looked—to eyes" and as the loungers listened dreamily to "the touches of sweet harmony".

And then—with lingering partings with this fair Elysium, they went home.

Fyfe Day.—Recollections of the first Fyfe Day of the College year will long remain with those privileged to be present. One cannot say that either session was more interesting than the other, for both were brimful of bright and informing features. In the morning, after an uplifting devotional period, reports were given of the Students' Conference held at Muskoka in September. Rev. F. L. Orchard, Assistant General Secretary for the Foreign Mission Board gave an inspirational address on the general world situation of missions, showing the great needs and opportunities that confront us. In the afternoon Rev. H. E. Wintemute, who has left for our mission fields in South America, gave an anticipatory view of his work in Bolivia. The singing of a number of choice hymns, accompanied by the orchestra, added to the fervency of the occasion. At the close of the session the various years held prayer meetings in the rooms assigned for the purpose.

Lit.—November 18—On the evening of November 18, the members of the Lit. met in Castle Memorial Hall, to hear a lecture by Mr. Hathaway on the "Background of Canadian Fiction." The lecturer dealt with the geographical aspect of Canada, pointing out the favorite scenes of Canadian authors, and describing the more important books belonging to each. Treating as much material as he did, Mr. Hathaway of necessity passed quite rapidly over the ground, but the acquaintance which he established with his subject was more than sufficient to arouse

an interest in Canadian authors. The lecture was followed by a piano solo by Miss Chapman, which concluded the evening.

Home:—I heard a preacher with a cork leg last Sunday.
Brew:—How did you like him?
Home:—Found him a trifle wooden.

Inter-Year Debate —

"Place the cap,
Spring the trap,
Hear the victim's wails,
Hangman Eilis, Hangman Ellis,
Dead men tell no tales."

Pity the poor murderer! He stood hesitatingly between the devil and the deep sea on Friday, November 11 as the Freshmen and Sophomores fought their annual duel over that ancient *casus belli*, capital punishment. Suffice it to say that the Freshmen, J. C. Powell and H. H. Minshall, won by a neck, after giving B.C. Freeman and W. Ruttan of '24 enough rope to hang themselves with. It was an interesting struggle, productive of many tragic stories that unwittingly bordered on the ludicrous. It is to be feared, though, that celibacy will prevail amongst us in the future, as one converted hangman has vowed that he will never hang another single man. The question was not productive of much argument, but many novel ideas were advanced, e. g., the equation of sufferings in death and life, the homelikeness of the modern prison, and the decision to found a home for murderers—in a secluded spot on top of a hill. The spirit of the meeting was accurately interpreted by the songs of the Sophs and the yells of the pseudo-Freshmen in the post-Freshette benches. With the victory of the Frosh, murderers are assured of sympathetic care for the rest of their days, though the sceptical Sophs look for a prompt increase in escapes and killings. The "Freshmen" expressed the worthy thought, "Don't kill infant industries", in the well-chosen words:

"Down with the gallows!
Away with the chair!
Sing-Sing prison,
Close-cropped hair!
Broad-striped clothing,
Ten years' hard,
We killed ten babies,
With our one-ton Ford."

The gruesomeness of the occasion was offset by the singing of H. O. Lloyd, and the pianoing of Miss Richards.

Sophomore Party.—What pen may describe that party at Wallingford, the abode of the Muses, the shrine of beauty, and the best argument for co-education? Winds of the world give answer! With this striking introduction, we appropriate this task to our Waterman's Ideal. '24 girls, always ideal hostesses, fairly excelled themselves when they entertained us that Saturday evening. The programme was original, delightfully so; and more than one suspected the existence of genius on the committee. The Misogynists were there, but did not live up to their name—but who shall blame them? Several startling autobiographies, lately brought to light, furnished delicious scandal; while the company found scope for its talent in the plastic art—gum chewing practically applied.

What need to say that the refreshments were of the very best, "furnishing forth" a most "sumptuous repast?" They were all this, and much more. Then, after a vote of thanks to our hostesses had been worthily moved and seconded.—and joyously passed—and when the knives and spoons had been counted—we learn by experience—we went our several ways rejoicing, to sleep the sleep of the just.

Frosh Party.—At Wallingford Hall, on Thursday, November 17th, shortly after eight o'clock, a whirlwind programme began and continued throughout with every evidence of pep. The charming wedding of a Freshman and a Freshette was solemnized, but alas, by mutual consent, the tie that bound them, a pair of handcuffs, was unlocked and they are again prizes worthy of the best. Many amusing games were enjoyed and so for that matter were the refreshments, particularly by the residence men. Mr. Harold Lang and Dr. Gilmour brought the party to a close with suitable speeches. Before leaving, however, many learned to play a new game which might be called, "Find Your Hat and Coat".

Professor:—Isaiah's son's name was Maher-shalal-hash-baz. I wonder what his little friends called him.

Heretic:—"I hear you have had calls from three different churches."

Orthodox:—"Yes, but they're all on the same field."

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS OF THE YELL COMPETITION.

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Science Building, Residence,
Castle Memorial Hall!
Built at different periods,
But the Baptists built them all.

Senate, Board of Governors,
Faculty and Deans!
McMaster University,
8.15's.

Chancellor McCrimmon,
Farmer and McLay!
McMaster University,
Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

Florence M. Marlow,
Harold W. Lang!
McMaster! McMaster!
Biff! Bing! Bang!

Kodak as you go!
Eventually—why not now?
Cheers for McMaster!
Uncle Frank Row!

Tiddle-de-winks and checkers,
Nights at the "Y"!
McMaster University
Tiddledy—iddledy—I!

Tobacco is prohibited,
Alcohol taboo.
Hot dog! McMaster!
Hooroo! Hooroo! Hooroo!

Soccer in the Autumn,
Rugby in the Fall,
Hockey in the Winter,
McMaster plays them all!

THE YELL OF '25.—This is all that twenty-nine Freshmen and seventeen Freshettes have been able to produce to date:—

Iji, itiki, ki yi yip!
Twenty-five, twenty-five, rip, rip, rip!
Kanna kick awawa,
Kanna kick ataw,
Twenty-five, twenty-five, raw, raw, raw!

RHYMES OF A RED CROSS-EYED MAN.

(Published in the interests of the Modern Literature Club).

I love to watch the gum-drops
Congealing on the trees,
But oh, to see the billiard ball
Minding its q's—and p's!

Flotsam goes with Jetsam,
And Jim with Jam,
Jot accompanies Tittle,
And so *ad nauseam!*

At break of day when I arise
I hear the steam-pipes hiss,
But when at even I study here
That self-same heat I miss.

As the days grow long and warmer
More sweetly blooms the rose.
When one forgets his handkerchief
The faster runs the nose.

EDITOR: MISS FRANCES TROTTER, '22.

ASST. EDITOR: MISS JEANETTE REDDICK, '23.

"Oh loveliness that must be Spain
Why do you rise for me so plain
And call my fancy so?
Familiar always and all fair,
Is it because once long ago
I had a castle there?"

NEVER have we actually been to "that land of slow sweet things beyond the sea", but how many times we have been there in our still more real dreamings! Castles in Spain? There is nothing but pity for the man or woman who has never owned a single one. How many miles do how many children gallop over field, across valley on an imaginary coal-black steed? At eight, we could not decide which to be,

a milliner or a missionary. Both seemed such ambitious callings, —to trim hats with perky bows, demure flowers and flippant quills, or in a white dress and a pious smile, to sit on "India's coral strand", the centre of a listening circle. At fifteen, Mary Pickford became our model, but her fame was as nothing to that which we should win. Dozens of secretaries would be required to answer our mail. At eighteen the whole world was a castle daring us to storm and capture it by our prowess, waiting to be rebuilt by our ideals. Everything was possible. It was to be a Utopian world by our influence and efforts.

"Dream after dream ensues;
And still they dream that they shall still succeed;
And still are disappointed."

Little children dream of a land of understanding hearts. Youth dreams of service and valour and love. Parents build radiant futures of interwoven fears and hopes for their children. The miser dreams of a golden world, and himself the ruler of it. The tired man is refreshed by memory of the boyhood's swimming pool, by "the cool of the waters that run through the shadowy places". The student lifts his eyes from his books to lay the corner-stone of a college where examinations are unknown. Alas, "'Twas but a dream,—let it pass,—let it vanish like so many others". The poet dreams—yet who but the poet himself dares put into words his dream? Is it strange that we build so many castles, that we dream so much? Not surely when ourselves, "we are such stuff as dreams are made on".

On the Library Table.—"True, I talk of dreams", and who has better put into words those dreams and fancies which make up the inner, hidden life of a child than Kenneth Grahame? He must truly still be a child at heart with the same strange wonder at grown-up people who "might dabble in the pond all day, hunt the chickens, climb trees in the most uncompromising Sunday clothes; they were free to issue forth and buy gunpowder in the full eye of the sun—free to fire cannons and explode mines on the lawn: yet they never did any of these things". He is always charming but especially so in *The Golden Age*.

Punch bestows on the world many blessings—not least of those already given is *The Diary of a Nobody*, first published in its pages and later put into book form. Mr. Porter's varying experiences with the "scraper", his decisions to have it removed when his friends stumble over it, his joy in not having done so

when the drunken butterman trips over it; Mr. Porter's friends, Mr. Gowing who is "always *coming*", and Mr. Cummings who is "always *going*"; Mr. and Mrs. Porter's evening at the Lord Mayor's house,—you have to read them yourselves to enjoy them. Augustine Birrell says, "I rank him (Mr. Porter) with Don Quixote".

The India Branch of the Alumni Association have our sincere gratitude for placing *Jaya* within our reach. So many books describe the life and surroundings of the low-caste or out-caste Hindu. Here is one that tells the story of a Hindu girl of high degree, of her struggles against the ancient customs and bands which enfold her and of her final breaking of them all.

"What on Human Earth made you act *Midsummer Night's Dream* three times over, *on* Midsummer Eve, *in* the middle of a Ring, and under—right *under* one of my oldest hills in Old England? Pook's Hill—Puck's Hill!" So Puck, the last of the fairies, rightly called "The People of the Hills" spoke to the two children, and then by means of the magic of Oak, Ash and Thorn gave them power

"To see what they should see and hear what they should hear,
Though it should have happened three thousand year."

Kipling gives you this power too, in *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies.*

At Wallingford.—The second of the Saturday afternoon teas for the men students was held on November 26th. The hearts of the hostesses, this time First Year girls, were gladdened by the increased number of guests, and by the whole-hearted way these same guests set about enjoying themselves.

Under the auspices of the Women's Student Body, a large number of the girls and their friends gathered at Wallingford Hall on Wednesday November 31 at 4 p.m. The speaker for the afternoon was Mrs. Emmaline Pankhurst. It was not without a certain feeling of curiosity on the part of most of us that we awaited her arrival, for it is to her that the women of to-day owe their enfranchisement. Mrs. Pankhurst, who was introduced by Florence Marlow, gave an interesting talk in behalf of the Canadian National Council for Social Hygiene. She is a fascinating speaker and as someone has said "is a woman with a vision", to which she is willing to devote her life. After her talk, we were all given the opportunity of meeting Mrs. Pankhurst personally, and the girls in residence served afternoon tea.

Women's Reception.—The instinct of hospitality, rife within the precincts of McMaster, was given outlet on the occasion of the Reception held by the Women's Student Body. Great pleasure was afforded McMaster women in providing a programme and serving afternoon tea to the many friends, which feeling of enjoyment it is hoped was shared by those guests. Miss Florence Marlow initiated proceedings by explaining the objects and attainments of the Women's organizations. Then the Third Year presented the programme with which they had entertained the Women's Literary Society the previous week. Tea was served in the Ladies' and Faculty Rooms, thoughtfully and glowingly decorated in red and poppies—for it was Armistice Day—and the presidents of the various societies presided at the tables. After tea the guests went home but the girls stayed for a jolly supper—but perhaps that is beyond the province of this report.

Y. W. C. A.—"Women Not Politicians? Come and Show Them"! This was the challenge of the poster for the Y.W.C.A. meeting on December 2. Evelyn Cain, Alice Macdougall and Margaret Mason very firmly nailed down the planks of the Conservative, Liberal and Progressive parties respectively. It was like a pleasant memory of last year to have Mildred Kindy sing.

Basket-Ball: McMaster vs. Moulton.—The first intercollege game of this season was played on November 15, in the Margaret Eaton gymnasium, with Moulton college. Our girls showed a decided lack of practice in contrast to the excellent combination of the Moulton team. McMaster scored their only basket in the first period, and the final score was 9-2 in Moulton's favour. The game was constantly interrupted by fouls on both sides. A little practice will make the teams more evenly matched and the next game with Moulton will be more closely contested.

Wallingford vs. Outside Girls.—A close game was played on November 22, between the Wallingford girls and the "outside girls," in which the former again proved themselves superior in the realm of sport. The "Outs" led by a small score during the first two periods, but in the last, fortune inclined towards the "Inside" team, making the final score 9-8 in their favour. The game was snappy and every player deserved credit.

McMaster vs. McLean's Publishing Co.—A fast exhibition game was played on November 23, with McLean's Publishing Co. This is one of the teams which will have to be met later in league games. By the end of the first period McLean's had a considerable lead. During the second period McMaster played exceptionally well but in the last, McLean's by a succession of baskets brought the final score up to 17-11 in their favour.

Third and Fourth vs. First and Second.—A practice game was played on November 29, between the above teams, which resulted in a tie 2-2. This will be played off later at a regular practice hour.

Athletics

Editor: Otho C. Elliott, '23.

FOR the second time this season the Grey and Maroon have been in the finals for group honours with Varsity. In soccer as in rugby McMaster has shown that the small college can put up a team demanding the respect of her opponents. As has so often been noticed, lack of proper training facilities has been McMaster's greatest obstacle to victory. The same handicap confronts the hockey situation. Capable material is there, equal if not superior to any other squad in its own class, awaiting proper training conditions for developing into hockey champions. Basket-ball prospects look bright with several victories to Mac's credit. The old school has the stuff. Let's up and at them!

SOCCER

McMaster—0, Varsity II.—3. The first game with Varsity II's. to decide group honours was played on the front campus November 17th. A raw cross-field breeze rather hampered the accuracy of long punts. The play was fairly evenly distributed over each team's territory. Although Mac did not score, in individual play they were equal to their opponents, lack of experience in playing together being the most obvious obstacle to victory. At the end of the first period Varsity led by a point, and

McMASTER UNIVERSITY RUGBY TEAM, 1921

Runners-up, Junior Intercollegiate Rugby Union, Western Series.

LEFT TO RIGHT—T. H. Eberlee, middle; R. L. McBride, inside; M. Hughes, half; P. G. Paterson, outside; M. A. Smith, flying-wing; J. G. Jones, outside; H. G. Doolittle, half; H. A. Webb, outside; J. D. Taylor, snap; W. Hughes, half; G. P. Gilmour, quarter; W. R. Black, inside; A. B. McLay, snap; R. A. Price, middle; P. Houghton, middle; B. C. Freeman, inside; S. C. Platus, half (captain).

INSETS—E. H. G. Worden, coach; A. H. Carr, manager.

ABSENT—A. S. McGrath, middle.

in the last period two more were added, making it Varsity's game, 3 to 0. The following represented McMaster,—

Forwards, Henry, Carr, Hackson, W. Hughes and Lawrence; half-backs, Boadway, Vose and Stiver; full-backs, Van Slyke and Eberle; goal, Preston.

McMaster—1, Varsity II.—3. In the final game with Varsity II's. soccer honours eluded McMaster by our surrendering to the Blue and White camp on November 23rd, with a score of 3 to 1. Although the wind favored Mac in the first half the victory had not exhibited any partiality by half-time. In the final period, despite the single brilliant goal scored by the clever work of Stiver and W. Hughes, the winning ways of Varsity accounted for three points and the group championship. McMaster had Henry, Lennox, Hackson, W. Hughes and Lawrence on the forward line; Carr, Vose and Stiver as half-backs; and M. Hughes and I. Eberle as full-backs, with Preston in goal.

Inter-Year Rugby

With a good deal of enthusiasm and spirit Inter-year rugby was contested in three games of a remarkably entertaining nature. The lateness of the season rendered a double schedule impossible, but the elimination series supplied good games. The victory of the Sophomores was not unexpected, but the Juniors' defeat of the Seniors was the surprise of the season. The Rugby Cup goes to '24. Congratulations!

Sophs—28, Frosh—1. Old Mother Earth in the region of Ramsden Park embraced the mud-sluggers of Year '24 and Year '25 with affectionate impartiality on Monday, November 28th. Incidentally these cordial relations were marred by some trivial dissension between Sophs and Frosh. Those second year guys were dreadfully touchy about the goal-line of the verdant ones, but the Frosh, acting on Prof. Boadway's instructions on "Absent Treatments", teased Cap Houghton's crew until the all-wise ones lacked but one of half a dozen touch-downs. A conversion, a goal kick and an onside for good measure ran '24's credit up to 28 points. Once in the last quarter Gilmour forgot instructions, kicking a goal for the Frosh. The participants in the fray for Year '24 were,—Quarter, Hackson; flying wing, Crofoot; halves, M. Hughes, W. Hughes and Houghton (Capt.); insides, Dallman and Freeman; middles, Stephens and Stiling;

outsides, Gregory and Kitchener; snap, Simmons; subs., Wilton and Daniels. For Year '25 the lineup was,—Quarter, Bewell; flying wing, Bennett; halves, Gilmour, Roffe and Wood; insides, Rosser and Todd; middles, Black and Price; outsides, Hounsom and Cadwell; snap, Pollock; subs., Douglas.

Juniors—2, Seniors—1. The Senior sortie against a handful of trembling martyrs from Year '23 occurred in Ramsden Field Wednesday, November 30th. A side-line coterie of speculative Sophs were in attendance to size up their victims for the next encounter. With reckless disregard for the Seniors' expenses Year '23 relieved the trade depression in confectionery circles by upsetting the leguminous proteins contrary to prevailing forecasts. The Juniors aggravating obstinacy on the defensive and their inconsiderate offensive plays accounted for a goal in the second quarter and another in the last period. In the beginning of the second half the Seniors manoeuvred a point, tying the score, but the rouge secured in the last quarter by their opponents broke the tie in '23's favour.

The skirmish revealed a punter of promise in Vose, while Stiver and Henry in hampering the effectiveness of the Seniors were a team of dark ones worth watching. Despite the majority of experienced players in the Senior's line-up the preserved pork went to the Juniors on a 2 to 1 score.

The line of battle was after this fashion—Juniors,—Quarter, Paterson; flying wing, Carr; halves, Vose, McGrath and Stiver; insides, Hildebrand and Pardington; middles, Dyce and Bearss; outsides, Henry and Fleischer; snap, Segsworth, subs., Jackson and Steedman.

Seniors,—Quarter, Platus; flying wing, Atkinson; halves, Doolittle, Smith and McLay; insides, McBride and Pyle; middles, Brown and T. Eberlee; outsides, Jones and Webb; snap, Taylor; subs., Groat and Russell.

Sophomores—15, Juniors—0. Instead of the coveted Berkshire, the Juniors were forced to accept a goose egg, badly scrambled on the Ramsden gridiron, when the inter-year Rugby laurels became the possession of Year '24, on Monday, December 4th. The "You Chase Me" Chorus in the first scene was apparently an adaptation of "the Pied Piper," the Hughes brothers leading in an inimitable presentation of a drop, a

touch converted, and a punt. A futile argument over the ball in the next scene somewhat hampered the action of the leading caste and the curtain lowered with the Sophs 10 up. The opening of the second act, M. Hughes' drop, with a punt following, held the Juniors in breathless suspense. A "Woolworth Basement Special" atmosphere lingered about Year '23 when a goal punt raised the Soph score to an even 15 in the finale.

The frayed factionists fought in this order,—

Sophomores—Quarter, Hackson; flying wing, Crofoot; halves, W. Hughes, M. Hughes and Houghton; insides, Stiling and Hale; middles, Freeman and Dallman; outsides, Kitchener and Gregory; snap, Simmons; subs., Stephens and Daniels.

Juniors.— Quarter, Paterson; flying wing, Carr; halves, McGrath, Vose and Stiver; insides, Hildebrand and Pardington; middles, Dyce and Bearss; outsides, Henry and Fleischer; snap, Segsworth; subs., Steadman and Jackson.

INTER-YEAR SOCCER

With the verdant memory of initiation still in their minds, the Freshmen declined to dispute the superiority of the Sophomores on the soccer field. Consequently the Sophs elected to try conclusions with the Seniors, leaving it to the Juniors to worry the Theologs as a starter.

JUNIORS—1, THEOLOGS—0. It was on Tuesday November 29, that Year '23 held a little informal entertainment on Jesse Ketchum Field for the Embryonic Ecclesiastics. The costumes were of an infinitely pleasing variety as regards both colour and material. At least one boiled shirt was noticed among the sky-pilots, while the latest in naïveté knitted effects was most charmingly displayed by many in the gathering. Everyone was enjoying the quietness of the lowering twilight until the arrival during the last period of a few feminine enthusiasts. Some of the company began to "show off" by getting really rough. In the mix-up Blondey Vose scored a penalty goal. The disgusted Theologs were unable to return the compliment before the party was compelled to start for Uncle Frank's grub foundry.

Among those present from Year '23 were Paterson, Henry, Stiver, Lloyd and Broughton garbed as forwards; the disguise of Hildebrand, Dyce and Elliott as half-backs was most complete; Vose and Bearss as full-backs hobnobbed with Segsworth

in goal. For Theologs, Carr, Gilmour, Jackson and Drinkwater made ravishing forwards, while that handsome trio, C. Farmer, McGrath and France as halves vied with I. Eberle and Barnes of the back line in vamping Preston in goal.

Basket-Ball

Every Wednesday evening McMaster struggles for a place near the top in the 'House' Basket-ball League at Central 'Y.' With only an hour a week at their disposal the gradual improvement shown is most commendable. After the Christmas season a team will be entered in the Students' Basket-ball League which, it is hoped, will repeat last year's champion record. The present series of games should prove a good training experience in anticipation of the coming contests. Since the last issue McMaster has won two out of the three games played. The latest victory with the 'Y' Seniors was particularly gratifying to the McMaster team, the win being the fruits of a hard struggle in clean basket-ball. The results were as follows,—

Wednesday, November 16th, McMaster—24; Doormats—13.

Wednesday, November 23rd, McMaster—21; Businessmen —24.

Wednesday, November 30th, McMaster—21; Seniors—20.

The line-up is usually as follows:—Forwards, Atkinson and Houghton; centre, Pardington (or Morrison); defense, Paterson and Smith; subs., Kitchener and Wood.

Hockey

Away to an early start, McMaster puck-chasers have turned out enthusiastically for the twice-a-week practices at the Arena. The material this year seems to be of the high-speed variety, every position in the team having several hopeful aspirants, and it is expected that Coach Frank Carroll will work the boys into shape for cup-winning.

During the coming season McMaster will be represented in the Intermediate O.H.A. and possibly, if suitable material permits, in the Junior City League. Entering the Intermediate series will permit the use of several good men who would be unable to play under Inter-Collegiate qualifications. In all probability Mac will be grouped with Varsity II., Osgoode, St. Francis, and St. Helen's.

Here and There

EDITOR: JOHN D. TAYLOR, '22.

DOES Canada want to be a Nation in practice as well as in fact?" asks Prof. W. P. M. Kennedy in the *Contemporary Review*. During the war her representatives, Sir Robert Borden and Mr. N. W. Rowell, emphasized Canada's growth into a self-reliant nationhood and the inconsistency of this state with the B. N. A. Then and afterwards, at the Peace Conference, Canada took her place on this basis, and showed herself worthy indeed. The British believed these men, but Canada does not seem to have taken them very seriously. And now what do we find? A state of general apathy? Not exactly, but certainly not one of enthusiastic co-operation, such as there should be. "At present, as far as Canada is concerned, the Empire is to be a voluntary league of autonomous nations."

"The general public has believed, as a **fact** that Canada is a nation". They have declared that as Canada has come of age as a nation, she has a certain large measure of liberty of action. Let her then, as befits such a State, be willing to take upon herself new and greater responsibilities. But there is apparently no general desire for a change. Whereas the speeches of Sir Robert Borden aroused a very widespread emotional appreciation of the situation and its call for a change, there has come with the advent of peace a lapse into that pre-war state of patronizing indifference to the details which are the deciding factors in Canada's policies. It is not surprising then, that there is so little crystallization of public opinion on the subject of Canada's relations within the Empire. And without this unanimity of thought and a desire for honourable action, Canada can not and will not be adequately represented at forthcoming Imperial Conferences.

This much is certain: however desirable a new agreement of constitution may be as a means of binding more closely together the component parts of the Empire, the end is not to be attained by such means as these alone, but in conjunction with "loyalty to those spiritual forces of justice and righteousness which transcend the concrete and are the pledge of life."

The great need of the present is the holding of the Empire

together "and so guaranteeing that that force will be sufficiently strong when any of those things which make the Empire worth while are attacked. We have this sure foundation: Canada believes in the British Empire, and in that belief lies the living, vitalizing future, which must not be mortgaged by the ephemeral triumph of a logical parchment and a pretty seal."

Lord Dunsany has long been looking for a poet to rise from the Irish peasants as Burns sprang from the people of Scotland. In Francis Ledwidge he seems to have found one. Ledwidge fell in France, but he has left us some very finished poetry. He is a poet of natural things, of "the world in which our bodies are."

He sings of the blackbird:—

"Above me smokes the little town
With its whitewashed walls and roofs of brown,
And its octagon spire toned smoothly down
As the holy minds within.
And wondrous, impudently sweet,
Half of him passion, half conceit,
The blackbird sings adown the street,
Like the piper of Hamelin."

In the preface to a collection of the poems of Ledwidge, Dunsany says: "When they have read through the profounder poets, and seen the problem plays, and studied all the perplexities that puzzle man in the cities, the small circle of readers that I predict for him will turn to Ledwidge as to a mirror, reflecting beautiful fields, as to a very still lake rather on a cloudless evening."

The Expository Times, in which we noticed the above, quotes as well from a poetess of promise, Miss Vera Wheatley. Her *Sunday In My Garden* seems to be a direct challenge to the mystical T. E. Brown. We quote in turn.

"As I worked in my garden,
There was never a priest,
But I kept Sunday's law—
And the greatest was least.
For the first little primrose
That gleamed from the sod,
Was the King of the garden—
A sweet smile from God.

As I worked in my garden
The smell of the earth
Was the incense uprising
To praise life's new birth.

And the hymn in my garden
Was a bird's melody,
And each bud and leaflet
Showed Heaven to me.

There was no priestly discourse,
There was no spoken prayer,
As I worked in my garden—
But I know God was there."

The following clipping from the *Literary Digest* is worth reprinting, we believe:

The average American dough-boy never heard so much language in his life as he did when he got to France, and naturally it produced its effect on him. His letters home began to be speckled with French expressions, sometimes correct, but mostly approximations. The dough-boys who went to Alsace also had a chance to pick up German, and the results were sometimes a scrambled line of talk the like of which has never been seen before. A sample is given in the *San Antonio Light*, purporting to be a letter written by a dough-boy to *The Field Service Bulletin* of the ambulance men in France:

"Cher *Bulletin*—Es ist long temps since I have vous ecrit parce qu'ich kann no longer parler ordinary Anglais, und I had peur that sie would nicht verstehe pas. Wir sind en Alsace, vous savez, und too many langues spoil the vocabulaire, nicht var? Die Leute par ici speak Allemand, les soldats talk French fluently, and wir, qui parle l'Anglais, get all mixed up. The Deutscherishers talk Francais and English un petit peu, the poilus sprichen Deutsch and English ein wenig. Darum wir parlent a little bit of tous les trois.

This complicates la vie considerablement. Wenn you have auf ein Wirtshaft gegangen, la Madame says, 'Bonjour, monsieur, was wollen sie?' and vous dites, 'Guten Abend, madame, gebensie mir ein bouteille of beer.' Et quand vous avez finished, sie sagen, 'Combien?' and she says, 'Zwansiz sous.' Avant de partir you say, 'Gute nacht, madame,' et elle repond, 'Au revoir, mein herr,' and quelque poilu calls out, 'Good night —oh yess.' That machts es difficile.

"Aber ca ne fait rein, The Liberation von Elsass marche bien. Wir haben evacue tous des buvettes, and the Deutsche bier n'existe plus. We have achete beaucoup de German souvenirs to sell zum dem green peas auf dem Y.M.C.A. a Paris. Mais c'est verboten to go there maintenant. Wir mussen get

permission to go en permission. Das ist sehr traurig, n'est ce pas. Peut-etre es ist var qu'on have saved the world fur la democratie, but la liberte is searcer than hell on nous sommes. Il y a plenty of soldats Americans iei A.W.O.L. aber nous can't seem to macht ein get away. Der Weg zum Frieden ist ein route tres longue und tres mauvaise fur autos.

We have had kein lettres from home depuis the armistice. Les Folks croyait that we were coming Heim tout de suite. And wir aussi. Aber nous were the bonnes poires encore. We would lieben d'etre mustered aus hier en France. Probablement we will to base camp alle, oder zum ein pare where we may have to arbeiten. That would be nicht gut, vous savez.

Anyhow, notre division will be busted up bald. Und der armistice will be fini, Gott sie dankt. Wo wir will gehen, nous should worry.

Voulez-vous, eher *Bulletin,* accepter mes meilleurs sentiment, and wishes for ein Freundliehe Weinnaehten and a Prosit Neu Yahr, Mit lof. L.W."

It must have been a great sport pitching pennies in the Stone Age.—*Virginia Reel.*

The Maiden—"Somehow or other I feel as if I were terribly dirty."

The Maid—"Oh, no, mademoiselle, eet ees only in ze mind."

—*Pelican.*

Prof.—"What is ivory used for?"

Freshman—"To make soap."

—*McGill Daily.*

The Residence Yell:

A-ki-son
A-ki-son
Telephone!

Why the deuce doesn't that fellow get a private line?—*Dalhousie Gazette.*

Rub-a-dub-dub-
Three men in a tub—
Over it went—
Glub
Glub
Glub.

—*Puppet*

"Wot you doin', chile?"
"Nothin', mammy".
"My, but you is gettin' like yoh father."—*McGill Daily.*

Waiter—"Here's your check, sir."
Inebriate:—"Itsh a forgery." —*Judge*

First Co-ed: "Did you go to see Macbeth last night?"
Second Co-ed: "No—and what's more, I don't run after men."—*McGill Daily.*

She: "But don't you say those things to other girls as well?"
He: "No, love, I'm at my best to-night."—*Record.*

COLORFUL LAY

Your azure hair gleams in the light,
Your lips are black as darkest night,
Your gleaming teeth are bright as jade,
Your fair cheeks have a saffron shade.

Vermilion shine your witching eyes—
My dear, you seem to show surprise!
You think I'm fit for Mattewan?
Nay, nay! I've colored glasses on!

—*Record.*

SHOULD READERS LAUGH?

"*What should a man* who is reading a book out loud do when he comes to a passage as "'Ha! ha! said George?" I have never been able to find a way out of the difficulty. If you just say 'Ha! ha!' it sounds cold and dispassionate and ridiculous."—*Daily Herald.*

Fair Damsel (watching pole-vault)—"Just think how much higher he could go if he didn't have to carry that stick."—*Jack-O-Lantern.*

We acknowledge receipt of the following publications—*Argosy, Acta Victoriana, Dalhousie Gazette, Gateway, McGill Daily, Patches, Queen's Journal, Sheaf, T.C.D., Ubyssey, Western U. Gazette.*

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THE MEMORIAL TABLET

UNVEILED IN CASTLE MEMORIAL HALL

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9TH, 1921

The
McMaster University Monthly

VOL. XXXI TORONTO, JANUARY, 1922 No. 4

DEDICATION

. . . We bless Thee for all Thy saints who rest from their labours, and who, in loyal devotion, have filled up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ. Chiefly do we praise Thee, O Lord, for those, Thy servants, whose names are here inscribed and whose valour and sacrifice we commemorate tonight. For their loyalty to duty, for the chivalry of their manhood, for the splendour of their sacrifice, for the last full measure of devotion with which they defended the right, we bless Thee. Thou hast their spirits now within Thy keeping. Be pleased, our Father, to comfort in this eternal hope all those loving hearts for whom this occasion will awaken proud and painful memories. . .

. . . Ond now, O Lord, to Thy glory and to the sacred memory of their names and deeds we dedicate this simple memorial at this time. In the scroll of Thy true soldiers their name liveth forever. May this tablet turn the thoughts of all who view it towards those things that are eternal, more enduring than bronze. As these names shall be read by us and others, and perchance by the generations still unborn, may those who read them highly resolve that these dead may not have died in vain. To that high and holy service we now dedicate ourselves. To our country, our homes, Thy church, the world—to Thyself we give ourselves afresh in love and devotion that with them we might hasten the Kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. . . .

From the prayer of Rev. John MacNeill at the unveiling of the Memorial Tablet.

THE ADDRESS OF ACCEPTANCE

From the Address of Acceptance delivered by Chancellor McCrimmon at the unveiling of the Memorial Tablet.

THE road to liberty and equal right has been a long one for humanity. The lives of men by the thousands have been invested in its building. The ignorance of savagery, the superstition of barbarism, the repression of tyranny, misguided ecclesiasticism and vaunting Caesarism have laid many obstacles in the way. But no attack upon the forces of progress has been so violent, so well prepared, so diabolically clever as that of Prussianism. . . This memorial will always remind us of that savage attack upon the freedom of mankind and the independence of free states.

It will also be a reminder of the glorious way in which free men rose to the emergency. The historic cry of France at Verdun . . "They shall not pass," the resolution of the Italian patriot, "I will die cheering if I needs must die," the long agonized wail of the banshee of Belgium, 'Mother of Tears,' mingled with the full-toned shouts of encouragement and help of the soldiers of Britain and of her western and antipodean Dominions. . . . . .

The mission of ages came also to our Canadian sons. John Galsworthy's cry, "Come in,—before the clock strikes twelve", and Tennyson's admonition:

> "Permit not then the tyrant powers
> To fight thy mother here alone,"

found response in loyal Canadian hearts. Animated by no militaristic spirit, nourished in no atmosphere of might, keyed up by no philosophy of the necessity of war, or of the majesty of Odin and Thor, they left their homes to safeguard humanity and to add a bright band to the chaplet of history. Young and full of promise! What an offering at the Altar of Liberty! . . . This tablet will remind us of the courage and the sacrifice of our men.

* * * * * * *

This tablet reveals the spirit of devotion and sacrifice of those whose names are inscribed upon it. They were young men, young men full of promise and of high hopes. . . . . Some men joined the colours out of the spirit of adventure, some went under the pressure of conventionality, some few may have been forced to go. But not so these whose names are lettered here. They knew the issues at stake, they counted the cost, they faced death for the welfare of mankind. Their representatives who laid bare their hearts in poetry and correspondence, clearly demonstrated that they grasped the situation and realized the sacrifice. To this group of men of college status belonged such soldiers as Rupert Brooke, Alan Seeger, Joyce Kilmer and others. . . . . .

This memorial reveals the soul of the beneficiaries of the legacy left by those who sleep in Flander's fields. Sometimes there is a sort of philosophical and impersonal recognition of the vicarious sacrifices of men who give their lives for their fellowmen.

> "All through life I see a Cross
> Where sons of God give up their breath;
> There is no gain except by loss,
> There is no life except by death."

". . . . The whole world is the sepulchre of famous men; and their story is not graven only on stone over their native earth, but lives far away without visible symbol, woven into the stuff of other men's lives." Thus are the characters, the aspirations, the deeds of these young men woven into the stuff of the life of McMaster University and its friends.

The great cenotaph of London stands for something more representative and less impersonal than "the whole world is the sepulchre of famous men." You may have read Sir Philip Gibbs' description, with its fine literary touch, of the burial of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey. That Warrior, though unknown, represented not only the thousands missing and unidentified but the whole tally of sorrow of the war. Weeping women who knew not where their dead lay

and whose 'souls went searching for him through the dreadful planes in the night', thought that the unknown might be he. The old steel helmet and the King's sword lying on the tattered old flag which swathed the gun carriage and the remains of the unknown's poor body were the concrete links which bound the heart of a nation to the soul of the sacrifice of her warriors.

* * * * *

Our memorial has the personal touch. It speaks to us volumes which no world's sepulchre and no unknown's burial can give. It will catch the eye of succeeding generations of students and will vitalize them into vicarious activity. Just as the grave of that unknown warrior lies athwart the pathway of kings so that no British monarch can advance to the altar to be crowned but must step over his grave, so no McMaster student can complete his graduation but must consider the meaning of this memorial. . . . . .

This tablet is erected in McMaster University. The graves of those men whose names it bears lie across the ocean. In many ways it is well that they sleep in France and Flanders. The little wooden crosses there are the mile-posts of civilization. . . . They are outposts of enlarged human brotherhood, landmarks of a growing moral solidarity of the world, signs of a nucleus of perfect internationalism.

These boys sleep the sleep of the brave. They hear no more the thunder of Edom on precipitous Vimy's ridge, or at the rude salient of Ypres. The Somme, the Marne, and the Meuse flow their lullaby to their souls.

> "Flow softly, softly, Marne and Meuse,
> Tread lightly, all ye browsing sheep,
> Fall tenderly, O silver dews,
> For there our dear love lies asleep."

Though "the breezy call of incense breathing morn no more shall rouse them from their lowly bed", yet from out the Great Beyond their spirits chant to us life's story, life's meaning, life's methods, life's products and life's destiny: "Greater love hath no man than this."

THE UNVEILING OF THE TABLET

IT is the aim of the editor, in this number of THE MONTHLY, to give special prominence to the bronze memorial tablet recently unveiled in Castle Memorial Hall, in order to record in permanent form the events and utterances of that solemn occasion. This is part of the debt of honour which we owe to the fallen. It may well be that future students of this University will find food for thought in the dedicatory prayer and the address of acceptance printed in these columns, and for historical purposes the following report has value also.

The body of the Chapel was well-filled by the students and friends of the University, and the service in which they participated will long be associated in their minds with the tablet itself. It is a matter of deep satisfaction that both the bronze tablet and the service at which it was unveiled were so perfectly in accord with all that could be desired. The invocation was offered by Chancellor McCrimmon, and the National Anthem sung. Then the moving words of the "Song of the Bow" in 2 Samuel, 1: 17-27, and of the vision in Revelation, 7: 9-17, were read by Professor Gilmour, after which came the singing of "Our God, our help in ages past." The tablet was presented and unveiled with peculiar felicity by Rev. F. W. Waters, and the audience stood reverently as the flag was withdrawn, and as the piper played the "Flowers of the Forest" and the bugler sounded the Last Post before the tablet. The address of acceptance was then delivered by the Chancellor on behalf of the University. The singing of "For all the saints who from their labours rest" followed, and an address of great strength and fitness was given by Rev. W. A. Cameron. At the close of Mr. Cameron's address, the prayer of dedication was offered by Rev. John MacNeill, and the audience remained standing after the prayer until the notes of the Reveille brough the service to a close.

The men whose names are inscribed on the tablet are: Henry Harold Allen, William Kay Anderson, Stanley Howson Brocklebank, Alexander H. Brodie, William Alexander Chisholm, R. W. Ewart Christie, John Andrew Dow Elder, John Harris Fairchild, Almin Minor Froom, Charles Arnold Grant, William Ernest Hindson, David Hughes, Wilfred John Jones, Robert Charles Kerr, Clarence MacKenzie, Harold Grant Masson, Wilfred Earl McKissock, Archie Alexander Morrow, William Sidney Rice, Roy Clarke Steckley, Bernard Freeman Trotter, William Jonathan Wright.

The tablet also bears this couplet of Bernard Trotter's:

"Not vain your sacrifice, nor lost your work;
The world's free heart beats high because of you."

The University's new possession is at once an adornment and a benediction.

"Say not the boy is dead, but rather say
He's but a little farther on the way,
Impatient sooner to behold the view—
At the next turning you may see it too.
Say he's a child again, early to bed,
On night's soft pillow fain to lay his head.
Say he is off to track the mountain stream,
And linger by the side in boyish dream.
Say by immortal waters now at rest,
He clasps a thousand memories to his breast.
Say to his wondering quests wise angels, smiling,
Tell the true story of the world's beguiling.
Say on heroic task his soul is thrilling,
Where noble dream hath noble deeds fulfilling.
Say that he feasts with comrades tried and true,
But in his heart the banquet waits for you.
Say in the Presence, at a gentle word
He shows the wound-marks to his wounded Lord.
Say never he is dead, but rather say,
He's but a little farther on his way."

—D. D. B., quoted in *The Expository Times.*

BASKTEEN, DIRK.

Route Principale.

International Graphic Art Exhibit,
Canadian National Exhibition, 1921.

THE VISION OF THE KING

"To me, methought, who waited with a crowd,
There came a bark that, blowing forward bore
King Arthur."

—*Tennyson, "The Epic."*

Time ever shows our highest dreams to be
Merely forerunners of reality.

"And the barge, with oar and sail, moved from the brink."
The poet's story closed; but lost in thought
I floated on, until, I know not when,
With subtle hand night deposed thought and placed
The crown of fancy on my dreams. And still
Upon the barge I sailed, whose dauntless prow
Cut the rough waters with a purpose firm.
And one fair queen with sure oar cleft the wave:
Another at the helm all constant stood:
The third and fairest waited on the King.
Thus passed we on, 'neath shadow of dark shores.

Then came a change,—dream's inconsistency,—
I stood at morn upon a dewy shore,
And lo, the East with ruddy lips proclaimed
A royal approach. Behold, a stately barque
Far in the distance rose with rising day.
A multitude there stood upon the shore,
With gladsome lips whereon sweet praises hung.
Close came the barque; upon it stood the King,
With radiant smile sublime and beautiful.
Forth rang the cry, "Our Arthur has returned."
And from the hills the thundering echoes roll,
"All hail the King, whose coming peace will bring."

Awaking, at my side there stood a child.
Upon his haloed brow he bore a crown.

A crown whose radiant glory made the day
To seem a night compared. Then in a voice
Charged with sweet angel music he began:
"Stay yet and hearken to my words, fond dreamer,
I will relate the import of thy dream.

"The barge on which thou sail'dst we call Experience,
Launched on the troubled seas of earthly strife.
But at the helm unswerving Hope stood steadfast
And at the heavy oars Faith constant toiled,
While Charity with tender arms enfolded
The wounds, the needs, the sufferings of all.
And though the seas should foam in fury round thee,
And though no light appear of coming day,
Thou need'st not fear, nor pause, o'ercome with danger.
Thy barge is safe while these three guide thy way.

The land on which thou stood'st we call the Future.
When that great King shall come I may not tell,
Yet come he shall, a King unto His Kingdom,
Forever in the hearts of men to dwell.
When time shall lift with slow revealing fingers
The curse of unbelief through all the world,
When virtuous truth o'er all of earth's great peoples
Her brightly-gleaming banner has unfurled,
When God beholds from out the realms of glory
His precepts crowned within the hearts of men,
When all shall rise to bid Him joyous welcome,
Then Christ, thy Arthur, shall return again."

—L. E. Wilton, '24.

IN "THE GODS"—AN INCIDENT.

HE orchestra tuned up; the conductor waved his baton; the man stretched out his long legs; took the "Goblin" from his overcoat pocket and waited for the film to start.

At last the lights went out, the music changed and the first reel of "The Comet's Tail,"—"passed by censor,"—slowly appeared. A slight rustle in the aisle followed by the usher's low "move right along in, please," made the man glance up as a girl slipped into the seat beside him. The picture was starting well but he looked again at his neighbour as she drew off her coat and uncovered a mop of short copper curls.

"Why the dickens did she come wandering in here alone?" he thought. "Oh," as he glimpsed parcels protruding from her bag, "wanted a bit of relaxation after shopping, I suppose."

The girl's attention was concentrated on the picture. Unexpectedly, the hero tripped over his fractious puppy and the man laughed out, a jolly, deep chuckle. Unconsciously the girl laughed right up into the merry blue eyes beside her. She could feel herself flush as she riveted her eyes on the screen.

"Don't you do that again," she commanded herself. "What on earth would Aunt Margaret think of my coming here alone at all, and then enjoying a joke with a perfect stranger?"

Again a laugh rippled over the scattered house and,—once more the hazel eyes laughed up into the blue.

"Wish I dared speak to her; but she wouldn't like it," he pondered.

"Why was I brought up to be so conventional?" she raged. "Just because no one has said, 'Miss So-and-So may I introduce Mr. Thingumbody' I must be a sphinx and he looks far nicer and jollier too than some of the men that I am free to come and go with as I please."

The fourth time it happened, the man gulped and found himself speaking, "Please pardon me, I—"

She should have frozen him immediately. She wondered afterwards how her training could so utterly have failed her. Somehow, she found herself still looking at him, a smile lingering around the corner of her mouth, waiting for him to continue.

"I really don't know just what to say. I'm not used to this sort of thing." He hesitated. "I don't want to be obnoxious. It's awfully decent of you to listen to me at all. I give you my word I shall not ask you your name or try to find out where you live nor bore you with my personal details. There is something friendly in the air this snowy day. Couldn't we be just kids again for the next hour and pretend that we know each other? It is so much nicer sharing jokes and—and everything." He paused vaguely. "If you'd rather not, just speak the word and I'll say no more, and I'll try my best not to look at you."

"A choice between maxims, is it," she questioned, "'It never pays to be unconventional' or 'always be ready to take a sporting chance'? An hour is not a very long chance anyway. I have some chocolates here in my bag. I you don't help me eat them I shall have bad dreams to-night."

"Sure, I'll have one, thank you." He took a bite and grinned, "It's enough to have the silencing of your conscience resting on my shoulders without the added weight of letting you give yourself indigestion."

"Don't worry," she retorted, "I take full responsibility for my own sins. Have another—I'll have to call you something. Which shall it be, Tom, Dick or Harry?"

"Where's your imagination," he chided, "commonplace names like those to fit the fairyland we are visiting? Couldn't you call me Puck? You might be Titania, the queen of the fairies, yourself."

"You should wear glasses, Titania with her flowing hair,

her tinsel wings? I assure you, I am built for use not for ornament. Ugh! I didn't see that was a cherry and just look at my dress!"

"Take my handkerchief. Sorry I haven't a bib to offer. I have it!"

"What"?

"An idea for our names, stupid! Where are we?"

"Why—at the 'Plaza'."

"Yes, but we're up in 'the gods,' aren't we? I'll bet you this cream to your hard-centre, that you hadn't enough money after your shopping to sit anywhere else."

"Well," ironically, "I suppose you sat here to study human nature among the common horde! If we are consorting with gods, we are not in this city at all but on Mount Olympus. I'll be Mercury! Yes, I know he was a man, but don't protest. I have always wanted to wear silver wings on my heels."

"In case you never get a chance to wear them anywhere else, I suppose. Well, Mercury it is then, only I shall tie your wings to the ground. When you even talk of them, you look poised for flight. Perhaps your mercurial highness has a name for your humble servant."

"Mars? No, we won't waste time fighting. Apollo, the god of poets,—Oh, oh, be a sport, please let me call you Jupiter. When I was ten I did love to say 'Jumping Jupiter' and it was considered most unladylike."

" 'Jumping Jupiter,' at your service, and I promise you that if you break your contract and fly before the hour is up, I shall jump right after you."

"Jumping seems to be in style, here is the animated cartoon beginning, 'The Cow Jumps Over the Moon.' Oh, look, I adore these things."

"The picture, the candy, and me included, I suppose."

"Silly!"

Suddenly he pulled out his watch, "My train leaves in forty-five minutes—"

"Well, the hour is more than up. You came first, you go first. I shall stay until I am sure you are well out of sight."

He picked up his coat slowly, then his hat, and said, with a sudden restraint, "Would you shake hands? Thank you and thank you for everything."

"Good-bye, Juniper!"

"Au revoir, Mercury," he dared. Hazel eyes laughed up into blue!

* * * *

He lay awake that night. Sometimes he chuckled aloud, sometimes he sighed, once, he thumped his pillow a vicious blow with his fist. "Game little sport," he muttered, "surely the gods will be kind and bring us together again. I couldn't break my word and follow her, then she would have squelched me. Bless her heart! Still, I wish—"

* * * *

She burrowed her curls deep into the pillow. "Wish I could shut my eyes without seeing a blue-eyed, long-legged Jupiter! I'd never have forgiven him, of course, if he had followed me or anything. Still, I wish—"

—Frances W. Trotter, '22.

A DEFENCE OF HOME BREW.

(After G.K.C.)

ONE of the most helpful signs of the times is that aftermath of Prohibition, the Home Brew Movement. There is not, to our knowledge, any specific organization of that name, designed to promote the manufacture of home brew. The movement is more or less haphazard, ill-defined, nebulous; a sort of reflex action of the social organism. It is, nevertheless, replete with splendid possibilities, and, given a farsighted leadership, might become productive of a vast amount of good.

Perhaps the reason why this movement has hitherto received so little attention from the professional uplifters lies in the comparative modesty of its present aim. The mere satisfaction of a taste which prefers modern ale to that of the Adam period is hardly worthy of the new cause. That is why we postulated a farsighted leadership. With a man of broad vision at its head the Home Brew Movement could be given ideals worthy of its underlying principles and might assume proportions now undreamed of.

The objection may be offered that there is no principle behind the business; that its avowed purpose is the abrogation of principle; but that verdict betrays a very superficial handling of the evidence. Let us look further. A man is visiting an old friend and receives the invitation, "Taste this, old man; made it myself." We will not concern ourselves with the actual product, but kindly note the tone of swelling pride in which the invitation is given. The secret is wrapped up in the last three words, "made it myself." Here is something which we are told has disappeared from modern society, something, moreover, which is essential to true progress—the pride of the artist. We admit that a beverage cannot rank high as a medium of artistic expression, but it is probable that both

of our friends care little for the drink itself. See, it stands scarcely more than tasted, on the sideboard, while the evening is passed in a delightful discussion of the technique of the art; the advisability of using stone jars; the precise amount of sugar required to produce the best results; the question of what are the more desirable results.

"But," says someone who is accustomed to looking through the small end of the microscope, viewing principle through the medium of the material, "If this is virtue, it is virtue run to seed." Exactly. A cabbage run to seed is useless as a cabbage, but, instead of bewailing the loss of a mere cabbage, let us rather hasten to gather and plant the seed.

The pride of the artist is not dead; it is crying out for an opportunity to grow, and the Home Brew Movement provides that opportunity. It merely requires direction and extension to make this humble cause a mighty force for good. We dare not do more than hint at the future of the movement.

If the prohibition of alcoholic drinks can bring the environment needed for the growth of such an important quality as artistic pride, why not carry the idea further, and with the plow of prohibition cultivate still more of the soil of intellectual life? When gramaphones shall have been abolished the intense longing on the part of the masses for musical articulation will be liberated, and the sound of the flageolet and the jew's-harp will be heard once more. True, there will be more imperfections in the performance of these humble instruments than in that of the gramaphone, but at least they provide an outlet for self-expression. Who cannot sympathize with the man who turns disappointedly from the crank of his gramaphone, and pours forth his soul in a rendering of "Home, Sweet Home," specially arranged for the mouthorgan? When the ubiquitous snap-shot camera shall have gone the way of John Barleycorn the drawing instinct will be released from the the bondage of "You press the button, we do the rest." Certainly the sketch-book of the future will lack the drug-store

finish which glows from our snapshot albums to-day, but the pride of craftsmanship will be more in evidence.

Home Brew is said to be a synonym for inferiority. If that be so, then inferiority is the soil which produces the great artists. Can we imagine Beethoven, at the age of seven, sitting enthralled before his phonograph, or the youthful Turner drinking in the beauties of a landscape through the lens of a reflex camera? It is more credible that their early efforts were the very crudest kind of Home Brew; one finger exercises and painful portraits of the family cat. It is inconsistent to deplore the dearth of great artists, and at the same time disparage Home Brew. While we feed our rising generations on machine-made doughnuts, music and pictures, how can we expect to produce good cooks, great painters or master composers? Let us forward the Home Brew Movement, for it carries on its shoulders the virtue that was lost and is found, the pride of the artist.

—F. J. Helps, '24

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Editorial Notes

The periodic editorial blast appears again! A worthy procedure would be to turn the page before proceeding further.

Too much emphasis on the past of any institution, we suppose, is not a healthy thing, because a backward look may at times be due to a desire to avert the eye from a troublesome present. But one of the privileges of a small University is surely this, that every student who takes a personal interest in his Alma Mater may readily become familiar with the names and achievements of those who have gone before him.

There is a method of familiarizing oneself with the history of this University and its graduates which we feel not many of our

students recognize. In the Library is a bound volume of every year's publication of THE MCMASTER MONTHLY, thirty of them now, and in each volume the reader can catch the atmosphere of a particular session, and see the part, humorous or serious, which his noted predecessors have played. We are far indeed from stating that mention in the columns of THE MONTHLY is in itself a sign of greatness, but we do wish to stress the fact that there is valuable historical material and much pure enjoyment to be found in browsing through the doings of other years here. The student can there discover how certain of our customs arose, and see that every year had its successes and its failures, its bitter complainings and its more or less sparkling humor. For McMaster people there are no human documents that can quite equal old Monthlies.

It has been the practice of some of us to keep all our copies of THE MONTHLY, and so preserve the record of our college days. It is a good practice, as any one who has been here several years can prove to himself, by opening a MONTHLY published, say, in his Freshman year. The same incidents read a little differently now; the stereotyped reports stir up forgotten memories of boredom or enjoyment; the athletic columns show a familiar jubilation over victory, and a still more familiar optimistic view of defeat. There is real interest to be had here, and most of us are painfully ignorant of the past. Every volume has its own individuality.

It may be of interest to McMaster students to learn what their share was in the erection of the bronze tablet in the Chapel. The total cost of the tablet was in the neighborhood of $1000, and of this amount undergraduates contributed about $241, although the contribution was indirect. The Women's Student Body of 1918-19 gave $111.25, and the money subscribed by the students here in 1918 for overseas boxes was deflected after the Armistice into the Memorial Fund. It amounted to $129.57. No direct levy for the fund was ever made.

Every year about this time, a good many students feel fed up with the pursuit of knowledge. Half the College gets temperamental jaundice. About ninety per cent of the first year begin to wonder what they ever came to college at all for. In a number of cases such wonder ought to do a world of good, but the advice for all is, "Don't let it throw you, brother." *Things always come right again*, but January and April are queer times. Keep smiling.

We stone our cherries, and also our prophets. It improves the former.

A good book is as valuable as a good friend, but he who has too many books, like him who has too many friends, is sure to be led away by some of them. Most neglect the great end of reading. The thing sought is not what you will get in an author, but what the author will enable you to find in yourself. Unreflective minds possess thoughts as a jug does water, only by containing them; if pebbles be dropped in the water, if the thought of another plunges in among our own, the contents brim over, and we discover in ourselves sentiments and ideas, which apart from certain external conditions of development, had never been formed, and the mind had been left in perpetual slumber. The great danger of reading is superficiality. Many read far too much.

—*Henry Drummond.*

College News

Around The Hall

Editor: Max C. Welch, '23.

THERE is a tradition extant in McMaster whose venerable past seems to deserve more honor and respect than is generally accorded it; we refer to the wearing of gowns. This is a custom whose history dates back farther than that of the universities that now support it, and whose origin, though shrouded in considerable obscurity, is probably to be found in the Church. It is supposed that robes were bestowed by the early popes upon the members of their household and their greater officers, so that for some time they were little more than liveries. But their use spread, and by the time that centres of learning had grown up at Bologna, Paris, and Oxford, they were identified with the *tunica talaris* of the Benedictines and the vestments of many of the secular clergy. By these clerics, who constituted a majority among the patrons of learning, were gowns introduced into the Universities, where they were immediately retained by statute and royal decree. Since then they have suffered many changes of form and fortune. The reformers of the seventeenth century attempted to standardize them in England, but in spite of several such efforts, they have gathered about themselves a host of lesser traditions, such as first prescribed budge for undergraduates, and later the scarlet of the Oxford doctors. Not even the radicalism of the French Revolution was able to discredit the prestige of these symbols and they have survived for us crowned with honor and more dear to us than ever.

Moreover, gowns have more than sentimental value, for they represent the claims and the ambitions of University men and women. At the same time, far from suggesting an intellectual snobbishness, they exert a levelling influence which tends to sink individualism into democracy. To the eyes of the observer they proclaim what the voices of their wearers would assert in support of their faith in the educated individual. To the student they should be a constant reminder of the ideals that he holds, and an ever-present urge to higher things. The New Year is the

time when thoughts grow feverishly academic and when good resolutions are prodigal as showers in April. We might well determine at this season, then, to perpetuate this custom so long cherished by our intellectual forefathers.

The Choral Concert.—Music has its effect upon our lives. We have frequently noticed its tendency to break down the limits of our habitual thoughts, and to awaken resolutions, sending new currents along the old channels. We have, therefore, learnt to appreciate music, but few programmes have merited our appreciation more deeply than that of December 15th, in Castle Memorial Hall, when, in combination with the McMaster Women's Chorus, which has delighted us on two former occasions, the McMaster Male Chorus made its first public appearance.

Miss Chapman, Mr. Vose, and their respective executives, are to be complimented on the excellence of the entertainment provided. The assisting artists were Miss Kathleen Reid, Mr. Marley Sherris, and Mr. L. J. Lugsdin. Mention should be made of Miss Reid's "Tarentelle", also of a short solo by Mr. Hackson, whose lyric tenor quality added colour to "The Slave's Dream"—a cantata of pathos.

The Chorus was at its best in "Ring Out, Wild Bells." The rendition of its difficult technique spoke of D'Alton McLaughlin's efficient training. Its finale impressively concluded the programme.

McMaster-Dental Debate—(from the diary of a witness) Perhaps it is not surprising, considering their mouthy occupations, that the representatives of the Dental College defeated the McMaster duo when they met in verbal combat on the evening of December 7,—but I should begin at the beginning. There was an enthusiastic crowd to witness as the precocious visitors, Messrs. Boyd and Williams, roundly asserted that "Canada's right of appeal to the Privy Council should be abolished." They declared with vigor and,—while their opponents stamped with impatience—proved at great length that Canada is a nation, and since she legislates, so she should adjudicate for herself. In their turn, the Negative, Messrs. Henry and Brisco, sprang frantically to their feet, and although they admitted for the sake of argument—of which they seemed fond—that Canada was a nation, they maintained that the Privy Council administered the

highest quality of justice, that it protected minorities, and that it was a potent bond of Empire. These assertions were followed by about an hour of higgling, periodically interrupted by recourse to the jug and by spasmic gesticulations, at the end of which time, however, neither side had given an inch. Finally, the judges, moved by the impassioned appeals, the dire menaces, and the terrifying prophecies of wrath to come, took the affair in hand and declared that the Affirmative had won. The affair ended there.

Senior-Junior Debate—On Friday, January 6, Seniors and Juniors engaged one another in polemical warfare with respect to the deletion of Article X. from the League of Nations Covenant. Messrs. V. H. McNeil and O. E. Broughton of '23, managed successfully to withstand the onslaughts of Messrs. J. D. Taylor and J. G. Jones, of '22, and to establish their contention that this article should be stricken from the Covenant. The reciprocal guarantees which it required from the signatories to the League, they declared, were destructive of all notions of internal sovereign authority, and thus kept out of the League those states desirous of preserving their internal freedom. Further, such a guarantee was unnecessary, because should a situation arise in which it was essential to resist an aggressor, an economic boycot would be an effective means to this end. The Seniors argued that the guarantee of Article X. was required in order to fulfil the purpose of the League, that of preventing future war. It did not impose limits upon the sovereignty of individual states except insofar as such a limit was for the good of the whole world.

Junior Party—Realizing that the Year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty one, would soon be history, and that therefore he must be up and doing if he would win his annual spurs, Cupid projected a boisterous, though somewhat disorganized attack on certain sections of the McMaster Student Body, during the evening of Tuesday, December 13th. The incident was occasioned by the fact that the fair and fairer of Year '23 had strongly entrenched themselves behind concrete walls in the immediate vicinity of 4 Spadina Road, formerly said to belong to one Neva Deeton and her associates, but commandeered for the evening by the defending forces. Nothing daunted by the array of strength before him, the crafty Cupid immediately

opened up a barrage of his favorite arrows, and a bombardment of 9.2 heart-smashers. Confusion reigned in the camp of the attacked. Young ladies who ordinarily walk circumspectly endeavored vainly to step over cushions that were not there; features became elongated; the more engaging Juniorettes succeeded in outclassing their companions in the length and sweetness of their smiles; one young lady is said to have flirted aimlessly but energetically during the whole evening; a budding young actor and actress were moved to humorous dialogue; while an improvised orchestra of jazz quality sought to touch the sympathy of Cupid's artillery. In fact, an absolute carnage of hearts and heartesses was only stayed by the appearance of lunch, after which the opposing forces had only energy to give three cheers for the hostess, and render the old yell in E-flat.

Nip and Tuck Feed.—The McMaster Faculty Room was crowded at 11 o'clock on the evening of December 7, as the word had gone abroad that the Nip and Tuck were giving a feed, at that hour, to the "great unemployed." The fee charged was twenty cents in advance, and a further fifteen cents on the delivery of the goods. When the latest "fussers" had straggled in, the programme began in the proper manner. The coffee and Chelsea buns soon vanished, followed by the apples, accompanied by the usual orchestra.—Any ambiguity in the preceding sentence must be excused.—A very able criticism of the evening's debate was given by Rev. A. H. Carr, of Niagara Falls, and most of his remarks were readily appreciated by his hearers. Mr. Gilmour followed with a dissertation on the Conducting of Community Singing. With a few introductory remarks on the victors' triumph that might have been ours had not the Fates ruled otherwise, he launched at once into his main theme. The remarks of the speaker were well chosen, his material was lucid and concise, and he had the further advantage of speaking from recent personal experience. He received the best of attention throughout his entire address. Mr. H. W. Lang then introduced the debaters of the evening, Messrs. C. H. Brisco and Geo. M. Henry, who received a great ovation As both felt, however, that they had received sufficient sympathy of a very pleasing sort earlier in the evening, they wasted no time in long response. In short and spirited replies they expressed their appreciation of the unstinted support accorded them by Faculty and student

body. "Thy Praises McMaster" ended a very successful evening, and the Freshmen were left in charge of yet another banquet hall deserted.

Abey: Ikey, I left you everything in my will to-day.
Ikey (suspiciously): Yes, father.
Abey: There were some heavy lawyers' fees, Ikey.
Ikey (more suspiciously): Yes, father.
Abey: I think I'll have to stop them out of your allowance Ikey.

Dont Use Big Words

In promulgating esoteric cogitations or articulating superficial sentimentalities, amiable, philosophical, or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity.

Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compact comprehensibility, coalescent consistency, and concentrated cogency.

Eschew conglomerations of fatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectation.

Let your extemporaneous descanting and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and voracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast.

Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolaxity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriliquial verbosity, and ventriloquent rapidity.

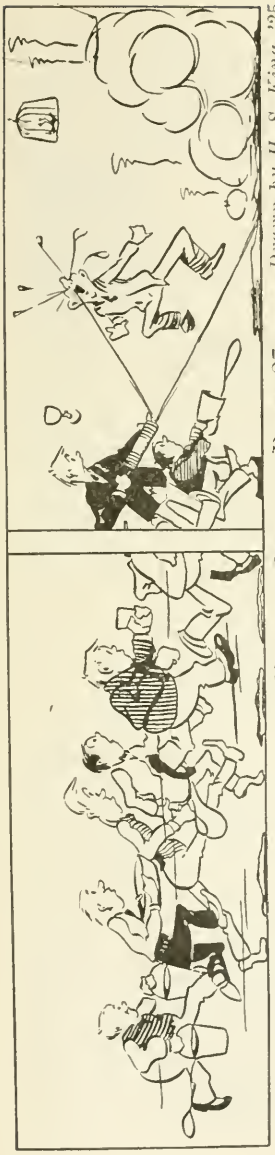
Shun double entendres, prurient pocosity and pestiferous profanity, obscure or apparent.

In other words talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly. Say what you mean, mean what you say, and *DON'T USE BIG WORDS*.

—R. H. '21.

DEATH

Peggy—On January 5, 1922, Peggy, beloved canary of "our dear sister Tiffin", in Room 27, of suffocation. Funeral services held same evening in Wallingford Hall and McMaster Hall, under the direction of the Nip and Tuck Society. Bereaved wishes to thank all kind friends for their floral tributes and expressions of sympathy.



Heat at Last in Room 27. —*Drawn by H. S. King, '25.*

Little does the city of Toronto realize what a wealth of material failed to be available for its civic history; little does the Baptist Denomination of Ontario and Quebec realise from what a menace its cause was saved; and little does the world know of the catastrophe that was averted—all by a cup of cold water.

It was at the hour of noonday, when the beasts had eaten and drunken their fill (optimistic thought), that the bystanders were amused, not by the usual descent of the aforesaid cupful upon the verdure beneath, but by its ascent in a motley array of vessels, with corresponding bearers.

The thirst, not for the water, but for excitement prompted the mob to follow the procession, even up to Room 27, but sadness fell upon the whole host, for the fire was quenched, and the buildings, (including the examination papers in the Registrar's office) were safe.

For the benefit of readers who may not know the object of this narrative, who may think, that we are writing a novel, we wish to say that fact is stronger than fiction. At least so the Fire Chief thinks.—since it required all the dignity of the McMaster Hall regulations to convince him that by no possible chance could fire in McMaster originate with the use of tobacco.

And so we might explain that about one p.m., on Wednesday, January 4th, a small blaze was discovered in Room 27. The supposed cause was the ignition of curtains blown over a gas-light. The conquest was effected by the liberal application of the abovementioned cup of cold water, and especially by the use of

indispensable—Fire Extinguishers that adorn the walls. (We wish it understood that this reference is quite unsolicited by the ——Co. Only those conversant with the facts can realise its truth). The damage wrought consisted in the partial destruction of the floor, wall and a table, the despoliation of a cabinet of books, and the agonizing suffocation of Jack Tiffin's Dicky-bird. But thereby hangs a tale.

EVOLUTION

Dance and play; dance and play—
This is the song that the Freshette sings—
Dance and play; dance and play;
Peek at the boys if they come your way
Attend the lectures or go elsewhere,
And wear green ribbons in bobbed hair,
And other things—and other things,
This is the song that the Freshette sings.

Sternly work; sternly work—
This is the song that the Sophette sings—
Sternly work; sternly work,
Nor ever officious performance shirk,
But patronizing remonstrance pass
Forever on Frosh's ignoble class,
And other things—and other things,
This is the song that the Sophette sings.

Live and laugh; live and laugh—
This is the song that the Juniorette sings—
Live and laugh; live and laugh,
Wild oats must be sown; who cares if they're chaff!
Be coaxed every night by moustaches and spats,
And while the day with pink teas and chats,
And other things—and other things,
This is the song that the Juniorette sings.

All things are naught; all things are naught—
This is the song that the Seniorette sings—
All things are naught; all things are naught
All things are knowledge, and knowledge is naught,
(But horn-rimmed glasses distinction show,
And nobody knows how much you know!)
And other things—and other things,
This is the song that the Seniorette sings.

Women's Department

EDITOR: FRANCES TROTTER '22
ASST. EDITOR: JEANETTE REDDICK, '23.

"The laugh, the hearty kiss, the 'good new year'
Pronounced with honest warmth."

OME, gather round the family hearth, to drink "Wass hael" (to your health) as we pass round the bowl of ripe old ale; for are not the bells tolling the death of 1621? and do we not survive, jolly candidates for 1622? On the stroke of midnight we hasten forth to be "first footers" in some friend's house, for the first to enter leaving gifts will have peculiar good fortune during the coming year. What delightful excitement as the gifts are presented! Nothing is more appreciated by our "old toper" friend than an orange stuck with cloves to give an extra nip to his wine. Gloves, or glove money, are the customary gifts, and for the lady of one's choice, a few of the newly invented pins, or money for their purchase, are sure to cause delight. The feasting and merrymaking now begin:

"Then let us welcome the new guest
With lusty brimmers of the best:
Mirth always should good Fortune meet,
And render e'en Disaster sweet:
We better shall by far hold out
Till the next year she face about."

In this day and generation we are apt to look with a touch of scorn upon such celebrations of our forefathers, and to think that our customs are vastly superior. True, the Wassail bowl (and its contents) are out of vogue, and of New Year presents and "first-footing" we seldom hear, but it cannot be denied that ladies still have abundant use for "pin money"!

People change, and customs with them, but the spirit of the New Year celebration remains much the same. Always there have been those who, looking backward, "see the skirts of the departing year," and realize its worth as it passes! Then, too, there have always been forward-looking folk who seek the aid of all modern devices, in order to "welcome the coming, speed the parting guest" amid mirth and jollity.

Be that as it may, the New Year soon ceases to be a novelty, and we so-called students find ourselves face to face with the

dread—No! the word shall not encumber this page, nor inject its insidious insinuations upon our minds. Suffice it to say "A Merry New Year, and many of them, to you all"!

January Thaw

When the dread exams are finished and every quiz is o'er,
And the last McMaster note-book is safe on the bedroom floor,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—play about for a day or two,
Until our good friends, the professors, shall set us to work anew.

Then we shall work like beavers, all day and all night too;
We'll never again skip lectures, with "gadding" we are through;
And all will work right briskly, and none of us will cram,—
Oh, we'll keep all our resolutions, if only we *pass that exam!*

On the Library Table.—With Dr. Hugh Black holding another rich week of preaching in Toronto, we naturally turned to see what of his was on our own McMaster shelves. First, we found a comrade,—it is to be hoped of us all. How apt we are to forget that friendship is a sacred art, that its cultivation is necessary, that it has its limits and dangers, and that rich fruits of joy and help result from its careful nurturing. If you are looking for a text-book in this subject, try Dr. Black's *Friendship. Lest We Forget,* by the same pen, is of more recent date, and presents after-the-war problems and responsibilities in a very forceful and telling way.

Abigail Adams, Sarah Alden Ripley, Mary Lyon, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, Louisa May Alcott, Frances Willard, Emily Dickinson,—surely these are names "to conjure with". Do you know who they all are, where they lived, and what has earned them a place in Gamaliel Bradford's *Portraits of American Women?* It is a book of only some two hundred and fifty pages, of large type, so that the eight sketches are necessarily brief, which both detracts from and adds to its interest. Further glimpses, if desired, may be obtained elsewhere, and in its present form the book is admirably suited to meet the desires of the majority of readers.

The first chapter of *The Joys of Being a Woman* is so enticingly unique that it will put you in a cheerful frame of mind on the dullest day. Margaret Kirkland is the author and you will wish you knew her herself. It must be a witty, clever, vivid sort of self which she possesses. If you overlook this breezy book, you are missing a rare treat. Just to make one quotation: "It

does a man more good to save a woman from a mouse than from a tiger, as contributing more to the sense of superiority so necessary to him. The truth is that women are not really afraid of anything, but they perceive how much splendid incentive would be lost to the world if they did not pretend to be."

News and Sum Wat I Sent
(apologies to "Little Bennie")

The Atricals. Sum gerls at Walling Fords house sed it is time we put on a play all rite enuff. Wy dident we think of it before? This reely should be under Sissiety because the first part was sum visiters sipposed to be calling on a frend. They tawked and drank coco and red letters and looked out the frunt window at a man. He treeted them so ruff, they sed they would show him he couldent akt like that. So they rote a letter and threw it rite out the window at him and all laffed.

Then they had a good detectif play. 3 pritty face ladys, a buttler with wite hair and 2 other men had a dredful time over a ring and a burgler. It came out all rite. Proving kindness to burglers is the best policy.

Collecshun good.

Fishing. There wasent any sutch thing as water or fish or line but a lot of tawk about D bait. Helen Brown and Margaret Mason and 2 other gerls from St. Michaels tawked and everybody sed it was a good D bait but I dont know yet weather they had worms or minnows. Ferst one wood say the Peel off the Privy Councel should be—a long wurd wich sounded like shoe polish but wasent. Then the next one wood contradick them. The judge sed our gerls tawked the best. Wich they did.

In the Liberry—Pome by a Senior.

Powdered nose
Bob-bed hair
Hysterick giggle—
Freshette there.

Spoarts. None yet but soon.

Literture. 2nd year put on a aftirnoons exhibishun. They must of bin hot dressed up in fur coats but they sang Xmas songs well in spite of it. Everybody wood of like to watch Emo dreeming. You dreem nicer things before Xmas than you do after. Then they got a gun and tried to shoot sum injins they

thought they saw. Agnes played on the piano and we liked that to.

Singing. A contest was held between the wimmens and mail corrusses the other nite to see wich could sing loudest. A man waved a little stick thinking he could keep them on the same tune wich he dident but everybody injoyed themselves enyway.

Bizniss. Big crowd at awktion sail held in Wallings Ford. Proseeds none.

Sissiety. 1. Among those present at the Xmas tree was Santa Claws and his assistent. Everybody got a present sum liking them and sum not. Sum detectif must of bin surmizing and wrote pomes about people wich were red.

2. Skating exhibishuns are held every day at the rink enybodys being there showing he has a ticket and a pare of skates.

Lost. Curls owing to rain.

Found. A invitashun reading Ive got you for the party tonite what timell I call? May be reclaimed on proving its yours.

Why not let us go to your lecktures for you? Wile you get your educashun. 2 cents for notes as taken. 5 cents for copy in English. Special rates for the term. Speed Artists Lecture Attending Co. (Avvertizement).

Athletics

Editor: Otho C. Elliott, '23.

N the first month of the year, athletics do not hold the same interest for the student body as they might at other times. Certainly, no one needs to be told that at this season the majority of pupils and students, (yes, there's a difference), suffer somewhat from crammer's jim-jams. However, a few have turned out to witness the puckerings of the Hockey team in their several games. During the latter part of January, basketball will be revived, with Mac represented in the Students'. Basketball League.

The Sophomores are to be congratulated on their splendid showing in inter-year sports having won both the soccer and the rugby championships. Hail, '24!

INTER-YEAR SOCCER

Sophomores—3, Seniors—1.. Year '24 again proved their claim to the Athletic halo in inter-year contests by defeating the degree-coveters of '22 in soccer at Jesse Ketchum park on Thursday, December 1st, with a score of 3 to 1.

A goal apiece, registered by R. Dick and Hackson, along with a penalty kick by Lawrence, proved to be two goals too many for the Seniors, whose lone tally was kicked by Jones.

The Sophs used Crofoot, Hackson, W. Hughes, and Lawrence on the forward line; Kitchener, Hale and R. Dick as half-backs; Wilkinson and M. Hughes as backs; and P. Houghton in goal.

The Senior territory was defended on the forward line by Atkinson, Barton, Jones and Taylor; on the half-back division by Pyle, Groat and McLay; McBride and Smith were backs, and T. Eberlee in goal.

Sophomores—2, Juniors—0. Having vanquished the Theologs, the Juniors in turn, suffered a reversal in the final inter-year soccer game, when the Sophs held them scoreless while registering two goals for themselves. The final contest was staged at Jesse Ketchum Park, Thursday, December 8th. It was Lawrence and Stephen who wrecked '23's hopes of the soccer laurels by punting a goal each between the Juniors' goal-posts. The Juniors were unable to score throughout the game. The Sophomores played Crofoot, Hackson, W. Hughes and Lawrence on the

forward line; Kitchener, Hale and R. Dick as half-backs; Wilkinson and M. Hughes as backs, and Houghton in goal.

The Juniors used Paterson, Henry, Stiver, Lloyd and Jackson, as forwards; Groh, Dyce and Steedman as half-backs; Vose and Bearss as backs, and Segsworth in goal.

BASKET-BALL

Basket ball has waned somewhat as a major sport until after the mental gymnastics of Mid-Year Exams have been completed. Then, it is expected, McMaster will be represented in the Students' League, as announced in the December issue. The last game in the Central 'Y' house league was played with the Senior Business men, who won by a score of 42 to 23. The anticipation of plum pudding was perhaps occupying the foremost place in the minds of the Mac men.

HOCKEY

During the holiday season McMaster had two hockey practices a week at the Arena under the supervision of Coach Frank Carroll.

The team has worked faithfully, but our showing in the three games played in the O.H.A. was so pitiful that we have withdrawn from the competition. This is our weakest hockey year since the war, and the course now open to us is to discover and train talent in scrub hockey and inter-year games.

St. Michael's—10, McMaster—4.—The opening game in the city O.H.A. Intermediate group was played on January 6th, with St. Mikes. In the opening period St. Michael's sextette got away to a fast start, piling up six goals while Mac had as yet only notched one.

The second period, Mac, realizing the responsibilities of the situation, held their opponents to two while managing to obtain an additional goal for themselves. The lack of condition showed up in both teams by the third period, nevertheless two more goals for each were scored, bringing the final score 10 to 4 in St. Mike's favor. Doolittle and Brown starred for the Maroon and Grey, while Dunn was the brilliant player for the opposing team. The line-up was:

St. Mikes—McCarney and Munro, defence; Dunn, centre; Killen, right; Troy, left; O'Brien, goal; Barthelmis and Mulvill, subs.

McMaster—Brown and Doolittle, defence; Jones, centre; R. Dick, right; Boadway, left; W. Dick, goal; Kitchener and McLay, subs.

Varsity II.—15, McMaster—1.—McMaster's second game in the Intermediate O.H.A. series, on Monday, January 9th, at the Arena, was a disappointing exhibition. Although McMaster went down to defeat only after desperate efforts to prevent the inevitable calamity, yet it must be admitted that they were outclassed in every particular by Varsity II.

During the opening period, Varsity secured three goals. R. Dick and M. Hughes secured Mac's only tally during the entire game by neat combination play just towards the close of the period. In the next period Varsity piled up 8 more points and added 4 more in the final period, while Mac was unable to add to their single lonely goal.

Doolittle, hampered by an injured knee, put up his usual excellent quality of playing; Brown played on a half-healed foot; and Die-hard McLay, despite his considerably heavier opponents, gave every ounce of his energies to the game. On the whole, although McMaster tried hard, their lack of condition and average hockey ability showed quite plainly that they were out-played in respect to speed, weight and unity of team-play. In short they were out of their class. Ferguson and Plaxton, of Varsity II. were apparently able to carry the puck goalwards at will, which was much too often. The line-up was as follows:—

Varsity II.—Ferguson and Beattie, defence; Plaxton, Gordon, and Walters, forwards; Crall, goal; Kirk, sub.

McMaster.—Brown and Doolittle, defence; Jones, R. Dick and McLay, forwards; W. Dick, goal; Kitchener and M. Hughes, subs. Referee—Wright.

St. Helen's—12, McMaster—1. Our men decided not to withdraw from the series until they had given St. Helen's a game, so they lined up again at the Arena on Thursday, January 12, but with the same painful result as is chronicled above. The first period was even, but the last two belonged entirely to St. Helen's although our fellows fought hard up to the final gong. Doolittle was not on the ice on account of an injured knee, and he was greatly missed by his team-mates. McMaster's single goal was secured in the first few minutes of play by Hughes, on a rebound from Jamieson. The line-up was:

St. Helen's—McGaffin and Shaw, defence; Donohue, Malone and Waggoner, forwards; Stone, goal; Goldsmith and Sylvester, subs.

McMaster—Brown and Jamieson, defence; Jones, R. Dick and McLay, forwards; W. Dick, goal; Kitchener and M. Hughes, subs. Referee—Hewitson.

Our Graduates

Editor: Elven John Bengough, B.A.

THE items that have come to the Editor's desk this month are very varied in character. Some graduates have achieved distinction, academic or political, and with these we rejoice; other have been married, and to these we extend our congratulations; others again have finished their earthly course and have passed to the beyond, and to those left to mourn their loss The Monthly would extend sincere sympathy.

PERSONALIA

'92 Theol.—Rev. Alexander White, of Renfrew, died on January 2nd, after a week's illness, as the result of an operation. He was 62 years of age, having come to Toronto in his youth to work for his uncle, the late Timothy Eaton, when the latter was carrying on business as a merchant with one delivery wagon. Mr. White held pastorates at St. John, N.B., Sault Ste Marie and Renfrew, having been in the latter place six years. He was one of the leading speakers last summer at the Guelph School for Rural leadership.

'96-'05.—At the December Convocation of the University of Chicago, the degree Doctor of Philosophy was conferred on Archibald G. Baker, his thesis being "The Church and the Struggle for Democracy in Alto-Peru and Bolivia." John G. Whiten obtained the degree Master of Arts on a thesis, "A Survey of Parent Education in Chicago."

'99—The following from "The Triumph of the Missionary Motive," a book published by the American Baptist Publication Society, refers to a member of '99: "From our own South

China Mission four men volunteered at the same time for Y.M.C.A. and Red Cross work among the troops in Siberia. Dr. Henry W. Newman was sent nearly five miles west of Vladivostok, where with very limited assistance he organized hospitals and rendered significant service among the Russians and the Czecho-Slovaks. After a Red Cross commissioner from America had visited Doctor Newman's typhus hospital with its four hundred and fifty beds, he wrote: 'In all the story of Red Cross achievement in Siberia, there will be no greater credit due any individual than that due Doctor Newman for the successful accomplishment of his antityphus work at Cheliabinsk and Petropavlosk. Almost without American aid, Doctor Newman cleaned out a factory building and installed an efficient typhus hospital and later built up a hospital of four hundred and fifty beds at Petropavlosk, where, under his direction, the mortality rate was cut down by about two-thirds.'' When Doctor Newman was taken ill with typhus and was borne on a stretcher to escape from the approaching army of Bolsheviki, he had organized and was conducting an evacuation hospital with fifteen hundred beds far in the interior of Russia.''

'99.—Rev. Charles P. MacGregor, of Lawrence, Mass., has accepted a call to the pastorate of First Baptist Church, Manchester, New Hampshire. Mr. MacGregor is a distinguished alumnus of McMaster, who took his M.A. at Columbia University, and special work in theology at Union Theological Seminary, Crozer Seminary and the University of Chicago.

'00.—Jacob J. Nicole has been appointed Provincial Treasurer for Quebec. He was elected to the Legislature by acclamation as member for Richmond County.

'03.—J. Alex Wallace was elected to the Dominion Parliament at the recent election as member for Norfolk, Ont. Mr. Wallace has had an interesting career. Before coming to the University he was an expert telegraph operator and after graduation he became construction engineer for the De Forest Telegraph Co., superintending the construction of a number of wireless stations in Canada and the United States. He spent three years in China teaching in a technical college and doing special telegraph work for the Government. On his return to Canada he settled on the home farm near Simcoe, going into the breeding of Holstein cattle, on which he is now a recognized authority. He was a member of the Royal Commission on University Finances

in 1920, and in 1921 was appointed a member of the Board of Governors of the University of Toronto.

Ex. '03.—Dr. Frederick F. McEwen, of Aylmer, Ont., died on December first. Dr. McEwen took his first year in Arts in McMaster and then entered his medical course. He was a son of the late Rev. J. P. McEwen, Superintendent of Home Missions. No details are to hand as to the cause of his death. Sympathy is extended to the widow.

'03.—Rev. E. Cameron is now in Tiverton, Ont. Two years ago he resigned his church at Marshville and spent considerable time in California and the Canadian west. Last summer he spent in New Brunswick and was given a call, but he felt it necessary to return to Ontario.

'06.—We have just received word of the marriage some monts ago of Dr. Harry B. Moyle, to Emily Gertrude Greenwood, formerly of Toronto. The ceremony took place at Mahone Bay, N.S. Dr. Moyle is on the staff of the Ontario Hospital, Mimico.

'07.—Charles E. Burke, M.A., Ph.D., has recently been elected President of the New Jersey Section of the American Chemical Society. Dr. Burke has also been requested by Dr. Edgar Fahs Smith, ex-President of the University of Pennsylvania, and President of the American Chemical Society, to take charge in New Jersey, of a national campaign which has been launched by the American Chemical Society, for the purpose of acquainting the American public with the chemist and his varied fields of activity. During the war everybody thought of the chemist as a maker of poison gases and high explosives, and very few people realize the extensive work that has been accomplished by the chemist along other lines such as medicine, nutrition, and hygiene. The campaign in each State will take the form of popular lectures and talks before chambers of commerce, clubs, churches, etc., throughout the State.

'11.—F. J. Halbus has been appointed part-time track instructor at the University of Toronto.

'11.—Miss Bessie Arkell is a Chiropractic physician in Killarney, Man.

'14.—Miss Mary Fowler is Secretary of the High School Teachers' Alliance, of Medicine Hat, Alta. This is an active local unit of the Alberta Teachers' Alliance.

'15.—Rev. A. C. Riley, who is taking graduate work at the

University of Chicago, has become pastor of the Baptist Church at Wauconda, Ill., about 35 miles from the city.

'16.—Mrs. Charles R. Avery, (Ruth Macklem) is employed in the Stores Division, S.C.R. Dept., Daly Bldg., Ottawa.

'16.—Howard J. Veals was married on November 30th, to Miss Edna May Bonsfield, at Chengtu, West China. Mr. Veals is a missionary under the Canadian Methodist Board.

'17.—Miss Bessie Cooke is now on the staff of the Public Reference Library, of Toronto. Miss Dorothy Grant and Miss Lois MacLaurin are other McMaster graduates on the staff.

'18.—Miss Grace Taylor was married on November 22nd, at the Union Church, Chefoo, North China, to Mr. Reginald F. Harris. They will continue to reside in Chefoo, where Mr. Harris is a master in the C.I.M. Boys' School, a school for missionaries' children.

'19.—Miss Edna Carson was married on November 7th to Mr. Wm. P. B. Drew, of Kars, Ont., the ceremony being performed at Clarence, with Rev. R. M. Carkner officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Drew will live at Kars.

'20.—Miss Queenie Shields has joined the staff of the High School of Victoria, B.C.

'21.—Percy F. Ferguson is principal of Gault Institute, in Valleyfield, P.Q.

Here and There

Editor: John D. Taylor, '22.

"Laugh at every man's jokes; tell none of your own; believe all fish stories; don't snore; pay cash, and you'll be fairly popular."

T the present time the student body will no doubt be in a receptive frame of mind towards the following summary of rules for studying from G. M. Whipple's book, *How to Study Effectively*. All students should preserve these rules and reread them frequently, with a view to studying in a more intelligent and systematic way.

Keep yourself in a good physical condition.

Begin work promptly.

Work intensely when you work—concentrate.

Have a clear notion of the aim.

Before beginning the advance work review rapidly the previous lesson.

Make a rapid preliminary survey of the assigned material.

When you interrupt work, not only stop at a natural break, but also leave a cue for its quick resumption.

Don't hesitate to mark up your own books to make the essential ideas stand out visibly.

From his childhood *Quentin Roosevelt* displayed unusual skill as a practical mechanic, and, as is so often the case, a corresponding lack of interest in theoretical mathematics. Confronted in 1916 by an examination in "Math A" at Harvard, he wrote the following poem on his examination paper:

How can I work when my brain is whirling
  What can I do if I've got the grip?
Why make a bluff at a knowledge that's lacking,
  What is the use if I don't give a rip?

Cosine and tangent, cotangent, abscissa,
  Dance like dry leaves through my sneeze-shattered head
Square root of a2 plus b2 plus k2
  Gibber and grin in the questions I've read.

Self-centred circles and polar coordinates,
  Triangles twisted and octagons wild,
Loci whose weirdness defies all description,
  Mountains of zeros all carefully piled.

Still I plod on in a dull desperation,
Head aching dismally, ready to sip
Goblets of strychnine or morphine or vitriol,
How can I work when I've got the grip?

—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

A Senior's Legacy

To whom it may concern: I cheerfully recommend my old girl to any undergraduate young man wanting a suitable companion for next year.

She is a good looker.

She is a good listener.

She isn't too good.

She is an excellent pedestrian, in fact, she will always say that she likes to walk, although she is not prejudiced against a car.

She is a fairly light eater except on Sunday. It is advisable to eat table d'hote on Sunday.

She is a woman of deep emotions whom only you will be able to thrill.

She has, to the best of my knowledge, absolutely no ideas of her own on any subject, except you.

My sole and simple reason for quitting her is that I am leaving school. Treat her right. She likes to be treated.

—*Iowa Frivol.*

Thumbs Up!

Examination of the painted surface for Leonardo's finger-prints is held to afford a valid test of the genuineness of alleged Leonardo replicas.—*News Item.*

Leonardo's thumbs remind us
We can make our thumbs sublime
And, departing, leave behind us
Thumb-prints on the nose of Time.

—H. E. D.
—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Vic—"Are you taking the same girl to the Rugby Dance as you had to the Faculty Reception?"

Danny—"No. I can't borrow the same dress suit."

—*Carnegie Puppet.*

Late to bed and late to rise,
That's the way of these college guys.

—*Selected.*

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

A fine example of new poetry, in the Chicago language:

"It is me," says Chicago
And "he don't" care who knows it.
Yet the man who "don't know"
But wants to "speak correct"—
That also ought to go in Chicago—
Will bend backward to use what
He thinks, on the spur of the moment,
Is the choice form of expression:
Showing that he would like to speak
The best of English,
If it "was" not too much
Of an effort.
"Between you and I,"
If we are to follow the lead
Of those who are not willing
To give time and thought
To learning the difference
Between the nominative
And the objective,
"They ain't no use"
To make any longer the claim
That the hardest things to get
Are the things most worth while
Working for.

—*Boston Transcript.*

That we may be perfectly fair, and also that the newer poetry be not set in an altogether unfavourable light, we quote the following:

SONG SPARROW

He should be golden, my little bird,
Purple and gold, witht a gleaming crest,
With a silver throat
And a silken nest;
For his song is the song of a glorying king—
Monarch of morning,
Hear him sing.

In ragged stubble you'll find his nest,
Leaves and twigs with a twisted thread,
A place for a beggar
To lay his head;
And he is a little brown tramp of a thing—
Rover of meadows,
Hear him sing.

—Abigail W. Cresson, in N. Y. *Evening Post.*

A quiz: Is a modern inquisition devoted to determining the individual and collective ignorance of a group of so-called students.

—*The Gateway*

From a notice outside the shop in Henry Street:

"Come inside and see our Adamesque interiors."

Another surgical triumph, we presume.

—*T. C. D.*

Are we in McMaster above the average in respect to reliability? Though Canadians have been marked in other lands for their resolution and dependability an occasional reminder such as we quote from the *Minnesota Daily* can do us no harm.

"We can not depend upon college students," a downtown business man told us the other day. "We have to train them for six months before they learn that they must do what they say they will do when they say they will do it."

Undoubtedly four years of life at the average university, four years of cutting classes, failing to keep appointments and of only half doing assigned work does unfit a man for the prompt and accurate work required in the business world. The student who takes advantage of his opportunities to do lax work in college has much to unlearn when he comes to the end of his four years' course.

Imagine what would happen to the individual outside college who appeared on the job late on the average of twice a week during the year.

His job would not last a year.

Or imagine what would happen to the same individual if he promised to do a piece of work on Monday and came around the following Saturday with the apology that he hadn't time to finish it.

Yet university students are guilty of these same offences dozens of times a week. Cutting classes started the first day. Failing to keep appointments with instructors on time, or not coming at all is so common that the instructors count on a student being late, and are themselves the offenders when the student shows up on time. Late work in all classes is so common that dire penalties have to be devised to get it in on time.

These conditions are perhaps not universal. It is the truth that hurts, however, and the charges of the downtown business man hit close enough to be painful.

A "Do it on time" movement started now and continued until June 15, 1922, would do much for giving university students the kind of training that will help them when college days are over. Make that appointment on time. Get to class before the bell rings. Make tardiness and irresponsibility a stigma, rather than the mark of the fashionably "busy" person."

In the construction of the new Peking Medical College of the Rockfeller Foundation, every effort has been made not to offend the sensibilities of the hospital patients. A specially constructed stair, upon which mortals never tread, has been built for the use of departed spirits.

"What d'ye think of the speeches?"
"Oh, very sound!"
"Anything else?"
"No, merely sound."

—*T. C. D.*

This dropped out of the *Women's Department*:
He:—Only fools are certain, wise men hesitate.
She:—Are you sure?
He:—Yes, I'm certain of it.

Little Jack's Treat

Little Jack came home from a neighbor's wiping caramel filling from his face and telling of the wonderful piece of pie the lady had given him.

His mother asked him what kind of pie it was. "Um! It was the best pie I ever ate! It was calomel pie."

—*Judge*

She Heard It

He (passionately)—Don't you feel the call of the irresistible?
She—Sure, let's eat.

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

The following additions have been made to the Library recently:—

Drama—

Beddow, F. S., "The Challenge"
Drinkwater, John, "Mary Stuart"
Irvine, St. John, "John Ferguson"

Poetry—

Bourinot, Arthur, "Poems"
Call, F. O., "Acanthus and Wild Grapes"
McLeod, Irene, "Swords for Life"
Milligan, J. L., "The Beckoning Sky Line"
Service, Robt. W., "Ballads of a Bohemian"

Fiction—

Harband, Beatrice, "Jaya, Which Means Victory"
Hemon, Louis, "Maria Chapdelaine"
Hergesheimer, Jos., "Java Head"
Sedgwith, Anne D., "Christmas Roses"
Sime, J. G., "Our Little Life"

Essays and Criticism—

Bradley, A. C., "Essays and Studies"
Dinsmore, C. A., "Life of Dante"
Figgis, Darrel, "Studies and Appreciations"
Phelps, W. L., "Essays on Modern Dramatists"
Williams, Harvey, "Modern English Writers"

Biography—

Nicoll, Robertson, "Princes of the Church"
Schuster, A., "Britain's Heritage of Science"
Strachey, Lytton, "Queen Victoria"
Willison, Sir John, "Reminiscences"

Miscellany—

House, Colonel, "What Really Happened at Paris"
MacMurchy, Dr. Helen, "The Almosts"
MacMechan, Archibald, "The Life of a Little College"
Newfang, Oscar, "The Development of Character"
Bury, J. B., "The Idea of Progress"
Haldane, Viscount, "The Reign of Relativity"
Black, Rev. Hugh, "Lest We Forget"
Glover, T. R., "Jesus in the Experience of Men"
Leuba, James, "The Belief in God and Immortality"
Wallace, O. C. S., "What Baptists Believe"

McMaster University

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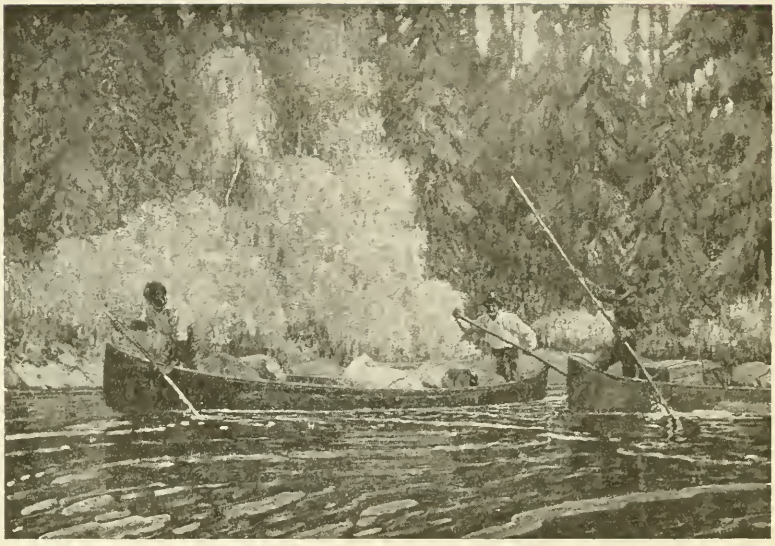

MITCHELL, THOMAS W., O.S.A.

Up Stream

A Canadian Painting, exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition, 1921.

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FAR AWAY AND LONG AGO

"The youth who daily farther from the east must travel."

IT was a night in June. From the deserted depot of the sleeping village the midnight train was just pulling out on the last stage of its homeward journey. Only one passenger had alighted. For some time he stood watching the fleeing train, whose lights grew dimmer and at last twinkled out of sight as it went around the bend still pouring into the quiet night its long trail of thick smoke, which rose and spread above the forest. Then the solitary man turned his back upon that scene and started up the village street.

The air was fresh with that freshness that follows a summer shower at twilight. The shadows of the trees lay tangled across the foot-path and the roadway. While under the heavy branches the man walked in deep gloom, all about him the world lay inundated in veritable billows of light from the most glorious of summer moons. Not another sound disturbed the stillness—scarcely a twitter from restless fledglings above his head. The traveller's steps, quiet as they fell upon the turf of the pathway, seemed an intrusion here, and he breathed with a sense of uncomfortable restraint until he emerged at the edge of the village from the gloom of the avenue into the white radiance of the untrammelled summer night.

His steps quickened; he took his hat from his head and bared his brow to the coolness of the night air. From the field at his right hand came the delicious odor of growing grain, young oats, dark against the ground in the shadows, glistening and tremb-

ling under the moonlight in the great open stretches. Farther off, toward the wood which bordered the creek, a light vapor rose from the ground, a fairy curtain, beyond which proceeded the night-long programme of the frogs and the tree-toads and the crickets. From the pasture on the left came the measured sound of browsing cattle. In the long grass of Ronald's orchard the fire-flies were weaving their magic fabric in threads of light, and the air was full of the heavy droning of may-bugs.

At such an hour all the world is a temple, the starry sky is covering enough for man's head; he opens his soul to the tides of that common life which surges through the grass and the trees, and the winds and the stars, and his eyes may dim again in the glimpse of a universal brotherhood wider than day-thoughts ever conceive, the oneness of all the world, little brothers all, of dust infused with varying tremors of the breath of life.

So fared it with our traveller. That feeling reached its climax at the moment when he came to the point where his path began the slow descent to the valley. Borne upon the faintest of zephyr wings there came to him scarcely discernible odors, of marsh grass and bergamot and wild flag. His breath caught in his throat, he gasped, his soul trembled in an emotion so overwhelming as to touch the borderland of pain. So can the essence of years that are gone, the piquancy of events long past and forgotten, come again in an instant in the odor of a flower.

Almost as in a dream he drew nearer the bridge. At his right hand the water rippled over the shallows in its night-long frolic with the moonbeams and the breezes. From the left came almost inaudible sighings from over wide acres of marsh grass and sedge. On the rising ground beyond, Landor's white house stood out, startling in its whiteness against a background of pines. Within were human beings, but they lay quiet, wrapped round in the winding sheet of sleep.

The bridge spanned the creek at the point where it issued from the marsh. Before turning toward the shallows, the water

broadened into a pool from whose rim, bordered and overhung by long sedge grass, the little night winds, sallying, broke into ripples of merriment the solemn face of the moon. No sound of footsteps disturbed them as the traveller stepped upon the bridge. His spirit seemed to have caught some echo from his childhood which rude footsteps might banish again forever. As he leaned upon the railing of the bridge and looked again into the quiet face of this water, there surged through his soul feelings so keen he scarcely recognized them as memories, yearnings so elemental that the years were forgotten; he was again the solitary child to whom the trees and the winds and the clouds were companions dearer than those of flesh and blood. As he looked about over the marsh, upon the white silence of Landor's house, and the great top of the elm tree above the school, his soul in a passion of isolation stretched out arms of mute appeal to be received again into that fellowship whose incense had filled all his childhood. And the little whispering night winds left off their play with the water, came out from the bells of the flowers, came from over the marsh-grass, and with a passionate cry, "I know him, I know him, I know him", they sprang about his neck, and flowed over his hair and his brow and his eyes, till all his soul was soothed in that calm which comes only after anguish.

How strange is the passing of the years! We stretch out our hands to them, all unconscious that they are passing, and into our cups they distil the essence of their memories. Into the cup of the child it is frankincense and myrrh, and that fragrance is never quite overcome by all the wormwood and gall that may follow. However sombre and repelling the vision of the grown man may become, it is outlined upon the same curtain whereon stretched the glorious visions that shift and glow behind the shut eyes of children.

As his reverie continued the man lifted his eyes at last from the water to the shadowed slope of the little field beyond it. A border of trees surrounded it and in the middle stood an old

building. Vines clambered over the porch and walls, and above it like a sentinel, silent, but watching, towered the form of an elm tree.

At that instant, clear as a bell of silver, yet quiet as an echo of long ago, a voice whispered the word "Arthur". It did not come to him through any door of the senses; it seemed rather to arise within his own being, as near to him as the singing of the blood in his own brain, and yet it seemed to come from far away either in time or in space. As he looked, the old school seemed to tremble as if in an effort to throw off the unwelcome bondage of years. Wearily it brushed the clambering vines from its eyes, and into them for a moment the stranger looking, saw crowding scene upon scene of the long gone years of his childhood. Then the vines quivered into quietness again, the broad shadow of the elm seemed to fall yet more lovingly about his companion, and the old building sank again into slumber.

And then from the shadows about the door there emerged the figure of a little lad. Barefooted and holding his battered hat in his hand, he came slowly down the crooked path across the school yard and through the broken fence to the bridge. It did not strike the traveller as strange that the boy should be there nor that he should be coming to him. The lad took him by the hand and as they retraced the crooked path they looked into each other's eyes as those who had known each other long and well. In the child's face was a look of trust and love, but in the man's features was the yearning of a father who in the face of his child searches despairingly for the likeness of her he has lost forever.

And so hand in hand they entered the dark porch and passed through the open door into the silent school-room. Shadow designs of tangled vine fluttered upon the walls and over the rows of desks. High up on the walls hung in the shadows the shapes of shadowy foreign lands.

As those whose actions are the outcome of long habit or a single thought, the man and the boy went to their respective places, the man to the chair behind the table in the teacher's cor-

ner, and the lad to the little desk beside the window, in front of it. There, with one bare foot under him on the seat and with head pillowed on his arm upon the desk, the lad resumed the little task from which the voice had called him. Full on his face fell the moonlight. His lips moved as they formed the letters his pencil sought to print upon his slate, and his head moved quietly with the rhythmic flow of his breathing; upon his forehead the vine shadows moved like a caressing hand; little by little relaxed the tight grip of his fingers on the pencil, and the sound of their little labors ceased. Again, in the deep quiet of the empty schoolroom, the man was alone. His head rested against the wall behind his chair, his hands were crossed upon the desk before him and his eyes were closed. Through his half-opened lips the breath came and went, softly with the quiet heaving of his breast. Somewhere out in the darkness sounded suddenly one clear note of a bird and at that instant came again the quiet plashing of rain in the long grass of the meadow. The window with the vine-shadows floating upon it became the gray outline through which in the quiet midnight long ago came the first dim consciousness of the great world which was not himself, and the prison room into which his infant soul had come. Upon his brow a hand moved again so very light and soft, and with its smooth gliding came again, but so faintly and from so very far away, the rhythm of a lullaby,

> "Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me,
> Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
> Through the darkness be Thou near me,
> Keep me safe till morning light."

A feeling of unutterable loneliness poured in upon his soul as a flood. Whence came and whither vanished that sweet presence in which he was wafted away in downy slumber into the unutterable abandon of infant dreams? With all the wistfulness of his being he strove to image clearly again the features that had faded quietly and completely from him in the long ago. And then, as to one who would not be denied, clearly and radiantly the vision came. Among the pines at Landor's the old house

rose again, weather-beaten and vine-covered. Within, the ruddy glow of the fireplace danced to and fro toward the dark corners of the room; it fell upon her face. At her knee was the little lad, and they looked into each other's eyes as seeing there all that was of moment in the whole wide world. His heart stopped in the agony of yearning toward them, and they turned and smiled upon him and he saw them through his tears.

Vancouver, B.C. —Arthur W. Vining, '98.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

Oxford County, Ontario, Canada.

Where, in the dawn's clear light
  When early dews have washed the morning clean,
The College lifts its height
  Above an isle of cool, deep-shaded green,

My Aready unfolds
  In rolling hills—dear Oxford of my birth!
In dusty, drowsy wolds,
  In fertile fields where fortune springs from earth;

In cheeks of ruddy tan,
  Where fighting blood of rugged Scotland flows,
In warmth of ancient clan
  Where still the Highland hearthstone kindly glows.

Those hills are far away:
  But they will call me back to walk again
Through dawn-lit fields some day,
  Or trudge content through radiant, summer rain.

—Douglas Doyle Mackay,
Woodstock College, '19.

LOBSTERS

PERCHANCE you have crossed the Atlantic, and at the conclusion of a ten day trip, spent 'twixt cabin and rail, you have found yourself passing around the Isle of Wight bound for Southampton. It was perhaps your first trip to the old land, and you were bent on taking in every bit of the landscape, a feat rendered possible by the more stable condition of the boat in the more tranquil waters. But I should be surprised if you were to tell me that you noticed the river H— and even more so had you distinguished the hamlet of W—.

Had I been abroad I surely should have told you of the place. A native would have pointed proudly to the Duke's yacht anchored in mid stream, but I should have directed your attention to a line of old scows moored between two buoys,—they were the lobster boats, always full of lobsters. Sometimes they could not contain all of them, and then the surplus were put in baskets suspended under rafts. On the shore one might see lobster traps and a small quaint little hotel, "The Crab and Lobster".

On my first visit my arrival was by train. At the nearest station, four miles away, I was met by a "Wren" with a Ford, and soon we two were travelling at breakneck speed along the tortuous, narrow, and well-hedged Hampshire road to W—. I must confess that ride rather unnerved me, so great the speed, so winding the road, so youthful the "Wren", and so ancient the Ford, not to mention the motley vegetation one might encounter in a precipitous flight into the hedge. I have since thought that the young lady must have been unduly impressed with the importance of my visit.

Important or otherwise, my business was soon done and I began to inquire about lunch. I was directed to the quaint little hotel "The Crab and Lobster", and was told it was quite homelike.

I realised that I was expected to order a lobster lunch, and

at the suggestion of the proprietress did so. The rashness of my decision was not fully realised until, seated on the balcony, I began to contemplate the sea and the lobster boats and lobster traps; in fact signs of lobster cropped up on every hand to increase my apprehension. I recalled that once I had been a party to the dissection of a crayfish in a laboratory. I also recollected having seen great live red lobsters displayed in certain shop windows in the city. But further my acquaintance did not extend and I realised that my equipment for the coming fray was totally inadequate.

In due time a trim little maid appeared and announced that my now dreaded lunch was ready. I followed her to the dining-room and was greatly relieved to see her depart after indicating my table. I was in awe of that maid—she knew too much about lobsters and how to eat them. I was also greatly heartened to notice that I was alone in the room—no one would witness the horrible exhibition.

It seems they always bisect a lobster; mine was duly bisected, quite symmetrically, too, I must confess. It also appears to be customary to serve a salad with a lobster; I had a large bowl of salad. But even symmetrically bisected and accompanied with a salad, that lobster held terror for me. I was frightened to move lest those long antennae should trail through the margarine and smear the table linen, and perhaps show signs of life. I absolutely loathed its eight whiskered legs—I always did dislike eating things with whiskers, and thus a new problem arose. Beforehand, I had worried chiefly as to how I should eat, now I was confronted with a more vital question—what should I eat? I began to wish that I had foregone lunch and bought a few biscuits at the village grocery.

But indecision is always unsatisfactory, and realising that my salvation lay in action, I seized some silverware and helped myself to some salad, being careful to cover those offending legs. I had a faint recollection to the effect that the pincers were considered a delicacy so I decided to start there. I fished one out

from among lettuce leaves and cucumber, only to find knife and fork quite useless. Being alone I did not hesitate to use my fingers. It was a pleasant surprise to me that amid all the consternation and perturbation of soul, I was able to appreciate the flavor—I distinctly liked it. A beatific smile grew upon my countenance as I settled back into my chair, satisfied with the completion of the first act.

But just as Napoleon once mused, "My plans that soar, to earth may fall", so should I have mused, for the door opened. My prayers were fervent, my perspiration profuse, and there entered a lovely lady, her pretty daughter and her detestable dog. That miserable cur immediately began to fawn upon me and dance about my chair and table in a most exciting manner, thus drawing the attention of mother and daughter to me. In my embarrassment I helped myself to more salad, that behind a barricade of lettuce I might more successfully hide my experimental operations.

Of course the maid had to appear again and everyone smiled. That affront enraged me. With grim determination I attacked the near half of that symmetrically bisected crustacean, and from some part of its anatomy gouged out some pinkish-colored soft-textured tissue that I considered edible, and I ate it. I had already decided to avoid certain dark cloudy parts and also some deep red streaks; I confined myself to pink. The thought came that with the advent of the newcomers the maid came too often—she forgot things on purpose to return and observe my perspiring discomfiture. Moreover, that beastly pup kept on paying me attentions, each time requiring the additional attention of the pretty young person before she could reclaim him. With emotion hard to describe, I kept on picking out the pink and covering the remainder with odd bits of lettuce.

So concentrated were my thoughts, that I was startled to hear the maid right at my elbow,

"Any sweets, sir?"

"No, my bill please."

This settled, I felt retreat to be safe and diplomatic. I retreated, trying to look as if I always ate lobsters that way. I walked back to the station.

Arriving back at the city, I had to reproach myself for my timidity and decided to master the lobster problem. Among the few people I knew, there was one young lady who I was sure had moved in the better circles, and was certain to know all about lobsters and the eating thereof. I thought I might invite her out to a lobster supper and observe. On reflection it occurred to me that perhaps such an invitation might have some sinister meaning, a meaning that I should not wish to intend. Then I decided in favor of a theatre, hoping for a favorable turn in the conversation. It was only on the walk home that I found a fitting opportunity to interject that I found difficulty in eating lobsters. She evidently misunderstood me, for her laugh was excessive. Her reply I mostly missed, but thought I heard a reference to "cannibals". That my mention of eating lobsters should have such associations was a matter of perplexity to me. However, I avoided the subject during the remainder of the walk, and since then I have continued to avoid the subject.

—K.

EN REPOS

The sun sets softly on the hills tonight,
These quiet hills that lean toward the west,
As if to follow in his daily flight
That friend the sun whom all things loveth best;
So these who sleep upon this grassy crest,—
Beside no marble slabs of ghastly white,—
Turning once more to their accustomed rest,
May bid the splendor of the sun goodnight.
So be it for me when I fall asleep
Some quiet noon or in the evening hours;
One pine I loved above my head to keep
Oblivion for me. One with sun and showers.
Leave me with them, and come not there to weep
Or make your moan or leave your faded flowers.

—R. J. Lang, '16.

"*And that is the dog-like attitude* which makes the cynic. He snarls at everything, and he sniffs and he sneers at everything. He is sarcastic and satirical. He is a disbeliever in the inherent worth of things. He has no confidence in the sincerity of others. He has a suspicion of every sort of courtesy, and he has a carping attitude to every social usage. He flings a mocking jibe at everything. He laughs at everything with bitter laughter. He suggests that there is a rotting decay at the heart of every beautiful thing. He cannot look at a flower without talking about the manure at its root. When others are admiring a lovely deed he hints at an unclean motive. Even a mother's love is only an animal instinct, a fierce and merely selfish passion at the very heart of her affection. The cynic penetrates the lovely in search of the unlovely, and he is always sure that he finds it."

—*Rev. J. A. Jowett, D.D., in "B.W."*

HOLIDAY SPIRIT

IF we were privileged to reverse the course of time, and to walk through the streets of old Florence on a holiday morning some four hundred years ago, we should doubtless be surprised by a strong feeling of familiarity. It is true that the narrow thoroughfares, much resembling our modern lanes, with their obstructing statues and shrines, and no less the medieval buildings that rose beside them, would constitute a strong contrast with the environments we know. The people, too, in their language and the style of their clothing, would be different. Yet, over the whole scene, hiding these idiosyncrasies as in a mist, would appear the true attributes of human nature, always the same and most amply exemplified in the holiday crowd.

Let us imagine ourselves in Florence, and as it is the morning of a popular holiday we turn our steps towards the Piazza della Signoria. The street is gay with color, for in addition to the painted signs that swing before the doors of enterprising shopmen, draperies and banners, like a host of fluttering butterflies, span the open space between the eaves. Streamers of gaudy ribbon float from upper windows, and little dangling bells fill the air with their tinkling. The ascending sun adds to the brightness of the scene at hand, while in the background rise San Miniato, and the domes and steeples that stretch away to the city's seventy-towered wall.

As we enter the piazza, we see that already quite a crowd has assembled. Far the greater part of these are citizens, wealthy dwellers of the town with their spotless silk luccos and their black cloth caps, peasant women from without the walls distinguished by their pretty pink or white head draperies, and a great crowd of boys. These latter with shouting and whistling are scampering hither and thither through the square like specks of sodium on a beaker of water. Occasionally they indulge their insatiable appetite for stone-throwing, and, strange enough to

say, without arousing the slightest interest either of the grave signors who, for the most part, are standing conversing in groups, or of the peasants who with drums and bells are moving about in crowds.

But there is another class, inevitable on such an occasion, who though comparatively small in number, appear to be almost omnipresent. These are the gamesters, tumblers, and peddlers with lesser parasites of the same ilk. Of these first types representatives may be seen in almost every part of the vast concourse, being found, for the most part, on tiny platforms built for the purpose. Some are assisted in appealing to the inquisitive multitude by a trained ape or other curiosity, and all are well-enforced with a battery of verbosity with which they assail their hearers without cessation. The last and most numerous tribe, the peddlers and venders, choose to wander at will among the crowd, hawking in raucous tones their wares of trinkets, quack medicines, and farinaceous delicacies.

Let us for a space cast aside our modern punctilio, which, though highly commendable in our modern times, was considered superfluous by the Florentines, and, uninvited, attach ourselves to an occasional group of passengers. Almost immediately we overtake an elderly peasant-woman, who plagued with obesity and troubles, is therefor compensated by a loquacity with which she pours her misfortunes, like a complaining torrent, into the ears of a younger companion. The latter, however, appears almost oblivious to the fount of disaster on her one hand, for, having recently procured a multi-colored shawl from a foreign peddler, she is more amenable to the warmth of admiration showering upon her from the other. But from the stray words that penetrate her unheeding mind, she is vaguely conscious that Monna Netta's bambino has been a sufferer from the current hot spell, and so, for that matter, has her kye, while, alarming to think of, she has heard that even Arno himself may not sustain such unmitigated inclemency.

But, leaving Monna Netta at this point, we pass to a group

of some half dozen grave signors who, like an eddy in a river, remain stationary at a point a little withdrawn from the stream of traffic. What can be the meaning of their engrossed expressions and serious gestures? The citizen speaking as we approach is somewhat older than the others, and from what he says, it appears that the State's diplomacy has reached a most difficult juncture. Pisa, a subject town, is in revolt, and news has just reached the city that she is abetted by Florence's envious rival in the north, Milan. The plan suggested by the Signoria is to invite the French king into Florence, but in this connection arise certain difficulties. In the first place, such a cat being once introduced in the mice's playground, there was no telling how big his appetite might be, and again, there was another cat there already, though by no means so big a one, and who knew what way the Ghibelines might turn. What a predicament! But as subsequent events soon solved the riddle we will leave the philosophers, too, with their brows still furrowed.

How very like our modern times it all is. For in the streets of to-day's great cities the holiday morning still finds a colorful display of gaudy baubles. The thoroughfares are filled with care-free people freshly bedizoned in their brightest finery, and usually a swarm of happy children fresh from the scrubbing. Everyone is still willing to be entertained by a most extraordinary variety of amusements, and everyone talks volubly. Our inimitable creations from the Rue de la Paix offer only as much interest as did the wraps of milady of Florence, and the edicts of his Holiness the Pope fascinated as the appointment of a cabinet now does. Indeed, the greater currents of human interests flow on forever, and little discernment shows that few divergencies occur that are not attributable to circumstance and environment.

—Max C. Welch, '23.

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Editorial Notes

We have always prided ourselves on our debating here, though of late years our pride has suffered considerably. But on February 10th, when our team debated Rochester Theological Seminary in Castle Memorial Hall, our pride came back with a jump, like a thumb going back into joint. It was a great night, and the school turned out *en masse* to hear what was probably the best debate any present student of McMaster has ever listened to. If we are not mistaken, that evening will revive interest in inter-year debating here, just as the ostrich egg is said to have stimulated the apocryphal hen to greater efforts. The only fly in the ointment was that we lost, but we lost glor-

iously on a hair-breadth decision. It was like watching an overtime game. The subject was, "Resolved, that the jury system as exemplified in the State of New York and the Province of Ontario should be abolished". Mr. A. W. Small and Mr. H. W. Lang, M.A., upheld the affirmative for us against Mr. T. F. Adams, B.A., and Mr. O. H. Baker, Ph.B., of Rochester. The question was debated on a very high level, and the jury system was made to look remarkably iniquitous, but apparently not quite iniquitous enough to warrant total abolition, so twelve good men and true will continue to function for some time yet. The contest was judged by Mr. Justice Ferguson, Mr. Justice Orde, and Mr. T. J. Agar, K.C., who decided two to one in favor of Rochester. The ladies of Wallingford Hall held a reception for the debaters after the fray, and this rounded out the most successful evening we have had here for many a day. We congratulate the enemy. They won with modesty, and we hope we lost with magnanimity.

This month's editorial column resembles strangely that of December, in its congratulation of lady debaters and its comfort extended to those of the male persuasion. THE MONTHLY sincerely congratulates Miss A. Macdougall, '22, and Miss O. Frise, '23, on their success against St. Hilda's. The ladies' bringing home a championship from the impending final struggle will prove that there is yet balm in Gilead.

We are not often able to present to our readers work like Dr. Vining's "Far Away and Long Ago," and we wish to express here our appreciation of his kindness in submitting this article to us for publication.

If you look, you will find a number of good points about the February issue. We hope you will like it. But remember the Editor in his affliction, and provide him with the wherewithal for March.

College News

Around The Hall

Editor: Max C. Welch, '23

IN spite of the editor's traditional claim to loquaciousness, we have determined to reserve certain utterances that we had prepared, until next month in order to publish an expression of sentiment on a matter that has recently forced itself into the light. In view of the fact that it is a sincere challenge to the attention of McMaster undergraduates, we must deem it worthy of consideration, but it is a subject upon which the students themselves should pass judgment. It ought to be remembered, however, that class parties and gatherings are institutions of long standing, that they serve a valuable purpose in the life of a student body, and, if they are not to die out altogether, that they must receive a fair quota of honest support.

To the Editor of "Around the Hall":

Dear Sir:

May I pre-empt a little of your valuable space to say a word on the subject of men too proud, too lazy, or too indifferent to take their place in the society of their years. There is some dissatisfaction among our students over this matter, and I would like to see you remind these offenders that their attitude is childish, selfish, inexcusable. Sportsmanship is next to cleanliness, which is next to godliness; and the godliest men now heading our denominations are as a rule those who took the keenest interest in the college life of their day. He who professes boredom in the society of others, is condemning himself, since he thereby confesses to a personality incapable of making any contribution to society.

These men are in the main non-resident students, and so cannot be reached by our ordinary discipline. They had best watch which way the wind is blowing, and not try to swim against the current or beard the lion in his den. Man is a gregarious animal. Let us accept our fate. *Sic semper cadaveres.*

Yours, etc.

—Infra Dig.

Reminiscences of the Rochester Debate.—Eight o'clock and the guests are met, but where, oh where, has our little judge gone, oh where oh where can he be? 8.15, 8.20—only the voices of the madding crowd; a monologue behind us on the cumulative effect of matrimonial irritations, recent actions of "Tomboy Taylor" recounted by our neighbor, ghastly personalities from the revived Donkey Club in the gallery. 8.25, 8.27—wonder why they didn't put those daffodils in the Castle Cup, nobody seems in a hurry to take it, and it might be used. A song or two by the congregation, and the programme starts promptly at 8.45, as a silent tribute to our taxi service. Miss Chapman coaxes marvellous sounds out of our metallic piano —Vulcan's masterpiece, we believe,—and Miss Sieling sings with customary sweetness. After her the deluge, and all night long the noise of battle rolls, reminding us of Prof. Findlay's proposition that a plus c is less than b plus d, all quantities being greater than zero, and the difference discernible only at the third decimal place. Poor old jury system, "backed by a thousand years of experience and going out of use." 10.15, and the last word is said, the last wicket down. Prof. Swedelius turns on the light and sings twice while the judges cogitate, and Ted's bucolic instincts triumph. 10.37—Dr. Farmer springs the trap with the aid of two of the judges, after which Prof. McLay abolishes the Castle Cup, while Rochester retains the jury system. 10.51—to Wallingford, for food and introductions, gossip, the contemplation of biscuits and beauty, and the praise of four mighty men. 12.01—Back to the Hall. 12.03 to 2.05—the college moths chew the rag. 2.35—to bed, wrapped up in a tarpaulin jacket because two dear brothers lie low.

Lit Skating Party.—The telephone operator at Varsity has a neat joke about their having one band and twelve selections each evening. A small but faithful remnant gathered on February 3 to go and see the joke and have the annual Lit. Skating Party. The remnant parked or cached their boots and goloshes under the dressing-room Chesterfields,—this joke is ours, not the telephone operator's, and he would be the first to admit it,—and then went out to corrugate the ice with the aid of the hoi polloi. The ladies gamely skated intermissions as well as "selections"; and after the twelfth selection had mutilated Auld Lang Syne and the National Anthem, the com-

pany repaired to the Versailles, where it was understood they would be welcome provided they came sober. No one was "Lit." (get that?) so all went well.

Senior Party.—Is it possible that after four years' experience the noble Seniors have attained to such a degree of discernment and sapience that they can reasonably discriminate between the vulgah skating party and the slightly more civilized house party? Yea; It is even so. The Year celebrated the passing of the Great Plague at the home of Miss Helen McAlpine. Scintillating wit and the light-hearted frivolity of the gamboling lamb pervaded the atmosphere. Chance was acclaimed the goddess of the evening, and led in such brain-racking sports as "Fisherman's Luck", "Five and Twenty World Wonders", "Whack 'em and Thwack 'em", and numerous exhibitions reminding the spectator of the ancient and honourable pastime of climbing the greased pole. In an exceedingly impromptu drill, a volunteer awkward squad under Sergeant Doolittle gave an exhibition of the various exercises prescribed by noted educationalists as illustrative of the proper way to absorb a lecture (mouth open, eyes rolling left to right, and back), of the correct attitude for constructive contemplation (head inclined, hands grasping nose and ear) and of a much-appreciated method of stirring the brains into action, through the instrumentality of the well-known scalp-itch cure. After the hostess had propitiated the inner man in a most agreeably satisfying way, the party broke up, and peace was at length restored to the scene of action.

Junior Skating Party.—From the standpoint of the Junior, the evening of January 24th may be said to have dawned hopefully; at any rate, Year '23 men were filled with self-satisfaction. Of the three skating parties that had been embryonic at supper time, two were nipped in the bud, as it were, immediately after in consequence of certain nocturnal depredations which resulted in a widespread deprivation of skates. To continue, however, our heroes, very much flattered by the turn events had taken, set out early to meet the Juniorettes and to congratulate them on the anticipated results of their recent activities. As they strap-hung back to Varsity Rink their exultant spirits overflowed in many a cherished reminiscence of those ecstatic moments when they themselves had suffered under the scourge. Still exulting, they reached

their destination where they slithered joyfully around for several hours before proceeding to the final scene at Greydon's. There they were presently served with a dish of hot soup, and then some ice cream to wet down the ruins. At 12 p.m. exeunt all with skates and teeth chattering.

Sophomore Skating Party.—As Sir Walter Scott might have said, but didn't:—

> The supper hour was gone at last;
> The prayers were said, the hymns were past.
> Each student then from ev'ry table
> Hied upstairs, fast as he was able.—
> For discord reign'd the halls around;
> Each sought his skates, yet none was found
> Could tell—though most essayed a guess,
> That some *could* tell, if made confess—
> Who stole the skates.

Not to keep our readers, if any, in suspense any longer, we will say that by a process of elimination, some mob psychology, and, most directly, by some housebreaking scientifically applied, the skates were found. This done, the gallants set out in quest of their ladies, and in due course came to the trysting place at Varsity Rink. The usual chaperone was there, and did his duty in the usual fashion. The skating ended with the arrival of one young man and his partner, about ten bands late. Not wishing to tempt Providence any further than necessary, the whole company set out for Greydon's, where we find them ensconced in The Blue Room. There the usual post-exam. conversations filled the air, and two dozen hearts beat more or less happily, until the time came for after-dinner speeches, several of which, fortunately, were not delivered. A few moments later found the party homeward bound. In reply to an inquiry for further information, we wish to state our feeling that a detailed description of the search for our beds, which followed our return to the Residence, would be distinctly out of place in this narrative.

Freshman Skating Party.—The situation which confronted the Freshmen on the eve of their first skating party was singularly distressing; a poetic contemporary has very pathetically described it:

> "The night was dark, the lights were few
> When down the street the Freshmen flew
> Someone had swiped their skates, they knew,
> But who?

The Sophs were gone, the Seniors, too,
So who were they who left no clue
M. A. Smith and H. G. Doo!
Them two!"

However, not to be frustrated, the members of the year journeyed to the home of Miss Marjorie McLay. The first few hours were spent in watching the fireplace,* after which the gayer element broke into song and continued until the most boisterous were satisfied. The closing chapter of the tale treats of a dainty supper that was served, in which everyone was seen to take a generous part. Pockets began to bulge, and the plates to empty with ridiculous rapidity, so that it became necessary for the President to look around, and, with a knowing wink in his eye, remark, "Remember, fellows, this isn't the dining-room." The Freshmen thus had a cheap skate and a good party.

"B.L."

(A hymn ancient and modern).

A funeral pyre upon the wind-swept shore,
The scudding clouds press low upon the sea;
The wailing sea-mews shriek a dreadful dirge,
While the fierce flame leaps high, and sinks and dies.

"There dies thy hope, thy fond ambition dust,"
Proclaims the hollow voice of black dispair,
"Go, weep upon the beach where lie the bones
And wreckage left by better men than thou."

Scarce fades the mocking echo down the wind,
When, from the ashes of ambition's grave,
Rises ambition as the phoenix rose;
And hark, the voice of youth rings through the storm,
"I know I'm plucked in this mid-year exam,
But now I'll buckle in and get a First."

—Sopor, '25

*Details have not come to hand.—Ed.

Drawn by H. S. King, '25

A young soldier who fought with the Bosches
Brought some trench shoes back with him as josches:
These he gave to his wife
As a relic of strife,
But she wore them and called them golosches.

Hydro Night at McMaster

When good King Clarence ruled our land,
He was a goodly king, etc.

So sang the bard. And it chanced upon a night that the king of the Frosh with his knights was engaged in a festival, as was often done in those times. Fair ladies of the court were there, musicians played sweet music, and all went merry as a breakfast bell. And it came to pass, that returning from the revel, the king of the Frosh entered his castle hall, and majestically sailed up the main stair of his donjon-keep, three at a time. "Hot dog!" he exclaimed; then ducked, too late, a pail of water thrown at point blank range, which drenched him from stem to stern. Then did the king wax wroth, and

repair in his anger to his room to change from wet raiment into dry pyjamas. The Black Douglas, of stately port, next came to be noticed and welcomed in like manner. Others of his henchmen entered, drenched to the skin, and lamenting the existing scarcity of raincoats.

Fain would the returning warriors have repaired to bed; but on seeking their beds, they found them not, insomuch that a clamour arose. The arrest and summary execution by the enemy of the Black Douglas followed, while the king and his subjects stood back and watched from a distance. After the tourney the enemy ordered them to bed. "But," said a certain ambassador of the Frosh, who because of youth and ignorance escaped death, "We have no beds. Our beds are nowhere to be found." "Bother us not with such trifles lest we slay thee out of hand," was the instant hot rejoinder. "Hence! Get thee to bed, and let not *adiaphora* trouble thine intellect! If thou canst not find thy bed, or even take it up, at least walk! Get thee to bed!" The ambassador retired; and the army of the Frosh, wrapping each man his soldier's cloak about him, fell straightway into slumber.

SELECTION XIII, FROM "IDYLLINGS OF THE KING."

So all night long the revels held their sway;
But with the morn the revellers returned,
Joyous but tir'd, at the break of dawn,
Paying their cash night-fares right manfully,
They climb'd again the winding, creaking stair,
Each to his flat.
The last ones from the first some water got,
If they forgot themselves so far to stand
Below stairs; while above rose hue and cry—
"To me! To me!" the first arrival cried,
And waved his arms aloft and tore his hair.
"Some scurvey knave, some roving clapper-claw,
Some son of Belial hath pulled my bed!
Hath torn it, sheet from sheet; and on the floor,
Mattress, and springs, and slats lie round about,
Mute witnesses of all this infamy!
The dust beneath the bedstead lieth bare,
Exposèd to each critic's scornful eye,
Ods-bodkins! Pish! Gadzooks! Zounds! Apple-sauce!
The recreant rogues who did this deed shall die!"
In sympathy, his fellows gathered round,
And idly wished the rogue or rogues were found.
Their feelings shortly changed to indignation,
When each himself found in like situation.

McMASTERITES ABROAD.

Ping!—What was that? Oh yes that d— clock on the mantle striking the half-hour. Gee, if only I could get to sleep. (Taking a secure hold on my edge of the covers I indulge in a quick roll and a flop, determining to sleep until morning. But quick as I roll—a sneeze, a going of the covers, and I am unrolled about forty miles per hour, and left exposed to the chill night air.) Bless you, my Bunkie; and I'm ready to arbitrate the matter of cover allowance, and even to use the "last resort," if necessary. Well settled again . . . The bed's not bad, Tom . . . Uh, he says, "go to sleep";—it was go something, anyway. The best I can say for this bed is that it would have made a good fence; the "springs" are of the required pasture mesh. The mattress, soft thing, has squeezed into each square, and allows the wires to imprint their pattern on me in the cruellest way. I wish it were five o'clock instead of one something. I feel like a washboard already, all corrugated, with stiff pegs for legs. Confound these clocks; there must be a dozen. First they race; then they tick out of time; then in unison again. I hate to open my eyes, for every piece of furniture fairly jumps at me, and looms so threateningly over my head that I blink instinctively. Say, I don't know if there's a dog around here, but something licked my face. My hair feels like so much hay tickling my skull; I suppose it's on end. Sure, the curtain; I wonder if there isn't some way to keep it from blowing out into the rain. Well, that ghost's laid! It's about time for the thirty eleven clocks to begin their arguments over the hour. Why must people have even their kitchen clocks to strike? It must have taken ten minutes for me to be sure it was two o'clock. My hair again! What a noise! Ah, that's better; when he started to "oooh" I thought something was wrong with him. Gee, wonder who Natalie is; I never heard him speak of her. Huh, "That would be nice, Natalie"; he's dreaming he's gone crazy when he was endeavoring to thank her for that Christmas tie. Say, Bunkie, you're the greatest bird to tie yourself up into knots I ever struck; tie yourself to the other corner and leave me out of it. They say to tickle people is the best way to waken them; we'll see; I'll tickle his hand.—You rummy crumb!—I suppose that would be associated with involuntary knee-jerks and the like. His sense of direction was uncannily accurate, though!—Say,

Tom, you awake?—All right, I'll shut up; you just tell Natalie all about it. You're the dearest boy!

To continue, the gilly jackknifed me out of bed, so I came over to the table to write this.

—J. D. T., '22.

Women's Department

EDITOR: FRANCES TROTTER, '22
ASST. EDITOR: JEANETTE REDDICK '23.

"Oh, that bend of the road, how it baffles, yet beckons!
What lies there beyond—less or more than heart reckons?"

WHEN the breath of spring is in the air, and the tinkling sound of steel on ice is gone, are you going to shut yourself within four walls and emerge only for an occasional fifteen minutes constitutional? All the exhilaration you feel as a free being out in the sun and the wind,—must you forget all that until next winter? Why not try a bit of just plain tramping? To those uninitiated into its secret charms, perhaps it brings only a vision of dirty, unshaven individuals who gruffly beg for food at the back-door. You do not quite have to appear in rags and tatters but such things as high heels are, of necessity, banned.

"The stony city pavements are hard to tread, alas!" True enough, but it is not there we would walk with you. We want instead, to go

"Up the hill-roads into the day! Over the seaward fells,
Watch the thistle-down dip, and hear the thin sheep's huddling bells;
Run like fire along the field, worship the heart of the wood,
Kneel by the spring that splits the rock, and find the white rain good."

A numeral for your sweater if you persist! But that is the least of the rewards. There is the lure of a road to follow; there is the beauty of the fields, and "up a hill and a hill there's a windy place to stand". Out of breath when you reach it? What will you care, when the wind is ruffling your hair, cooling your cheek and blowing headaches and worries and nerves so far away they can never return?

"Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it."

Sleep? All the poets sing of it but you have never known what it really can be unless you have come to it with every muscle weary and a mind relaxed and quiet. Snuggle down and you are away to "the land of Nod" from which you will return to greet your books with a cheer!

"Here's to the faring foot, and here's to the dreaming eye!
And here's to the heart that will not be still
Under the open sky."

On the Library Table.—Not merely on the library table had we better search for interesting books. Books there are in abundance, as one may see, in the shelves behind,—old books, new books, thin books, stodgy books, bright books, musty books. The poetry section appeals to many of us, and, browsing among volumes of all sorts we pick up, for instance, the "Little Books of Modern Verse". In these are some fascinating poems, mostly short ones, appealing, striking, worth thinking about. Poetry of a sort is to be found in Carolyn Wells' "Nonsense Anthology". We thoroughly enjoy the jargon about the Jabberwocky and the Dinkey Bird (of recent added fame). Most of the books, we find, however, are serious in import, and well repay at least a glance. To be up to date one should have read Strachey's "Queen Victoria", and thus know the intimate peculiarities of the nineteenth century House of Windsor. From modern history we travel on to what we imagine is termed religious psychology and read wonderingly about conversion experiences, Christian mysticism and the like, as described by Starbuck and James. A little farther on we see our favorite reading, French novels*. Around at the back are tomes of Aristotle and Plato. These we confess to have left almost undisturbed in their dust. Explore at your leisure, and you will find much more.

Debate: vs. St. Hilda's.—"Resolved that the formation of a Free State of India within the Empire is in the best interests of its people". Miss James and Miss Gilliard of St. Hilda's did their best to uphold this but, according to the judges,—and who

*The Editor-in-Chief is pledged to maintain the anonymity of the author of this sketch.—**Ed.**

would doubt their wisdom,—it was defeated by Olive Frise and Alice Macdougall. This is our second victory this year in the debating line and we are proud of our representatives. Now for the finals!

Alumnae Teas.—"Every cloud has a silver lining" and the recent semi-annual one was no exception to this rule. How consoling it was to join our fellows in the Ladies' Room after each exam and confess our manifold shortcomings and iniquities; how delightful it was to forget the past over a delicious cup of tea and the tempting delicacies provided by our thoughtful Alumnae. We cannot adequately express our appreciation but must leave them to realize by their own experience just how much these teas have meant to the undergraduates.

W.S.B. Prayer-Meeting.—The World Week of Prayer, coming as it did the first week of January could not be observed by the students. But with college life taking up once more its old routine, a W.S.B. prayer-meeting, the first known of its kind, was held on January 27, in the chapel. The Head Girl presided and Frances Trotter told a quaint, old story of a "Master Workman" who sent out "Little Samples" of the starry fabric he had woven, bidding them prove themselves durable and keep their colour always true blue. Phyllis Chapman and Louise Sieling sang a duet which added to the spirit of prayer and quiet which made the meeting a real inspiration.

Y.ou should have gone to Bloor St. Church, too,
W.hen we went that Thursday afternoon to hear Dr.
C.hute give a "different" talk on "The Hope of India"
A.nd show her lantern slides chiefly of Hindu women from the Coolie woman to the high-caste; from the illiterate to the cultured.

The regular Y. W. meeting for February 3rd was cancelled, and the day before, a goodly number of the girls went to hear Dr. Chute at the Bloor St. Women's Mission Circle.

Wallingford Skating Party.—Yes, it really did happen!—despite the fact that almost every girl had lost her band-card by seven-thirty. However, when the girls with their chosen partners—Oh rank immodesty!—found themselves actually on the ice these and various other difficulties were forgotten. The weather had been kind and the ice was as "slippery" as that on which the famous Mr. Winkle made his debut.

Unexpeeted pleasures awaited the merry-makers when it was diseovered that there was a programme, forsooth, in the Wallingford drawing rooms! The rendering of "Il Trovatore" made us feel that each time it is heard, it holds a different charm, while the New York Symphony Orchestra held the audience enthralled, especially when it gave "I Ain't Nobody's Darling". But the crowning feature came under the name of "Gertrude the Governess", in reality one of Stephen Leacock's eleverest stories in pantomime.

Of course, it would not have been Wallingford hospitality, if there had not been any refreshments. After the "Mac" yell and song had been given with even more than customary vim, there was a general stampede of the men for skates and coats.

Basket-Ball.—Biff - Bing - Bang! Perhaps it was only a practice game but a score like 32-8 in our favour is not conducive to humility. The famous game was played between our team and Pharmacy.

Hockey.—

"Mary" had a hockey stick,
But scarce knew how to use it:
She practised oft, but still alas
With a broom she did confuse it.

To play for Mac was "Mary" proud
Since in the League they'd entered,
To get a goal, to win a game,
Her every thought was centered.

So "Mary" waited with a thrill
Till the first game should be called
But O. C. E. declined to play
And "Mac" won by default.

To meet St. Hilda's Mary went
Resolved to do or die
She didn't win this time, but not
Because she didn't try!

Line-Up, McMaster vs. St. Hilda's:—Centre, Doris Hooper; forwards, Ruth Starr, Emo Gilmour; defence, Jeanette Reddick, Jean Macarthur; goal, Gladys Segsworth; spare, Elsie Wright.

Score 3:2 in favour of St. Hilda's.

Guaranteed authentic:
Sophette (displaying "sparkler")—"I'm glad you like it."
1*st Seniorette*—"It's a peach. Get it for Christmas?"
2*nd Seniorette*—"No,—for life."

At the party the topic had drifted to the discussion of men.
W. H. Seniorette (when asked her opinion)—"Oh! I don't like men,—not in general".
Her escort—"Not in general? Oh, I suppose 'in major', in colonel'?"
W. H. Seniorette—"No, 'in private'."

"*Sometimes I set and think:* sometimes I just set",—it reminds us of some people's expressions during lectures.

Athletics

Editor: Otho C. Elliott, '23

PERHAPS the examination results are responsible for the diligence and noticeably quickened activities about the Library. Maybe those given to "celebrating" have not yet allowed the impending spring drive to dull their little hour of happiness. Whatever the cause, whether academic, social or otherwise, the fact remains that McMaster is experiencing a period of athletic lethargy.

HOCKEY.

With the withdrawal of our hockey team from the Junior O.H.A. series, puck-chasing efforts were limited to Inter-Year competitions. The original schedule as arranged by the Athletic executive called for ten games, each team playing four games; the winners and runners-up to dispute for the championship. The appearance of an unfriendly thaw after the first game had been played dissipated the ice, and put the schedule back a week. Of the series, more will be said in March.

Sophomores 10, Freshmen 3.—Tuesday afternoon, February 7th the 'Little Vic'-tory of the Sophs was achieved over their wards, Year '25, who exhibited slight hockey tendencies.

Three periods of fifteen minutes each was sufficient to prove the supremacy by a score of 10 to 3 in Year '24's favor. R. Dick and M. Hughes played the stellar roles for the Sophs. To award decorations to any particular member of the Frosh team for conspicuous playing would be to risk an ambiguity of purpose. The contestants lined up as follows:

'24—Goal, Goldring; defence, M. Hughes, R. Dick; forwards, Stevens, Kitchener, Anderson; sub., Freeman.

'25—Goal, Black; defence, Smiley, Price; forwards, Bewel, Todd, Boadway; sub., Pearce.

Referee, E. G. Hildebrand, Jr.

BASKETBALL.

Immediately after the cessation of examinations, basketball practices were resumed in anticipation of the Interscholastic games. Two games have been played to date in which McMaster has shown a decided improvement in form over their record of last term.

The first game was with the Senior Business Men on Wednesday, February 1st. Owing to a fixture in another league the men were forced to play the final half of the game in a smaller gymnasium. This considerably reduced the effectiveness of combination play. McMaster lost by one point, the final score being 18 to 19. Mac was represented by the following team:

Center, Doolittle; defence, Smith, Paterson and Morison; forwards, Houghton and Kitchener.

The second game was played with Osgoode, on February 8th. This time McMaster knew what it felt like to wield the whitewash, lawfully defeating the statutory fledglings by a score of 29 to 7. Doolittle displayed his usual basket-collecting ability, supported by the other members of the team, which was as follows:

Centre, Doolittle; defence, Smith, Paterson and Wood; forwards, Houghton, Kitchener and Atkinson.

The remaining games in the series yet to be played are listed below. Incidentally, the moral support of the rooters is greatly appreciated but the "Y" gym. can accommodate a few hundred more than have been attending previous games.

Wednesday, February 15, Pharmacy vs. McMaster.
Wednesday, February 22, Sen. Bus. Men vs. McMaster.
Wednesday, March 1, Osgoode vs. McMaster.
Wednesday, March 8th, Pharmacy vs. McMaster.

Our Graduates

EDITOR: ELVEN JOHN BENGOUGH, B.A.

Notes of graduates remind us
We may serve our day and age,
And, departing, leave behind us
Records on the Alumni page.

WHAT is your area? Is it expanding? No, we do not mean the superficial area of your ground plan as you stand on mother earth; we mean the area of your personality. Personal area has been defined in different ways. Sheldon, the exponent of scientific salesmanship, uses the word to connote the qualities "Ability, Reliability, Endurance, and Action," the initials of which words make up the word "area," and these qualities, according to this authority, indidicate a man's value in the business world. We recently came across a different definition of personal area. President W. L. Poteat, of Wake Forest College, in his Presidential address to the Southern Baptist Education Association, spoke of the three elements which form character, namely, heredity, environment and training, as three sides of a triangle. With each individual, the first element is a fixed quantity. The other two factors are capable of extension, and as they extend the area of the triangle increases.

A Christian university endeavors to surround its students with the best in the way of environment, and to supply the highest kind of training. Therefore one would expect to find the graduates of a Christian college men and women of the greatest personal area. The expression "personal area" is unusual, yet it is largely self-explanatory. It is in a very similar sense that we speak of a man as being of "large calibre."

McMaster graduates are, for the most part, men and women of distinctly large personal area. Their interests and vision are wide, and their sympathies are broad. They usually take prominent parts in public activities. They become members of School Boards, Library Boards, and other social welfare organizations; they enter political life, professional life, and industrial life, and usually become leaders in their chosen lines.

It has often been said in the past that the danger in Canadian life is that of narrow vision. This is largely passing

now, owing to the national status which Canada has achieved during recent years. What is now needed more than ever is a strong generation of leaders with vision as wide as the national outlook, men and women of large personal area, to direct wisely the abounding national life of the next few decades. To universities like McMaster, Canada has a right to look for such leaders. Students now in attendance should plan to follow worthily those who have already graduated and "wider still and wider" spread the bounds of personal area.

The India Branch of the Alumni Association have for some years followed the commendable plan of making an annual donation of books to the University Library. This year they have sent three volumes: "Jaya," a novel by Harband, depicts the life of an Indian girl. "India in Conflict" is the title of a book by Young and Ferrers.The third volume, "Village Education in India," a report of a missionary commission representing societies in Great Britain and America, is a valuable work of reference. The University appreciates the generosity of the India Alumni, and the Librarian reports that the books have already become popular among the students.

McMaster appears to be well known in Australia. We hear that Rev. L. E. Tranter, of Melbourne, the State Secretary of the Baptist Union of Victoria, so stirred the Baptists of that state that they gave in one year £8,000 for the establishment of a Baptist Boys' High School; and we are further told that it was Mr. Tranter's account of Canadian Baptist activity in Education that gave point and stimulus to his appeal and produced such a generous response. The word comes to us from Rev. L. C. Kitchen, of Midnapore, India, who while at Calcutta to take an examination in Bengali, met some Australian Baptists. Mr. Kitchen reports that the name McMaster appears to be an "open sesame" with Baptists from "down under."

A number of McMaster graduates figured in the report of the Christmas examination at the Ontario Law School. In the second year reports we notice H. S. Rosenberg, B. Pearce, F. M. Froom, S. N. Schatz, and L. D. Dingle, also C. C. Middleboro, who dropped out of his course in McMaster to enter law. The proportion of Arts graduates entering the legal profession has been increasing during recent years.

"We must meet the demands of education; the expenditures in this way cannot be cut down. The time is gone when we can expect to find a peasantry contented and willing to let others govern them. They are aggressive, and we must educate them. The people have got to know something, because the very safety of the state depends on education." So spoke Hon. Perrin Baker, '00, Minister of Education of Alberta, in his first public utterance since he accepted a portfolio in the Greenfield Cabinet.

The A. T. A. Magazine—the organ of the Alberta Teachers' Alliance—in its December issue carries articles from the pens of various McMaster graduates. Earl D. Campbell, '12, writes on "Helium and the Helium Family," giving a brief history of the discovery and uses of this gas. R. Viven Howard, '12, concludes his series of four articles on "The Relation of Education to Social Progress." "Toberr C. Rowning, B.P.", contributes a poem on the burden of the teacher; we understand that this nom de plume is the disguise assumed by another clever McMaster graduate.

'02.—Ralph V. Bellamy has been elected a member of the Public School Board of Edmonton.

'04—Rev. Jas. T. Priest is pastor of Whitby Baptist Church, and the recent annual meeting reported the most successful year in the history of the church.

'06—Rev. H. R. Nobles has served for the past year as chairman of the Book Committee of the Port Arthur Public Library Board, being appointed by the Board of Education as their representative to the Library Board. This year he has been made a member of the Board of Education.

'10—Samuel McMullen is now to be addressed at Box 539, Riverside, Ill. When last heard from he was about to enter the Kent College of Law, Chicago.

Ex.-'12—Rev. A. C. Bingham, of Egerton St. Church, London, Ont., has been called to McDonald Church, Edmonton, Alta., and is packing up to go west. He did good work in London, and showed his mettle when the church building was destroyed by fire about two years ago. He should prove a successful pastor among western conditions, and he will be a valuable acquisition to the Edmonton Alumni Association.

'13—Rev. Dr. Walter M. Turnbull, Dean of the Missionary Institute, Nyack, N.Y., is at present in South America on a depu-

tational tour with Mrs. Turnbull, visiting the mission stations of the Christian and Missionary Alliance in the Argentine and elsewhere. They will not return until April or May.

'14.—N. W. D. Davis, of Nigeria, is spending this winter at the Missionary Institute, Nyack, N.Y. He gives a course of lectures on Missions, and one on the New Testament, as well as addressing the students once a week at the Chapel service. The student body of the Institute numbers about 400.

'14, Th.—Rev. J. Wood, Pastor of Lethbridge Baptist Church, reached a large constituency when his Christmas sermon was published in "The Farm and Ranch Review," which is said to have 50,000 readers.

'17—H. H. Wilson, who has been with Imperial Oil Limited, at Sarnia, for some time, has during the past year had charge of the experimental division of the company at that point. He is finding practical applications for his training in physics.

'19—Rev. Arnold E. Look, of Brandywine Baptist Church, Chadds Ford, Pa., has received a unanimous call to the Hebron Baptist Church, Philadelphia, and has already begun his duties. His new address is 614 North Frazier St., Philadelphia.

'19—Miss Mabel S. Clark has returned from Edmonton to Toronto and will probably enter the service of the Toronto Public Library, where other alumnae are proving themselves efficient.

'21—Miss Roberta G. Bedson is with the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Co., Toronto.

Weston High School now has two McMaster alumnae upon the staff, Miss Lottie Tapscott, '09, and Miss Ada Found, '14.

DAVIS-MATTHEWS: At Cocanada, India, on Wednesday, December 7th, 1921, Alma Mae Matthews, '15, was married to John Wilson Davis, '14. Mr. and Mrs. Davis are living at Waltair, R. S., Vizag District.

VICHERT-WALLACE: On December 27th, 1921, at Hamilton, N.Y., Margaret, daughter of Mrs. Jane Wallace, to John Frederick Vichert, '97, Dean of Theology, Colgate University Hamilton, N.Y.

Here and There

EDITOR: JOHN D. TAYLOR

"The air is full of plans—the plans are full of air."

N the universities are the young minds, as yet neither warped nor hardened, ready, when the time comes, to go out in all their freshness and disillusionment to practice what they have been taught for the healing of the nations. Only at the university, where all sources of information are available, can inter-racial, international and inter-class problems be dispassionately considered. Binding centres such as these are needed as never before, when irresponsible and half-educated persons are striving to lead still more irresponsible and still less educated persons into a desert land. The forces of disintegration are abroad; it must be the high office of the universities to generate the forces which shall counteract them. Only at the seats of learning is it possible to come under those influences which arising in the past, can do so much to-day to form character as well as to supply information.

"If it is true that 'a thousand years scarce serve to form a state, an hour may serve to lay it in dust,' then it is equally true that one or two disordered minds can disrupt what it takes generations of sages to construct. Just as the Universities of Germany taught an immoral view of the relations of the individual to the state, which led to the catastrophe of the Great War, so may the universities of the British Empire by the place they fill in the intellectual leadership of the world, become the most powerful agencies yet discovered for the maintenance of universal peace. .....The universities of the English-speaking world may now enter on a career of influence whose potentialities absolutely transcend the imagination".

—*D. Fraser Harris* in the *Contemporary Review*.

What is civilization? Most of us rest quite confident in the thought that we live in the time of its achievement. Our only thought for it is, in fact, that we are its product. Mr. W. F. Petrie, in the *Contemporary Review*, arrives at a definition by a review of the successes and failures of former World Powers. From this he draws an analogy to our present condition—which might cause us some concern, but we thankfully discover

he is no pessimist. He indicates the solution History has to offer.

"Civilization is a convenient word that means almost anything of which the speaker approves: but the danger of such an undefined meaning is that everyone claims the title for their own peculiarities, and inclines to deny it to other people and other races." The result is that the mere externals of our national life are mistaken for the realities of it. "The Turk sips our champagne, and remarks that 'After all, civilization is very nice' ". The aims of different groups are so diversant that "what satisfies one can never satisfy the other". It is more pronouncedly true of different races.

The fact that some can live shut up in a world of Science, or of Literature, or Commerce, or Music, shows that none of these is really an essential to civilization. Such differences may be tolerated as there should be "one common law only in those things where it is needful for different districts and classes to deal with each other".

"If such incompatibilities are found among those who speak one language, and read the same literature, how much more impossible is it to thrust our forms of civilization upon other races, whose whole mental outlook and feelings have been developed under different climates and necessities from our own. We must see what there is in common to all of them, however different their externals might be".

There are three principles which appear common to all civilizations which attained power. First of all, Justice; "what the law is does not matter so much as the fact of its certainty; and Justice lies more in the impartiality and certainty of law than in its perfect adaptability to all cases". The next most necessary element is Security, which is simply "permanence of Justice." The welfare, the position, or the goods that any one has earned, and which is justly theirs at one time, must be completely theirs at any future time". The third essential is Toleration. It is impossible to get any large group that think alike in all respects. If they agree on governance, or even in religion, they will disagree as to what is proper, the sense of what is seemly, or decent or humorous. All great civilizations made practical applications of these principles.

The pagan Briton, we are informed, laid down as "indispensable elements (1) Good sense, (2) Justice, (3) brotherly affection between countries, between a man and his country,

and between men". An Oriental monarch "desired for all animate beings security, control over the passions, peace of mind, and joyousness". Although the moral standards of these two societies differ widely, they were themselves dependent on Justice, Security, and Toleration.

Not every group, however large, may be properly called a community. In South America there is an extreme lack of community and justice, where in some regions, no murders are thought worth notice, "and even in the streets of Rio, a body may lie for days disregarded".

Yet a dynamic is necessary—a power to acquire and retain knowledge. "Whenever acquisition of knowledge ceases, civilization stagnates; and when knowledge is being lost—civilization decays" witness the Dark Ages. All ages of acknowledged civilization have had a period of accumulation of knowledge, and we may say that "every community living with Justice, Security, and Tolerance, and acquiring knowledge has civilization". But all four are necessary to its permanence. These are to be regarded as the *minimum* for true civilization.

Not all can translate principles into action, so each society has established its *tabus* or prohibitions. The more serious are considered moral laws; "but there is an unbroken gradation from murder down to eating peas on a knife". They are justified by the conditions which make them necessary to a "smooth working of life and to bringing out the higher qualities of mind." The prohibitions on food, such as those on the cow, pig and alcohol, have always hindered social intercourse between the Hindu, Moslem, and European.

The acquisition of fresh knowledge represents the functioning of only a very small part of any community. The extermination of only one in a thousand could bring all inventive ideas to an end. The rest are copyists. They must be aroused to new ideas by example. "War's most serious result is the choking off of just such inventive ability. It is reflected in the stagnation of the condition of all. It is the first step in decivilization".

"Rome suffered the same course of change. More and more of the burdens of public service were thrown upon the middle class, who were gradually eaten up by being required to undertake the provision of charges for the public. As that proceeded, all originality was destroyed; and an entirely stagnant, and then decadent, condition followed, until the total

collapse of the society. Spain ruined itself by expelling the active Moors in favor of a fighting caste; France ruined itself by expelling the industrious Huguenots. A broad class of active minds of diligent folk form the necessary breeding ground for the few who help us forward." We should beware of the results of degrading and famishing the class that has contributed most new thought.

A glimpse at the great civilizations of the past will reveal the foundations of their success.

The devotion of the Roman to law placed justice within the reach of all. The security of property and life was firmly maintained, and ample military strength assured the working of the system. Tolerance of all beliefs and diversities was wide; the only restriction—that it should not interfere with national security. Knowledge and learning advanced. "Until the middle class were crushed and economics disregarded, the dominion of Rome fairly included all necessary elements of civilization."

Toleration of diversities prevailed throughout Greece, but justice depended upon military tyrants, or the vote of fickle assemblies. The analytical methods in thought which she introduced gave her control over less ingenious races. "It was a grand attempt at civilization without the ethical qualities needed for stability and permanence".

In Persia, security was maintained by the immutability of the law, while toleration was the principle of government. The subject state was ruled by a Satrap, usually a native, and "the taxation merely an insurance premium for peace". The conception of incessant war against evil gave a solidity which enabled the country to rise thrice over to great power during a period of more than a thousand years.

Assyria is a contrast to Persia. Her constant destructive raiding left little room for the growth of Justice, Security, or Toleration. Their law was inherited from Babylonia, but their love of knowledge and learning led to the copying and editing of earlier works.

In Babylonia Justice was severe, all consequences being laid fully on the offender and all faults punished manifold. Security was the object of special care in the administration of law. "Of tolerance we learn from the local worship of various cities remaining unchanged, and freedom of marriage between the slave and the free. The classification of the constellations

and the sexagesimal system of the time owed their existence to the zeal of the Babylonians".

Egypt's strict system of justice, judges drawn from each district, appointment by settlements and wills, resulted in the highest honor of law. Security was fully guarded; every man's rights and hereditary position were passed on to his son. Religious toleration was prevalent and in official life is shown by the frequency of such names as, "the negro", and "the Syrian". The Egyptian's aim was always practical and empirical; he cared little for abstract theory.

Only in the civilizations of Assyria and Greece was there any serious lack of needful qualities. Because Europe for the past few centuries has been developing, it does not follow that she is an exception to all previous ages. A decade ago men thought our period of prosperity would never cease. Since then we have experienced a change—perhaps the first of many. "It all depends on the strength and foresight of the failing race whether the ills of decadence are warded off, and a long and gradual transition into a mixture with another race takes place, or whether internal dissensions be seized by the first barbarians that lay hold of it".

Since the French Revolution the idea of war involving the whole population has sprung up. Previous to that it had been the affair of but a small portion of the population who were affected only indirectly by the loss of an outlying province or two. But now we experience the whole country submerged or ruined by heavy levies. War has become a gamble played for enormous stakes, the winner intent upon ruining the loser. To this end all available manpower is demanded and wars have become national. Destruction is easier. "Conditions as a whole have changed against civilization".

A strange fact is the dissatisfaction which always accompanies the products of civilization, a wish to do away with them and return to an apparent barbarism. There was for some time in Italy a party demanding destruction of all pictures and all museums, as they fettered Futurism. They thought nothing should be left "to chill future inspirations". We were expected to give up what we had in the blind faith that an unknown future would give us something better. The Cubist and the Impressionist have been accused of "seeking to escape the rigor of knowledge and trouble of expression by appealing to vague fancies. In every means of expression the

whole tendency of the last fifty years has been towards the formless jolting of the senses instead of any appeal to the intelligence". We are "wearied by the products of our civilization".

"The Briton relieved of strife under the Roman became debased, and an easy prey to the Saxon. The Saxon, active and learned in the days of Bede, fell into sloth and ignorance, so that none south of the Thames could read, and was subdued by the Dane. The Danish mixture in time fell under the vigorous and brilliant rule of the Norman. The tale is as old as mankind, and the Sidonian and the Sybarite were hopelessly extinguished."

The *Sewanee Review* is our source for these two very fine examples of the better class of present-day poetry. Both are by writers of considerable prominence.

ON THE MALABAR COAST.

I remember a great sea breaking on gray sands,
And cocoanut palms that came down nearly to the water,
And children walking with flowers in their hands
Silently, and without laughter.
Through a hot day I watched that shore, and after,
When night walked on the sea and picked her way
From wave to wave I waited for the moon
As a man for his friend at the end of day . . .
Distantly through the palms a drum was beating
And somewhere, far-off voices sang together
A wild, monotonous tune that kept repeating
While I waited for the moon that rose up never.
Then a wind came talking to the palms,
And no voice was there for friendly word with me,
So I lay on the beach with my head on my arms,
Waiting for the moon to rise from the sea.

But she, that is a friend to strangers in far lands
And hospitably welcomes with the same kind face
Longing for a *friend*, with my face in my hands.
From little white cots in the old home place,
Came not all that night, though I lay on the sands
Longing for a friend, with my face in my hands.

—*W. G. Shakespeare.*

MY KITCHEN

Once more the kitchen gleams immaculate.
The floor clean-scrubbed, and every blue-rimmed plate
And shining glass safe in its cupboard space,
The silver pot in its accustomed place;
The kettle on the stove hums softly on,
The clock ticks patiently, my work is done;

And still I turn to look at it once more,
And see the sunshine splashing on the floor
Through windows framed in red geraniums,
And feel the little breeze that softly comes
To stir the curtains hanging whitely there,
And am content because it is so fair.

—*Edith Horton.*

Realizing that the grouping of these stories on one page will enable them to be concealed in the palm of the hand for banquet hall use the editor has endeavored to anticipate any request of this nature:

College As She Looks

To the movie producer: The one and only Utopia.

To the girl back home: A delightful place simply bubbling over with sport, adventure and romance.

To the folks back home: An excellent opportunity for a young man to learn how to spend money.

To the professor: A gift to civilization for the education of the masses and the consequent betterment of humanity in general.

To the student: A hard place to get into, stay in, or get out of.—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

Visitor—"Does Mr. Crawford a student, live here?"

Landlady—"Well, Mr. Crawford lives here, but I thought he was a night watchman."

Voice over phone—I can't sleep, doctor. Can you do anything for me?

Doctor—Hold the wire and I'll sing you a lullaby!—*The Passing Show (London).*

Dean—So you admit the unfortunate lad was carried to the pump and there drenched with water. What part did you take in this disgraceful affair?

Stude—The left leg, Sir.

—*Selected.*

Soph. 1:: "Do you still go to see that little brunette you went with last winter?"

Soph. 2: "She's married now."

Soph. 1: "Answer me."

—*McGill Daily.*

"No. No oysters, lady, only cockles and whelks. We only 'as oysters when there's a R in the month.

"R in the month? And 'ow do you spell Orgust?"

—*London Opinion.*

"What's your idea of clean sport?"

"Swimming."—*Syracuse Orange Peel.*

W. C.—Don't you think my moustache is rather becoming?

Marg—It may be coming, but it hasn't arrived yet.

—*Western Gazette.*

Dreamily—Dearest, is my hair in your way?

Muffled—You said a mouthful.—*Selected.*

THE ARCTIC REGIONS

You are engaged—when all buckles are hooked.

You have prospects—when the top buckle jingles.

You are being rushed—when two buckles click merrily.

You are in danger of being rushed—when the bottom buckle only is used.

—*McGill Daily*

Sound travels at the rate of 400 yds. per second, but thru very accurate experiments it has been discovered that there are several exceptions to this rule:

Scandal—1000 yds. per second.

Flattery—500 yds. per second.

Truth—2.5 yds. per second.

An Alarm Clock—1 foot per second.

A FISH STORY

A warning to careless undergraduates

"A whale of high porosity,
And low specific gravity,
Dived down with much velocity
Beneath the sea's concavity.

But soon the weight of water
Squeezed in his fat immensity,
Which varied—as it ought to—
Inversely as his density."

H. A. BEERS, in "*Poems.*"

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The
McMaster University Monthly

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PIONEERS

AFTER the achievement of great deeds, the most useful work is, perhaps, to perpetuate their remembrance, and it is doing good service to humanity to hold up to its admiration such noble actions as contribute to its honour.

Our civilization to-day is a result of the work of those noble men and women, who, having caught a glimpse of the world's tremendous needs, have fearlessly stepped out to better its conditions. To the thousands of pioneers, who have gone before us to prepare the way in the many and varied spheres of life, we owe all praise and gratitude; but more truly, perhaps, shall we catch the spirit of pioneer work, by considering the deeds of some of these heroes, and seeing in their difficulties and triumphs the splendid qualities that characterize all pioneers. To three in particular I would call your attention.

Some who have striven to make life better have sacrificed and been forgotten as time goes on. There is one to whom all honour is due, whose name is probably unfamiliar to most of us, but who has left an imprint upon civilization that can never be wiped out, a pioneer who died a martyr in the cause of humanity. This is Telemachus, an Asiatic monk of the fifth century. Because of his influence in the reign of the emperor Honorius, the inhuman combats of the gladiators polluted for the last time the amphitheatre of Rome.

We cannot realize the tremendous influence of the boldness of Telemachus, unless we think of the horrible slaughter which

*Prize oration of the Ladies' Oratorical Contest, February 24, 1922.

was carried on then for the pleasure of the people. Let us picture in our minds Rome's crowded amphitheatre, a truly magnificent sight, where there were assembled all the powerful, brilliant, and wealthy of that city. Waiting for the games to begin, the audience stamped with impatience. Enormous wagers were made by all on the gladiators. People of the crowd when money failed them frequently staked their own freedom. When the shrill sound of the trumpet was heard, there was a stillness of expectation all round the amphitheatre. Thousands of eyes were turned toward the gate, which slowly opened, showing a black gully out of which the gladiators began to appear in the bright arena. At sight of them a storm of applause broke forth. "Then took place a battle of whole detachments; the audience took part in it with soul, heart, and eyes. They howled, roared, whistled, applauded, laughed, urged on the combatants, grew wild. The gladiators fought with the rage of wild beasts; bodies were intertwined in a death grapple; swords were buried in breasts; pale lips threw blood on the sand. Toward the end such terrible fear seized some, that tearing themselves away they fled, only to be driven back again by lashes tipped with lead. On the sand more and more naked and armed bodies lay stretched like sheaves of grain. The living fought on the corpses; they struck against armour and shields; cut their feet against broken weapons; and fell, while the audience lost self-command from delight. The conquered lay dead almost every man. Barely a few wounded knelt in the middle of the arena, and trembling stretched their hands to the audience with a prayer for mercy."

It was upon an occasion such as this, that to the amazement of all, the monk Telemachus fearlessly stepped forth alone from the crowd, to put an end to this spectacle of blood and cruelty, and died a martyr in the cause. No altar has been erected in his memory, and in all the pages of history there is hardly more than a single brief record of his bold and effectual deed. Let me quote what the great historian Gibbon says of him.—"The death of Telemachus was more useful to mankind than his life.

The Romans were provoked by the interruption of their pleasures, and the rash monk who had descended into the arena was overwhelmed under a shower of stones. But the madness of the people soon subsided; they respected the memory of Telemachus, and submitted without a murmur to the law which abolished forever the human sacrifices of the amphitheatre."

Now let us pass on to the sixteenth century. The Reformation of this century marks one of the greatest changes brought about in history, and the central figure in the great movement was Martin Luther. Luther's environment was a restless state of society, and it was into a mass of seething social discontent that the spark of religious protest fell.

Luther had finished his Arts course, and was about to begin the study of law, when suddenly, without any apparent reason, he plunged into a monastery. Before long he was made a priest and was oppressed beyond measure when he thought of what he was called upon to do. It was now his office to perform the sacrifice of mass, and by his prayer of consecration, he could change bread and wine into the actual body and blood of Christ. He quaked with fear when called on to say mass, and he shuddered at the carelessness of his fellow-priests, at the light way in which they spoke of the awful mystery. He had to hear confession and pronounce absolution, but his own experience had taught him that man could never forgive sin; that God alone could do that. "The just shall live by faith".

Martin Luther began his pioneer work in an attack against Indulgences, which he firmly believed to be wrong. There were others who thought so too, but none had the courage or conviction of Luther. To attack the indulgences was to attack the Church, but after much distress of mind, he felt compelled to interfere, and as was usual when his mind was made up, he went unflinchingly to the root of the matter, and resolved to bear the whole responsibility himself. He took the best way of publishing his opinions widely that occurred to him. The Castle Church at Wittenberg had always been closely connected with the university in which Luther the monk had been appointed

a professor, and the doors of the church had always been used by its officials as a university board on which to publish important documents. The day of the year which drew the largest crowd of strangers to the church, was the first of November, All Saint's Day. It was the anniversary of the foundation of the church, and the Pope had promised an indulgence to all who took part in the commemorative services. For Luther there could be no more convenient time or place. At noon on the Day, 1517, Martin Luther nailed his Ninety-Five Theses to the door of the church, ninety-five sledge-hammer strokes to drive his meaning into the hearts of the people.

The theses had the effect of a torch thrown among dry fuel. Every one wished to read them. The boldness of the thoughts, and the clear strong language which Luther used, had a marvellous effect, but he had done a very rash thing, and could not fail to suffer for it. It was based on principles that would destroy the whole supernatural power of the clergy.

Eventful were the days that followed, and the Emperor joined the Pope in condemnation of Luther, and finally summoned him to appear before the Diet of Worms. Luther was eager to go to Worms to testify, and was firmly resolved not to recant. He was provided for his journey with a large cart with a canvas covering, and set off, not fearing death, that he knew might be his lot.

The evening arrived upon which he was to appear before the Emperor at the Diet. The streets were so thronged, even the roofs crowded with people to gaze on him, that the officials had to take him by side streets and lanes to reach the Diet. Darkness had fallen; the hall was lighted with flaming torches. Before Luther, as he stood in the room, was a table with a pile of books—his own writings—and he was to reply whether he stood by what he had written or would recant. Luther was ready with his answer:" I may not and will not recant." Then, after a pause he added, "I can do nothing else; here I stand; so help me God."

Martin Luther, the champion of evangelical liberty had

boldly faced both Pope and Emperor; a pioneer in his protest against the existing evils, he blazed the path for a new age.

In the work of those pioneers, Telemachus and Martin Luther, we have seen the dauntless spirit of men who have stood out alone, as lights in a dark forest, pillars upon which our civilization has been built.

Truly great also are they, who because of the nature of the cause they serve, have united their efforts as co-workers in a momentous task. Such were the famous Fathers of Confederation in Canada, who by forming a coalition ministry in a time of grave necessity, laid aside all personal and political disagreement, to create a union of the colonies—The Dominion of Canada.

Two of the outstanding leaders in Confederation had been central figures in the storm of political controversy previous to this great battle for union. These two were George Brown and Sir John A. MacDonald, men of entirely opposite dispositions, political antagonists who were for years not even on speaking terms. To imagine that these two would combine to carry federation, seemed the wildest and most improbable dream. Yet in the hour of need they stepped forth to act together.

The country was approaching its worst state of political backwater, and added to party warfare were inter-provincial and racial jealousies. But a day of loftier ideas and greater issues in all the provinces was about to dawn. It was George Brown who took the first step toward uniting the colonies, and held a committee to consider the prospects of federal union. Brown finally promised to co-operate with any government which would settle this problem, and before long, to the amazement of all, there took place the reconciliation of the two leaders, Brown and MacDonald.

Many a hatchet was buried as the ablest leaders, liberal and conservative, of all the provinces, joined in this determined patriotic stand for confederation, facing political obstacles of an overwhelming character. Forceful and appealing

were their utterances, which had much effect in moulding public opinion. The proposal that met with approval, provided a strong central government, without destroying the identity of the constituent parts. The constitution which the founders of the Dominion devised was the first of its kind on a great scale within the Empire. It became operative on July 1st, 1867.

To say that one person was the author of Confederation with others subordinate, is to mistake the nature of the movement. Contributions were made from many sources, and at least eight of the Fathers of Confederation must be placed in the front rank of those to whom Canada owes undying gratitude. It is to the glory of the Fathers of Confederation, that the constitution they constructed has lasted without substantial change for over half a century. They were forced to deal with conditions which they had not created, conditions which had long perplexed both Imperial and Colonial statesmen, and rendered government almost impossible. These political pioneers found the remedy, and the result is seen in the powerful nationality which their labors evolved.

We have seen in these splendid men that bold conviction, keen desire for freedom, and steadfast fearlessness, typical of all pioneers, and their earnestness is shown by what they were ready to suffer for their cause. Those of whom I have spoken, as examples in different ages of this wonderful pioneer spirit, are truly outstanding in their achievements; but we have never forget those simple true-hearted souls who, far from the madding crowd, have shown that dauntless and persevering spirit, those who have faced the wilds of the great forests and cleared the land, amid the cruel winter snows, the bitter winds and rains, ever with the restless hungering passion to transform the unbroken woods into cultivated land. To them we would pay tribute, such tribute as, in "Maria Chapdelaine," Maria paid to her dead mother who had cheerfully toiled and spent her life for the happiness of her husband and family in the desolate French-Canadian woods. Of Mother Chapdelaine she says: "To pass her days in those lonely places, when she would

have dearly loved the society of other human beings; to strive from dawn till nightfall, spending all her strength in a thousand heavy tasks, and yet from dawn till nightfall never losing patience or her happy tranquility; continually to see about her only the wilderness, the great pitiless forest, and to hold in the midst of it all an ordered way of life. Was it not surely a hard thing and a worthy. And the recompense? After death, a little word of praise."

There comes a challenge to us from these mighty pioneers. There is much that we should do. "Life the undiminished man demands, stretch out new faculties to meet new wants." As Lowell has said:

> "The serf of his own past is not a man;
> To change and change is life, to move and never rest;
> Not what we are, but what we hope is best."

—Emo A. Gilmour, '24.

Insist on yourself: *never imitate.* Your own gift you can present, every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; out of the adopted talent of another, you have only an extemporaneous half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it.—*Emerson.*

A CANADIAN REGIMENT IN INDIA

THE Prince of Wales, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the Leinster Regiment, lunched with the officers of the 1st Battalion at Madras, on Monday, January 16th, after inspecting the regiment at Fort St. George."

Following the above news item, *The Statesman* of Calcutta prints a rather detailed account of that battalion's history which may in part be of interest to Canadian readers.

"The 1st Battalion of the Leinster Regiment has had . . . an eventful and picturesque history. It was raised in 1858, in Quebec, as the 100th (Prince of Wales) Royal Canadian Regiment, a patriotic endeavor on the part of Canada to help the Motherland out of her troubles engendered by the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny. The regiment proceeded to England and the first public act of the then Prince of Wales—afterwards King Edward VII—was to present the battalion with its first colors at Shorncliffe, on January 10th, 1859."

By that time, however, the Peace of Paris had settled, at least temporarily, the tangle in the Crimea, and such Generals as Havelock and Lawrence had established British supremacy in India more securely than ever. The location of the Royal Canadians from that time till 1881 is not given, but in that year "under a territorial re-organization of the Army, the 100th Royal Canadian Regiment was quartered in India, being amalgamated with the 3rd Bombay Europeans, the present 2nd Battalion of the regiment."

For some unknown reason the completed regiment was identified with Ireland, and in future was known as the Prince of Wales' Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians). New colors were presented at Calcutta, February 20th, 1887, by the Countess of Dufferin, the wife of a former Governor-General of Canada, the old colors being presented to the Dominion, and they now rest in the Library of the Parliament House at Ottawa.

Until 1894 the Regiment remained in India, and during that

time won for itself "an enviable reputation as the best shooting regiment in the country," having three times won the Commander-in-Chief's prize.

In 1897 the 1st Battalion was stationed in Ireland. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was then Secretary of State for the Colonies, and one of his many acts which did so much to cement the great self-governing Dominions to the Motherland was to despatch the 1st Leinsters—the old 100th Royal Canadians—to Canada where they were stationed at Halifax, remaining there till the South African War broke out. Early in 1900 they were in action as a part of the "starving 8th Division—famous for doing a maximum of marching on a minimum of food—and they took a prominent share in operations in the Wittebergen, culminating in the surrender of Prinsloo with 4,150 men at Slaap Krantz."

The outbreak of the Great War, 1914-18 found the Battalion again in India, at Fyzabad, whence it moved in October, 1914, to Winchester, England, and in December, to France to become part of the 27th Division, British Expeditionary Force.

"At St. Eloi on March 14th, 1915, the Battalion was especially mentioned in Army Orders by General Sir H. Smith-Dorrien for a brilliant counter-attack and re-capture of two trenches. The second battle of Ypres, April-May, 1915, saw the Battalion continually engaged, when it was for six weeks in the front line, earning the thanks of the Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces."

From December 1915, the story runs to Salonika, Lake Doiran, and the Struma Valley, then, in September, 1917, Palestine with General Allenby, including the Capture of Jerusalem and many other notable engagements. After the Armistice the trail leads to Cairo, and thence to England in 1919.

In October, 1919, the regiment was again booked for India, and with headquarters at Wellington, detachments were stationed at Fort St. George (Madras), St. Thomas Mount, and Calicut. The latter detachment under Capt. McEnroy, D.S.O., M.C., has been taking part in the Malabar rebellion, acquitting itself very

creditably. The early stages of the fighting were rather spectacular and at one time, a platoon under Lieut. Duncan, M.C., was besieged at Malapurram, the remainder of the detachment being at Calicut.

"On the morning of October 25th, (1921) Capt. McEnroy entirely on his own initiative, and leaving only half a dozen men behind him, started out in motor lorries on the 32 miles which separated him from his beleaguered platoon. At Pukkatoor the column was ambushed by about 3,000 Moplahs, and without an instant's hesitation the party got into fighting formation, got Lewis guns and Stokes mortars into action, and after five hours of the severest fighting, emerged completely victorious. Capt. McEnroy relieved his platoon the same day."

It is not too much to say that this action was one of the most important factors in quelling the rebellion. It "put the fear of God into the Moplah", and after the lesson at Pukkatoor, the Moplahs forgot all about their tradition of getting close to the enemy, and using their war-knives, heedless of death. Then began the guerilla warfare that characterised the later stages of the operations.

In summing up the story, *The Statesman* says, "In Palestine, their Brigade Commander said that the Leinsters never made heavy weather of anything, a remark which had a touch of inspiration, for it summed up the character of the regiment from its birth. The Leinsters have always done their job well. They have done honour to Canada, the land of their birth, and to Ireland, the land of their adoption. If the hour is now about to strike closing the history of the famous Irish regiments of the British Army, let us hope that the old 100th Foot may still survive and, under its old title 'The Prince of Wales' Royal Canadians', remain staunch to its past traditions, ready always to maintain the honour of the great Dominion which gave it birth."

—L. C. Kitchen, '20.

ON THE FALL OF RICHARD II.

IN case some critical historian should chance to read, he must be forewarned that the intention here is not to describe the Richard of history, but to interpret the Richard of the drama.

This play gives us a typical example of Shakespeare's love of contrast. Bolingbroke rises, Richard falls. But why? In answering this question, the great dramatist takes advantage of what may be called a unique feature in his historical dramas. It is true that the monologues of Macbeth enumerate the thoughts of a criminal and give the author splendid opportunities of intensifying our feelings to a high pitch of dramatic furore, but we expect something different from history. In it we have no time to consider hours spent in inward struggle; we look for deeds, and judge a man mainly by his actions. Is it not, then, unusual for us to find a history that has been written of a man who never drove himself to action? Shakespeare describes such a man in King Richard, and he shows that the king comes to disaster in the world of history, in the cycle of events, because he is neither a villain nor a hero, neither a Kaiser nor a Foch, no, nor even an ordinary man of action, but a dreamer.

Again, why does Richard fall, yielding his crown to Bolingbroke? Weakness must yield to strength. The king is weak. Hotspur remembers him as, "Richard, that sweet, lovely rose", but to control powerful nobles and to maintain a place of authority in ruling a discontented people, qualities other than sweetness and loveliness are necessary. In the first scene he almost succeeds in playing the part of a king, but in ordering Mowbray to throw down his gage, he forgets that his authority as king does not permit him, in such a case, to command. What of that? He has used high sounding words, he has been poetical—

> "Rage must be withstood.
> Give me his gage:—lions make leopards tame."

Richard has never before been face to face with trouble like this. His flatterers have seemed to make low the mountains and

to exalt the valleys of this wonderful but awful thing we call life. Now, in Tennyson's symbol, the knight appears, the mirror cracks, and what do we find?—a fading rose. Were Richard strong enough, he might hide his suspicion of conspiracy beneath a cloak of hypocrisy, but he makes his discomposure clear to all, not only by banishing the men, whom he now begins to fear, but by imposing on them an oath of separation.

The king of England falls, for how could he stand, numbering, as he does, among his weaknesses the impetuosity of a petted boy? Gaunt, a gray-haired warrior, the last in a line of valiant patriots, is on his deathbed. Could not some license be here given for praise or for rebuke? No, thus the foolish boy replies to Gaunt's justifiable criticism—

> "And thou a lunatic lean-witted fool,
> Presuming on an ague's privilege."

Now we see some tendency to action. The king prepares for Ireland, but whence come the funds? The possessions of John of Gaunt, now deceased, will defray the cost. Who could be loyal to a king who thus rewards a patriot? Even York, usually the last to be moved, protests. What act could more surely gain public support for the banished Bolingbroke! It is not often possible to condemn this king without mingling pity in our condemnation, but here it is undoubtedly *he* who acts the "lunatic lean-witted fool".

Richard is a born artist, but he does not strive to develop or maintain his natural ability, with the consequence that he fails to produce performance from enthusiasm even in his own field. What can be more picturesque than the king's words addressed to the soil of England?—

> "Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
> . . . . . .
> So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
> And do thee favour with my royal hands."

Yes, your majesty, a beautiful thought, but will the caresses of your white and slender hands save this dear England? An artist could no more fully admire the painting he possessed, but would he not fight to the last gasp for so prized a possession?

O Richard, wake from this lethargic dream, awake and face the facts! While you thus with poetry adore, Bolingbroke returns from banishment. He acts and is impatient for more action. His sentimentalism expresses itself not in dreams, but in ministering to the needs of his army. The sky darkens quickly over your head, for the Welsh will not now support you. Then, at times, you are prepared to leave all to God, believing that—

"Not all the water in the rough, rude world
Can wash the balm from an anointed king."

But whence get you the surety? Is your faith so strong? Know you not that faith is of two components,—believing and doing? What have you *done* to deserve the strength to remove mountains? God helps those who help themselves. Why should you, then, be aided in expelling this man of infinite initiative?

. . . . . .

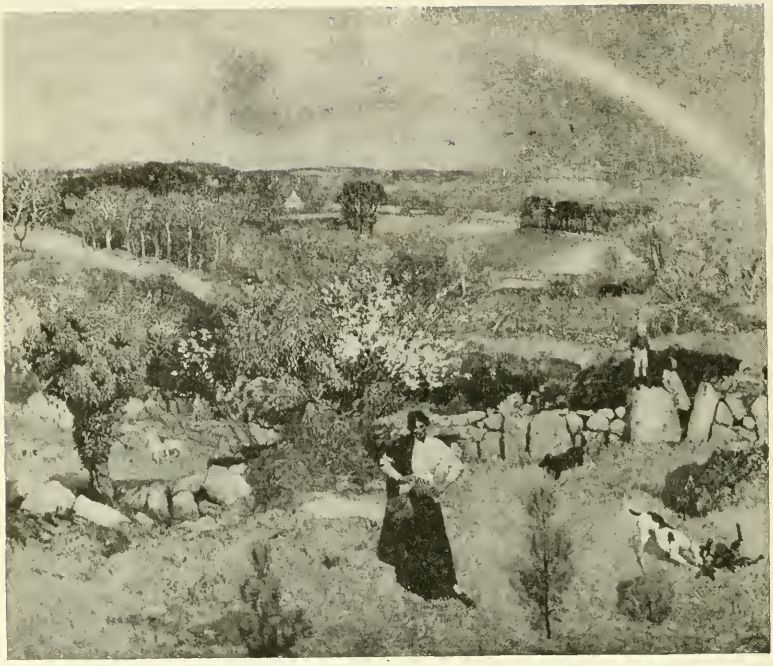
"There is in Richard a constant overflow of emotions from a total incapability of controlling them, and thence a waste of that energy, which should have been reserved for actions, in the passion and effort of mere resolves and menaces."—*Coleridge*.

—H. O. Lloyd, '23.

A DESECRATED SHRINE

The west wind rocks the towering elms on the lonely hilltop where I was born;
The sun climbs over the wooded limits proclaiming the birth of another morn;
The sky is as blue and the clouds as stately that chase their shadows across the wheat;
The tree-frog sings his hymn sedately; the locust is strident in the heat.
Of the little old house of logs and plaster—I deemed it fit for a a lord's delight
When it folded me safe from the dark's disaster that imminent waits for a boy at night—
There is nothing left but a dream to cherish, the place is pillaged and ploughed and sown;
But the very sky seems to come and cover those cherished memories I have known.

—Robert J. Lang, '16.



KNIGHT, LAURA.

38. Spring.

A Canadian Painting, exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition, 1921

WRITING POETRY

(With apologies to whom apologies are due—if anybody)

HAVE often thought I should like to write poetry. It's quite easy, you know. My friends sit down, reach for paper with one hand, for pen with the other, and dash off a few lines—and there you are! They send it away and in a few days' time it appears in print in the poet's corner of *The Daily Yowl*. Sometimes the editor puts in a nice little note about our coming laureate. Then the poet is famous, and everybody flutters around him, and he gets a lot of attention. So I wanted to write a little piece of poetry. Why should that fellow Wright, who is quite beneath me in the intellectual scale, and gets a dollar fifty a week less than I do at the office (and not worth it at that) get all the attention from pretty little Miss Tiepit—who used to let *me* go home with her before he came—just by writing some silly little thing about the stars, or sea, or something like that?

On the way to the office in the car the other morning I decided that I would write some poetry. Anybody can write poetry, if he will only give his mind to it. It was spring-like weather and that made me think of Spring. "Spring," I said, "is a suitable subject, much more sensible than stars or sea or sentiment." It comes but once a year, starts ladies to thinking of hats, and makes the automobile ride easier. So isn't there much more sense to it? "Spring," I said, "shall be my subject." A funny idea about springing it upon an editor came into my mind, but I resolutely put it from me.

So I hurried home that night, and after supper I went to my room, got a piece of paper, drew my fountain pen from its scabbard (poetic thought, that, about fountain pens and scabbards; perhaps I can work it up into something) primed the nib, and started. That is, I wrote "Spring" in large letters at the top of the paper. Then I wrote underneath:

"In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

After that, I couldn't think of anything else to put. Anyway, it was not very good poetry, because "fancy" and "love" don't rhyme. Besides, I wanted to avoid such silly, sentimental subjects. And didn't somebody else write that about love? I saw it in a book once, I am sure. It wouldn't do to copy somebody else. So I scratched that out, and scratched my head. It didn't seem to come. What should I say, what could I say, what would —Ah, at last, an inspiration:

"Just about this time, you know,
I feel that I should like to go"

But then I could not think of any place I should like to go to. Where *do* people go in the spring? Some go to gardening. The man next door did last spring. Then I thought about spring onions, but couldn't find a word to rhyme with onions except bunions. And *they* don't go together.

But I said I would stick to it. In a book about will power it says that Napoleon crossed the Alps, so why shouldn't I write poetry? It's easy enough, only perhaps a little slow at first till you get the hang of it. So I tried again, and then after one or two tries got this down:

"Once each year, about this time,
Comes to each man in his prime
A feeling that he'd like to dig
In his garden; prune a twig;
Thought sublime."

Now that I had it started, it began to be easier. I read that over. Pretty good, much better than Wright's airy trifling, as I've heard it called. Another verse, following on, as it were:

"In his blood there comes the lust
To get his spade, clean off the rust.
He thinks of how the flowers grow,
Of how he scrapes with rake and hoe,
In the dust.

"He sees the seedsmen's catalogues"

Only I couldn't find a word that would rhyme with "catalogues". There's bogs and frogs, but they won't do. But I am beginning to get the hang of it. If one word won't do, try another like it. What I want is another word for catalogue that

something will rhyme with. Or maybe I can change it round. Let's see:

"In seedsmen's booklets he can see
How fine and large the flowers will be.
And so he looks them through with care,
And puts a tick mark here and there,
On two or three.

"But ah, the ground is frozen hard
For three feet down—which makes a yard.
And so he'll have to wait a while
Till summer's sun begins to smile
And thaws the earth."

I thought that was a nice little piece of poetry. So I wrote it out neatly on another sheet of paper, and sent it with a polite letter to *The Daily Yowl*. "Now," I said to myself, "when that comes out in the Poet's Corner, old Wright'll feel pretty sick, and Miss Tiepit will wish she hadn't been So Mean. But I won't be proud, I'll speak to her and take her home again."

This morning I got a letter. I knew it was from *The Daily Yowl,* because their name was in the corner. "A neat little note of congratulation," I thought. So I opened it eagerly. My poem returned!

But I shall not allow myself to be discouraged. I shall send it to *The Daily Yowl's* competitor. I shall send all my poetic productions to them. Then when I become famous, *The Daily Yowl* will wish that it had recognized merit.

—A. W. Small, Theo.

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Editorial Notes

"'*And a very good thing* (he used to say), an excellent thing, the very best of practices, is to write a little every day. Just a little scrap, but cultivate the habit of doing it every day. I don't mean what is called keeping a diary, you know.' Don't write what you do. There's no benefit in that. We do things for all kinds of reasons and it's the reasons, not the things, that matter. Let your little daily scrap be something you've thought . . . It's very steadying, very steadying.'

"And his small hearers, desiring, like young colts in a field, nothing so little as anything steadying, paid as much attention to this 'jaw' as to any precept not supported by cane or impos-

ition. They made of it, indeed, a popular school joke, 'Oh, go and write a little every day and boil yourself, you ass!' But it appealed, dimly, to the reflective quality in the child Sabre's mind.''

This is one of the delightful touches of A. S. M. Hutchinson's *If Winter Comes*. We do not quote it to take a sly jab at the *Women's Department* of this month, but for the sheer whimsicality of the thing. An editor is so often confronted with two types, the one who calls him an ass and tells him to boil himself, and the one who pushes forward his own thoughts and maudlin sentiments feeling that they will make good reading. Neither type is of much use in college journalism—and perhaps we prefer the former. But there is a middle path that is followed by those who don't take themselves or their writings too seriously, and therefore produce something with freshness about it.

As we go to press, we are glad to announce that our ladies are champions in the Ladies Intercollege Debating Union. Miss M. Pugh, '22, and Miss Frances Trotter, '22, overcame Victoria College on March 20, in Castle Memorial Hall, and proved to the judges' satisfaction that Article X. of the League Covenant should be deleted. The Monthly extends sincere congratulations to the three teams of ladies who have made the championship possible. Encore!

It is a pleasant thing to be remembered in a distant land, and Mr. Kitchen's article this month proves that some remember the Monthly when they get an idea. We have heard that this article has also appeared in the *Star Weekly*, but we had it first.

College News

Around The Hall

Editor: Max C. Welch, '23

THE recent disquiet at Victoria College brings into the light the subject of student government, something in which all students ought to be interested. Through this system are effected a material alleviation in the task of the permanent government, and the training of a future citizen body; and so advantageous are these functions that both faculty and students must regard any form of suspension as a severe deprivation. To consider the machinery itself, the Student Executive appears to have two ends in view, the first, in common with all self-governing universities, the general administration of student business, and the second, arising from the exigencies of a resident body, the prosecution of the interests of residence life. In the first of these fields our system works most admirably, but from the second arise complications which under stressful circumstances, may tax all the resources of governmental ingenuity. For bearing the same relation to the faculty as the Student Council stands the stewardship of the residence, an office equal to it, but politically irresponsible, and therefore capable of acting as an absolute check. This gives rise to that incongruous distribution of power, which is the greatest anomoly of the whole constitution, for it gives us the picture of an executive body endowed in one field with so great expulsory power as to be almost despotic, rendered in the other so pusillanimous as to be almost ridiculous. It presents the same incongruous spectacle as the Canadian Assembly before 1837, which exercised a tyrannous control within itself, but was utterly helpless to impress its influence on the administration without first wooing the favor of the council. And yet our government carries on, and perhaps its character is inevitable in the nature of things. At any rate, it is fortunately free from the friction of a political institution, and so long as the three branches are mutually well-disposed, the constitution is reasonably effective, and only so soon as the oil of goodwill is withheld from the cogs, will the machine be brought to a halt.

Interyear Debate—At the Fresh-Theology debate on Friday, February 24th, the subject was, "Resolved, that Asiatics should be prevented from entering Canada as immigrants." According to S. France and A. J. Preston, supporting the affirmative for Theology, it would appear that Asiatics have a generally demoralizing effect and are not assimilable, and their working for nothing and living on much less appear to create rather keen competition with the Saxon in the labour market. The negative, by H. King and W. G. Brown, outlined about ten things that the affirmative had to prove to establish its case, and showed that the presence of Asiatics in the country affords a fine opportunity for evangelism and uplift, but suggested further restriction, not amounting to total prohibition, of immigration. The judges decided for the freshmen. Yells and music completed an otherwise endurable evening.

Final Inter-year Debate—With the conservatism characteristic of Year '25, Messrs. Minshall and Crandall allowed Year '23's orators all the rope required to restrain Mr. E. G. Hildebrand, Jr., and Max C. Welch in their efforts to capture the Inter-year Debating Trophy on Friday, March 10th.

At least that's the dope the judges, Solicitor Hope and Professors Curr and Brown, handed out, when the Juniors had finished their defence of the argument "Resolved, that an easier method of amending the American Constitution should be proposed by Congress and adopted by the American people." Whether Henry, President of the Debating Union, and Washington, the veracious sponsor of the much-amended American constitution, had anything in common except their first names, is rather difficult to determine. However, the slogan, "Let George do it" is still working, for as a presiding referee Chairman Henry did it well.

Of course listening to the vocal numbers given by Miss J. Cameron, '24, and the Ladies' Quartette of '23 was pleasant enough, but the impossible was to retain one's dignity when the presentation of a brace of cabbages to the victorious debaters occurred. No one could, or did. Titters, giggles, and chuckles, however, fled before a riot of ribaldry when the lifeless residue of the Juniors' hopes was solemnly borne into the Hall by stolid pallbearers. After the intrusion, Prof. J. G. Brown presented the cup, emblematic of the Inter-year Debating championship, to Year '25.

Lit. February 24.—The historian must needs take his pen in hand to relate that on the 24th of February Mr. F. Hadyn delivered a lecture in Castle Memorial Hall on "Some Literature." After a short discourse on contemporary writers of sea narratives, Mr. Hadyn read from Norman Duncan first one story,—and then another,—and then still another, at the request of his audience. When at last the meeting dispersed it was remarkable that for the first time in the experience of the oldest auditor "Thy Praises McMaster" was omitted.

Junior Collation—Nature makes no mistakes, her signs are sure. The changes she effects are sometimes oppressively regular, especially when they indicate, as now, that another senior year is soon to flee our midst. The regret with which such thoughts subdue us has become proverbial. Even the once maltreated Juniors suffer, their pain being more psychical than physical. How inappropriate to make such grief an occasion for feasting! And yet, how marvellously camouflaged must this same grief have been, for, on March 7th, the Carls-Rite banquethalls saw none of it. The waitresses first interested us. If they are accustomed to converse in the language of the menu, there is but little wonder that the butler's hair is grey; however, when the strange forms of Esperanto were substantially translated, the proof was in the eating. Then Mr. G. M. Henry skilfully mastered ceremonies, toasted the King, and interspersed appropriate anecdotes at random. It is rumoured that his immediate environment was not without its inspiring influence. The other toasts were also presented with spirit and were met by gallant replies. The address which could be accused of seriousness was the exception, although, in response to Mr. O. E. Broughton's Alma Mater invocation, Mr. Evan Gray took occasion to give some solid advice. Miss M. Grant, Mr. O. C. Elliott, Mr. J. S. Tiffin, and Mr. H. G. Doolittle, indulged in witty conversations regarding ladies and formal farewells. Mr. V. H. MacNeill by a Reading, Miss L. Richards by a piano number, Mr. H. O. Lloyd vocally, and Year '23 Ladies' Quartette, assisted in giving the programme variety.

Soph Party—It is persistently rumored that the Sophs held an impromptu party on February 15 at Miss Hull's on Spadina Road. It was planned successively as a sleighride, a straw-ride, and a skating party, but so far as we have found out, it ended in a surprise party all 'round, and most of all to Newman Gregory,

who missed the party altogether by taking responsibility for the commissariat department. It is regrettable that Mr. Gregory was thus forced to spend an evening with his books, but we understand he has since made up his average without difficulty.

Freshman Party—Professor Gilmour killed the fatted calf on March 11 for the amusement and nourishment of the Frosh. The Monthly finds that no inquest will be held, as the party has not yet been reported to have been dead. Dr. Gilmour in a recent interview states that his only regret over the affair is th evidence of bribery and corruption practised during the impromptu reception. He is quite prepared to overlook the innocent pastimes in which his young friends participated, but his feeling, which is shared by the other members of his family, is that honesty is the best policy when one is dealing in small sums. Mrs. Gilmour has expressed herself as grateful to the Freshmen for leaving a quart of ice cream to do for the Sunday dinner.

OUR CHAPEL.

Here at prayers on every morn
The students gay the seats adorn
And worship as in precincts holy
With manner solemn, melancholy,
(As though the stole of reverence wholly
Covered up the cloak of folly).
The pious hymn doth oft inspire
In lagging penitents new fire,
And sacred word, forever new,
Is more than ever meant for you;
Then prayer in solemn, sincere tones
Asks help from Him who all atones
And each one feels the sin he owns.
But come the scoffer and the fool
And he who thinks to ridicule
The one who sings all out of tune.
One thinks it is the greatest fun
To see what profs. on privileged chairs
Keep open eyes throughout the prayers,
Or, secretly to glance aside
Between small hands that vainly hide
Two pretty eyes left open wide;
Then as serene a duty done
Lo a day is well begun.

The poet wrote 20 lines more, but our space costs us $3.50 per page, and he only had 75c.

It Pays To Advertise

Advertising is a part of the Spirit of Democracy which cannot be blinked at or ignored. It is both a benefit and an annoyance intolerable. Tear off the coupon, and you will in due course receive catalogue or sample, or both. This is the story, sad as it is, of a young man whose life was rendered, for a space, intolerable,—and who does not now fully agree with the great American principle which forms our title.

For the sake of brevity, we shall call this young man Peter, and his friend James. Peter had offended James by pulling his bed or getting him with a pail of water. James thirsted for revenge and bided his time, nursing his wrath to keep it warm, behind a calm exterior. The time came when Peter went on a preaching tour to Rome. He returned, beatitudes in his heart, and a smile on his face, to find John awaiting him at the front door. Now John is an usher.

Thus John: "Say you, get somebody to help you cart your mail upstairs, and make it snappy. I can't get into the office till you do."

It was but too true, and even the manifestly appropriate retort courteous was forgotten in dismay. It was a veritable mountain of stationery, a chaos of correspondence, which overflowed the usher's office and hid the telephone. The fireman and janitor were hired to carry it up to his room, and he followed them in a daze.

The first opened was a ponderous envelope, which proved on examination to have emanated from a school for backward children. He sent it down to the freshman president. Next came a pamphlet, dealing with the cure of stammering, which he bestowed on his room-mate. (N. B. Only those conversant with the facts will appreciate the delicate irony of this account.) Old Town Canoes, Pepsodent, Halitosis, and Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle followed in their various disorders. Correspondence schools, barber colleges, Bible colleges, and business colleges; art-craft, trophy craft, and palmistry; insurance, oil-stock, live-stock; encyclopedias, razors, birdseed; rubber-goods, toilet sundries, and roofing *ad infinitum*. Only the dinner bell interrupted the good work. Three lectures had been missed, and his conscience was aggrieved. More came in the afternoon mail, with hair-restorer and all its kindred ills. His wonder grew, and his patience increased in inverse ratio as the mail. He consigned it all to Tartarus, and went to a show. That night his room-

mate was awakened by his loud laughter. "Of course I remember you," he was saying. "Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle. I met you at a meeting of the Misogynists in Room 31. You cleared us out in rummy. How about a little Halitosis? Oft a bridesmaid, but never a bride. Many men came and went in her life, but none remained. Double your salary. Are you a blonde? Improve your mind at our expense. Take the number C2104—Hello, is that you—?" But his room-mate waited to hear no more. He perceived that his friend, overwrought by his correspondence, was talking in his sleep. But even as he turned over to go to sleep again, and before he could even admonish his friend to "pipe down, you poor sap," he heard him say as one in a dream. "Good night you guys. It pays to advertise, Halitosis, tonsilitis, realty, guaranty—." But our informant heard no more.

—F. F. McN., '24.

'22—How many men are there in the Freshman class?
'24—About a dozen.
'22—Is that all?
'24—Yes, but the rest will grow up eventually.

Seniorette—Why can't you catch a ball like a man?
Freshette—Oh, men are bigger and easier to catch.

Women's Department

EDITOR:—FRANCES TROTTER, '22

ASST. EDITOR:—JEANETTE REDDICK, '23.

AFTER EASTER

"I crave your pardon that I did not know,—
But for you told me so,
Being a stranger here,—
This festival you celebrate each year,
I took it to be a sort of dress parade,
And fashion promenade,—
The matter of a hat, and gloves, and gown.
But for your telling me, I had not known
It had to do with linen grave-clothes laid
From the awakened Dead:
And with a napkin, folded by itself,
From the aroused Head."

—Gertrude MacGregor Moffatt.

NO one has ever understood us; to ourselves we have always seemed an inexplicable combination of contradictions. Chancing on the "recipe," as it were, by which we were concocted, in "A Digit of the Moon," a Hindu love story, the reason became apparent.

"In the beginning, when Twashtri came to the creation of woman, he found that he had exhausted his materials in the making of man, and that no solid elements were left. In this dilemma, after profound meditation, he did as follows. He took the rotundity of the moon, and the curves of creepers, and the clinging of tendrils, and the trembling of grass, and the slenderness of the reed, and the bloom of flowers, and the lightness of leaves, and the tapering of the elephant's trunk, and the glances of deer, and the clustering of rows of bees, and the joyous gaiety of sunbeams, and the weeping of the clouds, and the fickleness of the winds, and the timidity of the hare, and the vanity of the peacock, and the softness of the parrot's bosom, and the hardness of adamant, and the sweetness of honey, and the cruelty of the tiger, and the warm glow of fire, and the coldness of snow, and the chattering of the jays, and the cooing of the kokila, and the hypocrisy of the crane, and the fidelity of the chakrawaka; and compounding all these together, he made woman."

Is it any wonder man said: "What is to be done? For I cannot live either with her or without her?"

WOMEN'S CLUBS:—Ever since Dickens held up to ridicule

the foibles of the philanthropic Mrs. Jellyby, Women's Clubs have been more or less a matter for mirth for mankind. In spite of ridicule, however, they have persisted, until today, when women are playing active parts in world affairs, their clubs have become important and recognized factors in the realms of business, politics, society and art.

As an undergraduate, one is trained to work with others as a member of a class, a team, or a college. After graduation one looks about for a similar group. One desires to meet new people, to work for new causes, to ride new hobbies in common with other women of similar tastes. The Woman's Club offers these opportunities. Every town is provided with one or more of these groups,—or if not, will probably be grateful to the new college graduate if she will help to organize one. To the girl who makes Toronto her headquarters, here are a few of the organizations ready to welcome her:

The University Women's Club is open to all college graduates; through it one may affiliate with the International Federation of University Women. It offers club room privileges, and weekly meetings for an annual fee of $5.00.

The Business Women's Club is open to all women in business. It provides a club room and lunch room for an annual fee of $10.00.

The Canadian Women's Club is open to all Canadian women on payment of an annual fee of $2.00. It possesses no club room, but at its frequent meetings one has the opportunity of hearing speakers of international reputation.

The Women's Press Club, for women in Journalistic professions, charges an annual fee of $5.00.

The Heliconian Club, open to professional women engaged in art, music, and literature, holds weekly meetings and offers club-room privileges for an annual fee of $8.00.

The Women's Art Association is already familiar to most McMaster women. It is composed of women interested in the fine arts. It possesses a delightful club house. Its fees are $5.00 per year, with an initiation fee of $2.00.

Nearly all these clubs are affiliated with sister organizations all over Canada, which offer a nucleus of congenial acquaintances to the girl who comes as a stranger to a strange city. In general one finds them prepared to offer as much as one is prepared to give.

THE JOURNAL OF A SUB-GRAD.

Just imagine, Diary dear! You are going to be printed. The Editors showed their recognition of true merit when they asked if they could print part of you. I don't really think that they have chosen the most interesting parts, which are my thoughts on various subjects. Most people think I have no deep thoughts, but this is not so. Anyway, they are going to print some of my pictures which I think are quite good.

A

Feb. 10—We Freshettes gave the program at Women's Lit. One of the girls told a bear story, saying "woof" so many times that I drew this picture (A) of her. We had a piano duet and a song, and then acted out parts of "The Mill on the Floss." We Freshettes are certainly good actors!

B

Feb. 17—At last I have discovered my Life Work! Miss Mabee was at Y.W.C.A. today. She has charge of the foreigners at Memorial Institute and she told us all about it, and brought four cute little foreigners to sing to us. If only I could devote my life to such work! But my parents believe that I should be educated first.

C

Feb. 24.—The Orations were good this year. I have drawn this picture (B) so I shall always remember how the girls looked. Here are the subjects:

D

Fourth Year—Helen Brown—"The Understanding Heart."

Third Year—Dora Wilensky—"Modern Drama."

Second Year—Emo Gilmour—"Pioneers."

First Year—Dorothy Smith—"Canadian Patriotism."

Of course we wanted our year to win, but were glad that Emo won the Cup.

E

for she deserved it. Each speech in turn touched me very deeply, and my emotions were aroused. I feel sure, dear Diary, that I would make a splendid Orator. Just to think of pouring forth one's noble thoughts in a torrent of eloquence! Strange to say, I have never been asked to give an oration. Who knows but that the world has thus lost its greatest orator, through cold neglect and misunderstanding?

Diary dear, this picture (C) shows how circumstances have conspired against our hockey team. I wanted to write a poem about it too, so have used some ideas from Coleridge, which were quite good.

All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun at noon
Right over Varsity did stand—
'Twas hotter than the moon!
Water, water, everywhere,
And all the ice did shrink:
Water, water, everywhere,
O where was then our rink?
Our hockey team, tho' all prepared,
Was stranded by the flood;
We could not play, unless forsooth
We played in streams of mud!

March 3 and 4.—"The Women's Literary Society presents 'The Merchant of Venice.' ". We had been practising for months, Diary, and were perfectly thrilled when the time to give it actually came. I will quote part of what the daily papers said about it, not feeling able to express it better myself: "The colourful costumes and excellent lighting contributed to the success of the play, which was ably directed by Miss Rita Rogers . . Miss Mabel Pugh as Shylock, the cunning money lender, displayed a rare understanding unusual in amateur acting . . . Miss Frances Baxter was a convincing Portia, especially in the Court Scene, where she showed decided histrionic ability. . . . Much amusement was afforded by Miss Irene Wood as Launcelot Gobbo." The reporter didn't seem to notice my acting, though I considered my part quite important. My determination to make the stage my career is still firm, but I have decided to wear a mask, for I do not care for the "make-up" used. Then, too, I shall always choose a part that suits my type, for while my features are not remarkable, I do object to being made to appear positively homely! This picture (D) is one I drew of Shylock. I think it is good.

We have had several Saturday afternoon teas at Walling-

ford, Diary dear, and the men seem to like them, for they always come. This picture (E) is to help me remember them, the teas, I mean, not the men. They don't really throw the cups around like this, but they do have interesting conversations! Some poet said, "Discourse, the sweeter banquet of the mind." How true, Diary! He must have understood how one needs an understanding listener to whom one may pour out one's thoughts and aspirations. My parents say I talk too much, which shows that they fail to realize that I am no longer a mere child . . . "

Athletics

Editor: Otho C. Elliott, '23.

AN outsider judging the sporting proclivities of this University by the meagre presentation of this department last month might well reserve his final opinion until he had had an opportunity of noting the intense activity in hockey and basket-ball that has taken place within the last few weeks. The Interyear hockey schedule was carried out to its ultimate conclusion; interyear basket-ball to the same ultimate conclusion; and in the Student's Scholastic League McMaster went into the finals for the group championship, but lost in the last minute.

Basket Ball

In the Students' Basket-ball League McMaster is providing no mean share of the competition in the fight for supremacy at the top of the League. To date five games have been played off, leaving one more upon which depends Mac's chances for first place. Of the five fixtures McMaster has won two and lost three.

On Wednesday, February 15th, in a fast game with *Pharmacy*, McMaster was defeated by five points. Pharmacy has a good bunch of basket collectors who dispense an excellent class of combination plays. The final score was 25 to 20 in the Druggists' favor. On McMaster's team were,—Centre, Doolittle; defence, Smith and Paterson; forwards, Houghton, Kitchener and Atkinson.

Owing to the fact that February 22nd was 'Mac' night at the 'Y' the fourth game in the series was played with the *Senior*

Gym Class a week later on Wednesday, March 1st. Although the teams were more evenly matched than in that with Pharmacy our men were unable to overcome the two point lead of the Senior Class; consequently the game closed with the score 20 to 18 in the Senior's favor. Paterson played centre, Smith and Atkinson, defence, and Houghton and Kitchener, forwards.

In their second skirmish with *Osgoode* McMaster again defeated the lawyers by a score of 25 to 15. This victory was the more gratifying in view of the fact that at half-time Osgoode was leading with a score of 6 to 2. This time Mac had Paterson at centre, Houghton and Smith defence, and Kitchener and Morrison forwards.

Interyear Hockey

This year's interyear hockey was characterized by fervent enthusiasm, close games, and good rooting. A number of defaults by eleminated teams cut the schedule down to seven games, with two final games between the leaders. Great credit is due Mr. Hildebrand for his work in arranging playing hours.

The winning of the Inter-year Hockey Championship gives the Sophomores 5 points, the Juniors 3, and the Seniors 1.

Sophomores 3, Seniors 2.—Now it can be told how it was that the Seniors were defeated by the Sophomores at Little 'Vic' on Wednesday, February 15th. The unsuspected source of '24's strength discovered by the Seniors can undoubtedly be traced to the fact that the day previous was February the fourteenth. Spurred on by the remembrance of the lurid valentines received from their favorite vamp, they heartlessly pressed the play for that additional point that gave them the victory by a score of 3 to 2. The line-up was as follows:—

Sophomores—Goal, Goldring; defence, R. Dick and M. Hughes; forwards, W. Hughes and Stephens; centre, Kitchener; subs., Anderson and Daniel.

Seniors—Goal, Smith; defence, Doolittle and McBride; forwards, Atkinson and Eberlee; centre, Jones; sub, McBain.

Referee—Hildebrand.

Sophomores 12, Juniors 0.—It is reported that the Junior 'goalie' at this game, which was played at Varsity Thursday, February 16th, busied himself during the progress of the play in making a collection, with the aid of the net, of a dozen goals. The selfish boy did not even offer one to the little laddie in the

other goal. However, Master Wilkinson claims to have counted at least 1372 knots in the goal-net, which with the 0 of the Juniors, makes a total of 13720. Naughty boy!

Exchange of greetings was impossible between the two principals owing to the intervention of the following,—

Year '24—Goal, Wilkinson; defence, R. Dick and M. Hughes; forwards, W. Hughes and Stephens; centre, Kitchener; subs., Anderson and Daniel.

Year '23—Goal, Vose; defence, Bearss and Paterson; forwards, Henry and Hildebrand; centre, Stiver; sub, Segsworth.

Referee—Brown.

Juniors 3, Theologs 2—That preaching and puck-chasing are not closely allied was demonstrated at Little 'Vic' on Thursday, February 23rd Here the back-sliding Artists of '23 came to the front with three goals while the Ministers were forced to content themselves with two goals. It is rumoured that the presence of two Juniorettes inspired the achievement of the additional point which gave the Juniors the victory. The inspired Artists were,—Goal, W. Dick; defence, Dyce and Bearss; forwards, Paterson and Stiver; centre, Hildebrand; subs., Segsworth and Henry.

The Disillusioned—Goal, Gilmour; defence, Jamieson and Schatz; forwards, C. Farmer and Racicot; centre, Dingle; subs., Carr and Oddy.

Referee—McLay.

Juniors 3, Seniors 2—The features of this game on Friday, February 24th, at Little 'Vic' was the breaking of attendance records,—and hockey sticks. The natural desire of the 'he' for 'ante oculos vestros' ostentation also found vent in several interesting exhibitions of oratory, ice-ward gravitations, facial impressions, and a show of hockey to keep the referee in good humour. When the fragments had been gathered up Year '22 had an increment of two goals, while Year '23 had an undivided profit of three goals and a victory won to their credit. The Exhibitors were,—

Year '22—Goal, Smith; defence, Brown and McBride; forwards, McLay and Eberlee; centre, Jones; subs., Atkinson and McBain.

Year '23—Goal, W. Dick; defence, Bearss and Segsworth;

forwards, Stiver and Paterson; centre, Hildebrand; subs., Henry and Lloyd.

Referee—Jamieson.

Sophomores 1, Theology 0.—Fired with an unusual zeal to scalp the speedy Sophomore sextette, the Anti-Brimstone Barkers were themselves eradicated in the consuming holocaust of hockey as played at Little 'Vic' Saturday, February 25th. As they had burned their bridges behind them in their desperate venture, their defeat by the Sophomores on a score of 1 to 0 automatically fired them from Hildebrand's Hockey Hierarchy. The ostracized martyrs of the cloth were,—Goal, Gilmour; defence, Schatz and Jamieson; forwards, C. Farmer and Racicot; centre, Dingle; subs., Carr and Oddy.

The Soph Skaters were,—Goal, Goldring; defence, R. Dick and M. Hughes; forwards, W. Hughes and Stephens; centre, Kitchener; sub, Anderson.

Referee,—Stiver.

Juniors 1, Sophomores 0—The first game in the round for the Inter-year Hockey Championship was played off at Little 'Vic' on Wednesday, March 1st. From the beginning the play was closely contested by both teams, effective checking preventing the use of much combination. The first two periods were scoreless, but in the final period Stiver placed the puck in the most advantageous position for counting a goal, upon which lone tally rested the victory. The line-up was as follows,—

Juniors,—Goal, W. Diek; defence, Dyce and Bearss; forwards Paterson and Stiver; centre, Hildebrand; subs., Segsworth and Henry.

Sophomores,—Goal, Goldring; defence, R. Dick and M. Hughes; forwards, W. Hughes and Stephens; centre, Kitchener; sub., Anderson.

Referee,—Doolittle.

Sophomores 6, Juniors 2—The decisive battle occurred the next day, Thursday, March 2nd, at the same place. The heavy snowfall of the night previous provided the spectators (who were present in gratifying numbers), with an excellent substitute for their 'daily dozen' contortions. Through the kind efforts of this Society of Snowshovellers the rink was cleared for action in short order. Three full time periods of twenty exciting minutes each were filled with swift, keen hockey. Although several

regrettable penalties were imposed, the game on the whole was as interesting an exhibition of the sport as was played at any point in the series. The playing of the Hughes brothers and R. Dick in combination was most effective, while Goldring as guardian of the net blocked many a nasty one. For the Juniors it would be hard to single out an outstanding player, everyone working hard to retain the lead achieved on the previous day, but to no purpose. At the close of the final period Year '24 had six goals to the two goals of Year '23. As the Championship was decided on the total points made in both games, the Sophomores were accorded the leadership on the merit of six to three goals in the round.

Year '22—Goal, Goldring; defence, R. Dick and M. Hughes; forwards, W. Hughes and Stephens; centre, Kitchener; subs., Anderson and Freeman.

Year '23—Goal, W. Dick; defence, Dyce and Bearss; forwards, Stiver and Paterson; centre, Hildebrand; subs., Segsworth and Lloyd.

Referee,—Doolittle.

Interyear Basket-Ball

In the opening game of the interyear basket-ball series, played on Monday, March 6th, at Central 'Y.', the *Juniors* were disgracefully beaten by the *Freshmen*. Indifferent checking of the Third year men was, perhaps, in part responsible for the lead of eight points secured by the victors. The game closed with the score 18 to 10.

Frosh,—Centre, Wood; defence, Lucas and Bewell; forwards, Morison and Boadway; subs., Whitcombe and Pollock.

Juniors,—Centre, Paterson; defence, Dyce and Bearss; forwards, Stiver and Henry; subs., Vose and Lloyd.

Referee,—Atkinson.

Generosity was a strong feature of the *Soph-Theolog* basket-ball competition held on Tuesday, March 7th. Not wishing them to become too greatly discouraged '24 allowed their opponents to gain 16 points. However, believing in applying the scriptural full measure in practice the Sophs made doubly sure of their victory by gathering in 40 points.

Year '24—Centre, M. Hughes; defence, Bell and Briseo; forwards, Houghton and Kitchener; sub., R. Dick.

Theology,—Centre, I. Eberle; defence, McGrath and Gilmour; forwards, Dingle and Schatz; sub., Racicot.

Referee,—Morison.

Although it was Wednesday, March 8th and not a Friday, it was an unlucky day for the *Freshmen*. The *Seniors* had such a line on the baskets that the Year '25 were only able to tally 13 points to '22's 41. Of course the little fellows hardly had a chance to show their ability with the Seniors monopolizing the ball nearly all the time. Certainly no one can accuse them of not trying hard enough but the thirteenth goal was their limit. The Jingoed were,—Centre, Wood; defence, Lucas and Bewell; forwards, Morison and Whitcombe; subs., Boadway and Pollock.

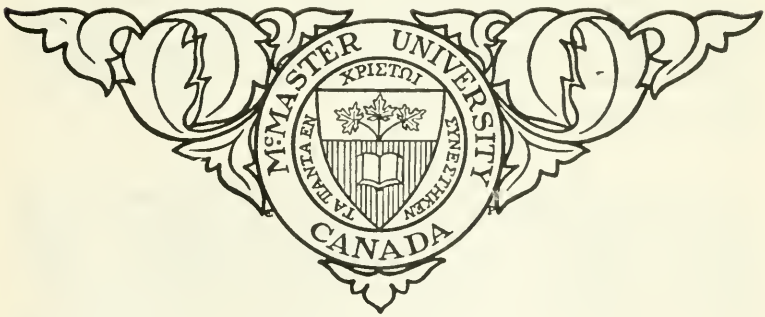
The Jingoists were.—Centre, Doolittle; defence, Smith and Atkinson; forwards, Platus and Jones; subs., T. Eberleee and Taylor.

The Freshmen, despite their good showing made in their game with the Juniors at the beginning of the series, were unable to muster a team to withstand the Sophomores. Consequently the game scheduled for Saturday, March 11th went by default to the Sophomores. Theology and Seniors were also slated for a game Saturday, but the Theologs defaulting gave the advantage to the Seniors.

The following Monday, the 13th, the Sophomores and Seniors mixed it up in a lively tussle for baskets. So lively was it, that two referees had a busy hour keeping order in the excited rabble. Score, Sophs. 15; Seniors, 10.

Doolittle played centre, for the Seniors; Atkinson and Jones, forwards; Platus and Smith, defence; and Webb subbed.

The Sophomores had M. Hughes on centre; Houghton and Kitchener, forwards; Daniel and Hackson defence; Bell and Brisco, subs. Referees—Morison and Paterson.



Our Graduates

Editor: Elven John Bengough, B.A.

We are all blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making
If it does not make the man.

Why build these cities glorious
If man unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the work unless
The builder also grows.

—*Edwin Markham.*

HE above quotation indicates the ideal of Christian Education. In a recent article by President McGlothlin of Furman University on the subject "Where does the Christian College differ from Others?" the writer pointed out that the difference is not in the curriculum, not in the method of teaching, and not even in denominational control, but in certain presuppositions, which he stated as follows: 1. The presence of God. 2. The Christian Religion. 3. The possibilities of a man; the values of eternal significance recognized in each student. 4. The ultimate aim of education—to produce a well-rounded man who will function properly in his relations with his fellow citizens, to his neighbors in the social order, and in his relations to the unseen world of spirit.

Such are, in general, the lines which differentiate, or ought to differentiate, McMaster from institutions with other ideals. It is well to review these things frequently, and to cast about in our thought to see whether she is living up to this high standard; and that means the application of the standard to ourselves,—students, ex-students, and graduates.

PERSONALIA

'97—P. G. Mode has issued a book on church history entitled "Source Book and Bibliographical Guide for American Church History," published by the George Banta Publishing Co., Menasha, Wis. The book is said to cover the whole field from the beginning of worship at Jamestown, Virginia, to the national religious gatherings since the close of the war. It deals with the rise of the various religious denominations and sects, and also with such topics as the church in war periods, the church and

slavery, frontier and foreign missions, and the church union movement. The book is intended especially for class room use.

'97—Professor I. G. Matthews is becoming very popular in Philadelphia and the district, and is a favorite speaker at the Philadelphia Ministers' Conference and at Baptist associational gatherings.

'01—Rev. R. E. Sayles, after a year and a half as Director of Industrial Relations for the Dort Automobile Corporation, Flint, Mich., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Ann Arbor. Ann Arbor is the educational centre of the state, with about 12,000 students in attendance at U. of M. The church is therefore considered a most strategic point in denominational work.

'02—Mrs. Mary Blackader Campbell (Mrs. Glenn Campbell) is on the faculties of Moulton College, Ontario Ladies' College, and Toronto Conservatory of Music. In the recent examinations at the Conservatory her pupils in piano and theory all were successful, eight out of ten obtaining honors.

'03—Rev. G. C. Lamont is now pastor of Mount Dennis Baptist Church, Toronto.

'04 (Theol.)—Capt. (Rev.) W. C. Riddiford is Chaplain of the Brant Military Hospital at Burlington. His native humor, well-known to all his friends, has manifested itself recently in a lecture "Old Bill, His Humor, His Heroism, and His Honor," illustrated with slides made from Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather's cartoons.

'06—Rev. Ernest J. Chave is in Sioux Falls, S.D.

'09—Awdrey L. Brown is at the Divinity School, University of Chicago.

'10—S. Roy Weaver is manager of the Shoe Manufacturers' Association of Canada. He has now been made manager of the Shoe Wholesalers' Association of Canada, which has just organized. The work of both associations is being carried on from offices in Toronto.

'10—Rev. E. E. Sayles, Pastor of First Baptist Church, Flint, Mich., has a membership of about 1000, with good attendances and the largest Sunday evening audiences in the city. Rev. A. A. Trembert. (Ex.-'14), is Assistant Minister, and is in charge of the Third Avenue Branch. Mrs. Sayles was Miss Wagstaff, '12, so First Church is well staffed with McMasterites.

'10—Rev. George A. MacLean has begun his duties as Pastor of the Baptist Church of St. Catharines, and he is reported to have made a most favorable impression.

'11—Alex Wilson, known in student days as "Shakespeare" Wilson, was married in January to Miss Grace Gray, a sister of E. Dwight Gray, '11.

'12—E. R. Ashall is practising law with the firm of J. P. White, now located at 336 Confederation Life Bldg., Toronto.

'14—J. Clarence Henderson died on February 25th, at Durham, Ont. Mr. Henderson suffered a break in his health in 1917, but recovered sufficiently by 1920 to take up work at Coldwater Continuation School, from which he moved to Durham High School in 1921. In view of his apparent recovery, as indicated by his resumption of his teaching work, the news of his death will come as a shock to his many friends. Mr. Henderson was born at Craigsholme, Ont., and educated at Fergus and Elora. He attended the Faculty of Education before entering his University course. In August of 1914 he married Miss Heath, of Orton, and a few months later he became Principal of Thornbury Continuation School. Later he took a position as Mathematical Specialist in Meaford High School, which he held until the break-down above referred to. He leaves two sons and his widow to mourn his loss. To these THE MONTHLY extends sympathy.

'14—J. D. Morrison is enjoying his work as pastor of North Baptist Church, Camden, N.J., though he says he would prefer the Canadian climate. The field is a difficult and challenging one, and that is one reason why J. D. likes it. He has recently added another Deaconess to his staff and he is now looking for a Director of Religious work.

'15—Gordon M. Philpott is on the advertising staff of the Ralston Purina Company, in St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A. We understand that he obtained the position through his acquaintance with one of the big men of the company, whom he met a few years ago when fire ranging in the north. His friend was in France as a General in the American Army and found Gordon over there and promised him a position. The result is that he is now on his way to a well-paid and important post. When last heard from, he was writing a booklet on pigeon-feed.

'16—Rev. P. P. Ziemann, Pastor of Tokyo Union Church, had the misfortune last month to lose all his belongings by fire. Mr. and Mrs. Ziemann were away from home for the afternoon and evening attending a Baptist meeting, and returning about ten o'clock found their home in ashes. Servants had been instructed to have an oil stove burning and it is supposed the stove was placed too near a bed. Included in the property destroyed

were all Mr. Ziemann's books and notes, which he considers his heaviest loss. A new house had been rented and Mr. and Mrs. Ziemann were planning to move in two or three days, when the fire occurred. The church members and friends have generously come to the help of their pastor and are contributing cash and house furnishings for the equipment of the new home. Mr. Ziemann's former church in Toronto, that on St. John's Road, is also making a contribution. Newspaper accounts which have come to hand from Tokyo indicate that the Ziemann home had always been a social centre for the missionaries of the city and in fact for the general foreign population.

'16—We regret to record the death of Mr. Russell A. Stewart, which took place on February 10th at the home of his parents, 16 Bernard Ave., Toronto. "Ra" as he was usually called, graduated in law in 1919 and was practising in that profession at the time of his death. He was a member of Sherbourne St. Methodist Church. At the funeral service representatives of the Faculty and the Student Body were present to manifest the sympathy of the institution with the bereaved family.

Ex. '16—Mr. Thomas R. Pracy, who was for a couple of years a member of '16 and afterwards a partial student, died on February 26th in the Toronto General Hospital, where he had been ill for less than a week. The funeral was conducted by Joshua Lodge, L.O.L. As far as we can learn, Mr. Pracy had no relatives in thise ountry. He was a Clerk of Eastern Ave. Baptist Church, where he was highly esteemed.

'16—Miss Alice E. Gregory recently obtained the degree A. T. C. M., having passed her final piano examination with honors. Miss Gregory also obtained honors in Theory of Music, and last June was awarded the medal for highest standing in Canada in sight singing.

'16—Rev. S. Grant Cole is in Vermillion, S.D.

'20—Miss Marjorie Mallagh is on the staff of St. Mary's Collegiate Institute.

Here and There

EDITOR:— JOHN D. TAYLOR, '22

"I speak truth not so much as I would, but as much as I dare, and dare a little more as I grow older."

HE *national sin* is that each man jack of us—or woman—has one little musty subject that he declares to be above criticism. It may be his law, or his religion, or his nationality, or what-not! The critical writer may cuss-around all he pleases and we enjoy it, we cheer him on so long as he keeps off our sacred subject."—*Roycroft.*

There will be offered for annual competition among the students of Dalhousie University two prizes for poetry, a first prize of two hundred dollars and a second prize of one hundred dollars. The poems may be epic, lyric or dramatic, and they may be of any length. Candidates may select any subject that they see fit; but they are recommended to choose Canadian themes.

Similar prizes are being offered by the same donor for prose composition, including short stories and descriptive sketches as well as essays proper upon any literary, historic, or philosophic subject—Canadian themes are here again recommended. Originality of thought, freshness of treatment, style, etc., will be chiefly considered by the jury of award. A high standard must be reached before a prize shall be awarded in either class, and that in any year when a prize is not awarded the equivalent sum shall be used for the purchase of books for the University Library.

"*When we get across* the rive Styx, the first thing we will do is to go behind the ferry-house, and roar us like sucking doves to think that we were born red and died bald, and always took the thing so seriously.—*Hubbard.*

THE LIBRARY.

Oh, Library, within thy walls so stern
We come to search for knowledge and to learn,
—At least the righteous do, the others stare,
Man at the girl; the maiden thro' her hair
Returns his gaze.

We gather books and place them by our side,
Thinking we look the student *bona fide*,
Each wonders if the other really thinks
He reads behind the tome, or round it winks
At some gay friend.

So 'mong the Bishops and Archbishops grave
We read, with hopes that we our sins may save
At Little-go, by gleaning knowledge here
From books with covers dusty, dark and drear
—Or something else.

—*From the T. C. D.*

The maiden's style of hairdressing must have been unusual to say the least.

In every profession every individual affects to appear what he would willing be esteemed; so that we may say, the world is composed of nothing but appearances.—*Rochefoucault.*

The new edition of the collected poems of William Bliss Carman together with many later ones which have never appeared in his books proves pleasant reading. We meet old friends and make new ones. *Dust of the Street* is quoted herewith in part.

This cosmic dust beneath our feet
Rising to hurry down the street,

Borne by the wind and blown astray
In its erratic senseless way.

Is the same stuff as you and I—
With knowledge and desire put by.
. . . . . .
These wandering atoms in their day
Perhaps have passed this very way.
. . . . . .
And you will not decline a task
So slight, when it is all I ask.

Scatter my ashes in the street
Where avenue and crossway meet.

I beg you of your charity,
No granite and cement for me.

I needlessly perpetuate
An unimportant name and date.
. . . . . .
But I would have my dust return

To the one place it loved the best
In days when it was happiest.

The little daughter of a Congressman was sitting one evening on her father's knee. She had a new little brother whom she re-

garded with wonder, as children do regard the latest usurper before they have learned to love him.

"To-day," said her father, "a man offered to give me a whole roomful of gold for little brother. Shall I sell him?"

The child shook her head.

"But," said the father, "think how many nice things a roomful of gold would buy! Don't you think I better let the man have him?"

"No," answered the girl, thoughtfully, "let's keep him till he's older; he'll be worth more then."—*Harper's Magazine.*

The cost entailed by existing methods of raising revenue is enormous. Our three grades of government, federal, provincial and municipal, seek revenue from every available source; their taxation overlaps in all directions; we have three sets of collection machinery; three sets of officials whose interpretation of taxation measures vary considerably; which results in the tax burdened taxpayer being worried by three different governing bodies; three different kinds of regulations, and last but not least, three different groups of officials. When one realizes that this situation actually exists it is not surprising that an unnecessarily large portion of the taxes paid by the people is swallowed up in collection expenses.

The suggestion has been advanced a number of times that an Income Tax should be levied by the Dominion Government which, when collected, could be divided between our three governments, federal, provincial and municipal. The carrying out of this suggestion would secure a uniform system of income tax assessment and collection; would reduce the cost of tax collection; would simplify the assessment and collection process; would centralize taxation machinery and would do much to allay the irritation which our present complex methods create.

The federal government has an income tax; our provinces are gradually moving toward an income tax, and some of the municipalities already have an income tax. The proposal to consolidate the income tax machinery is unassailable in theory and the practical difficulties could and would be overcome if the general public made it known that they insisted on consolidation of the taxation machinery.

—*Canadian Finance.*

The small son of a well-known electrical engineer one day picked up a hornet. When his father hurried out to discover the cause of the commotion, the little lad was ruefully sucking his thumb, while tears streamed down his face.

"Why, what's the trouble?" asked the father.

"It was that bug," explained the boy between sobs. "I think his wirin' is defective. I touched him, and he wasn't insulated at all."

Popular Lies

I think Mathematics is so interesting, don't you?
I shall never love another.
I'm sure I made a first class on that test.
I haven't been to a show for ages.
I'll pay you back next week.
I must have forgotten to wind it.
These are the best tickets I could get.
Tell him I'll be down in a minute.
I think lantern slides are so educational.—*Exchange.*

One angle of the Japanese libel law is to the effect that whenever a citizen challenges the truth of a newspaper story concerning him and complains that he has been injured by it the newspaper must print a denial of the story. If the wording of the denial is longer than the offending story the newspaper can collect full advertising rates for the excess wording.

With apologies to the T.C.D. Save time post card:
Sentences not required may be erased:

1. Dear (a) Mother, (b), Father, (c), Auntie, (d) Tutor, (e), Mrs—, (f)—est Flossie.
2. I am (a) quite well, (b) well, (c) so-so.
3. I have been admitted (a) into residence, (b) into the Nip and Tuck, (c) into the Hospital, (d) to my B.A.
4. (a) I have got my term, (b) There has been some misunderstanding about my term.
5. I have got (a) your letter, (b) your account, (c) my "M", (d), Mumps, (e) a quarter, (f) 'em again, (g) sent down.
6. Good (a) bye, (b) luck, (c) riddance.

(Signature)———B. L.
B. A.
B. Th.
M.A.

She was visiting her uncle in California who was showing her the many things that grow there.

"This is a fig tree," said he.

"Why, Uncle, I thought fig leaves were larger than that," she said.—*McGill Daily.*

An eminent authority informs us that the reason our papers are so long in coming back after an exam. is that goose-eggs take six weeks to hatch.—*Gateway.*

A witty convict is unusual. The London Morning Post tells of one such fellow, however—a man whom Capt. Spencer, senior missionary of the Church Army, once visited in his cell.

"Well, my man," said the captain, "and what do you do when you are out at work?"

"Well," replied the convict in a philosophic manner, "in spring I pick peas, in summer I pick fruit, in autumn I pick 'ops, and in the winter I picks pockets."

"And what happens then?"

"Then," continued the convict, "they take me up and send me in 'ere, and I pick oakum."

Lucretia: "Oh, the monotony of this place! I fear that before the day is over it will drive me wild."

George W.: "May I come around this evening?"

He: "Shall we go outside for a little walk?"

She: "You boys do have the funniest ways of saying what you mean."

BEAT HIM TO IT

Student (writing home)—How do you spell "financially."

Other—Financially, and there are two r's in "embarrassed."

—*Harpers.*

We acknowledge the receipt of the following publications:—*McGill Daily, Queens Journal, Western U. Gazette, Gateway, Sheaf, Managra, Acadia Athenaeum, T.C.D.*—Thank you.

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A Coach at the Crown and Thistle.

A Canadian Painting, exhibited at the Canadian National Exhibition, 1921.

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THE RED MAN'S TRAIL*

ON account of the dearth of records, the trail of the Red Man cannot be traced further back through history than to the discovery of America. Christopher Columbus, in 1492, thinking he had finally found a western route to India, named the inhabitants of this country Indians. Since that time almost unlimited efforts have been made to ascertain the origin of this glorious race, but all in vain. Many theories, however, have been advanced, among which the most novel is that they are the descendants of the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel, and the most romantic that they find their ancestry in a colony of Welshmen established on American shores in the 12th century. But research throws no satisfactory light on their past history, and we can be certain only that

> "There was a time on this fair continent,
> When all things throve in spacious peacefulness
> And all the wild life of this western world
> Knew not the fear of man; yet in these woods,
> And by these plenteous streams and mighty lakes,
> And in stupendous steppes of peerless plain,
> And in the rocky gloom of canyons deep
> There lived a soul, more wild and barbarous:
> A tameless soul,—the sunburnt savage—free,
> Free and untainted by the greed of gain,
> Great nature's man, content with nature's food."

Here the Indian was a part of nature, loving her, fearing her, resembling her, able to conquer her sufficiently to maintain and to propagate himself. His character reflects his environment. As Parkman remarks: "His haughty mind, imbued with the spirit of the wilderness, his unruly pride and untamed freedom

*Prize Oration, Oratorical Contest, March 31, 1922.

were in harmony with the lonely mountains, cataracts and rivers among which he dwelt."

He could be as calm and quiet as the waters of a mountain lake at sunset on a breathless eve, but, like that lake, when lashed by the winds of circumstance, the waves of his wrath could roll over opposing forces with ruthless, unrelenting cruelty. He revelled in music, but it was at once the murmur of the rippling brook and the roar of the hurling torrent; he delighted in oratory, but it was the oratory that rang with the strength, the dignity and the independent freedom of the towering mountain peak; he was an almost invincible warrior, but he was a warrior who resembled the stalwart oak rather than the knight of the middle ages, or the modern infantryman; to a friend he was unswerving and true as the laws of nature, but to his enemy as uncompromising as the very forces which surrounded him. Is not this a man wonderfully adapted to be the aboriginal inhabitant of our glorious Dominion?

"Uncouth, yet born to brave thy biting cold,
These are thy sons, O Canada!"

This mighty son of the forest naturally possessed religious conceptions that conformed to the strength and dignity of his character. In the opinion of Jean Stratton Porter, "His religion embracing the idea of a great Spirit to whom he was responsible for his deeds here . . . was as fine as any religion that ever has been practised by the people of any nation." It is the product of his intimate contact with the world of nature. The burning rays of the sun, the captivating light of the moon, the kindly blinking of the stars, the whisper of the fir trees in the solitudes of the forests, the kiss of the zephyr breezes upon the open plain, the lapping of the waves against the shores of our mighty lakes, the beckoning of the distant snow-capped mountain range, all spoke to him of the Great Spirit who lived in the Happy Hunting Ground, and who controlled all things. He believed that He who provided for the needs of the Buffalo, the Bison and the Beaver, would also cater to the necessity of the Red Man:

"Him do we follow, Him do we fear,
Spirit of earth and sky,
Who hears with the Wapiti's eager ear,
His poor Red Children cry.

Whose whisper we note in every breeze
That stirs the birch canoe,
Who hangs the reindeer moss on the trees,
For the food of the caribou.

That Spirit we worship who walks, unseen,
Through our land of ice and snow,
We know not His face, we know not His place,
But His presence and power we know."

Being a part of our natural life, it was quite inevitable that the Indian should make a mighty contribution to the development of our history and civilization. We Canadians must ever stand amazed at the trail he has blazed across our land. From "East to West, from tide to tide" he has left the imprint of his passage. His language has made an indelible impression on our history in the names of our provinces, Manitoba and Ontario, of several of our cities, from Ottawa and Toronto to Winnipeg and Vancouver. Even the word 'Canada' itself is borrowed from the Indian tongue. The missionary, the soldier, the trader, the explorer, the settler, all have followed his trail through the Canadian forests; the villages once picturesque with wigwams have become the origin of our smoky cities; the cairns of stone still to be seen in many parts of our country commemorate some great Indian victory in the misty past; the painted rocks on the shores of Lake Superior indicate the spots whence ascended the atoning incense of the offerings of some dusky penitent who sought to appease the Great Spirit of the Lakes; that circle of stones upon the Alberta prairie yonder is an open book that tells us of some peaceful Indian hamlet which nestled long years since beneath the shadow of the Rockies; the belts of wampum, the wooden, stone and ivory utensils that are being unearthed constantly in every part of the Dominion pay silent tribute to his industry and inventive genius; upon the trees and rocks and stones the painted hieroglyphics which Longfellow designates as "wonderful and mystic figures" that "each some word or thought suggested" constitute the library that he has bequeathed from his aboriginal mind. Moreover he has made notable contributions to our Canadian literary genius. In all the expanse of our native literature are there any poems that sur-

pass in beauty of concept and excellence of technique those of our Indian poetess, Pauline Johnson? Is there one more beautiful than her "Song my Paddle Sings"? Is there one that contains more native fire than "As Red Men Die," or more sympathetic tenderness than her "Lullaby of the Iroquois"?

Equally great as these, however, are the more direct contributions that the Red Man has made to our history. In the Seven Years' War, the result of which has shaped the destiny of America for the ensuing centuries, the Indians held the balance of power. Indeed one writer says that the "Iroquois alliance with the English forms the chief fact in American history down to 1763." Not only did they assist the British in winning Canada, but, during the American War of Independence, practically every tribe remained loyal, many of them subsequently being given large grants of land throughout our Dominion. They stand out pre-eminently as true United Empire Loyalists. In the War of 1812, the baffling manœuvres of the Indian warriors constituted one of the chief factors in the repulse of the American invaders. In connection with this, we owe an unpaid and too often unrecognized debt to the great chief, Tecumseh, who was, in the words of General Brock, a "gracious and gallant warrior". His name must ever remain emblazoned in letters of gold across the walls of Canadian history on account of the courageous stand he took at Moraviantown, when, after the British had retreated, he and his dusky followers held their ground until the gallant chieftain received a fatal bullet.

"Then loyal to his race,
He bends to death, but never to disgrace."

This magnificent story of loyalty to the British flag finds admirable consummation in the enviable record the Indians made during the Great War. Though not subject to the Compulsory Service Act, over thirty-five per cent. of the eligible male population enlisted, an achievement not surpassed and seldom equalled among the white communities. "In daring and intrepidity they were second to none, and their performance is a ringing rebuttal to the familiar assertion that the Red Man has deteriorated."

On account of their gallant bravery, all ranks suffered severe casualties, and to-day there is many a "corner of a foreign field" that must remain forever Indian.

In view of his majestic character, and his wonderful contribution to our national life, it is one of the cruel facts of history that with the advance of the pale face, the Indian seems doomed to gradually disappear. The superior social and military organization of the white man swept all before it, until now

> "Our footsteps press where centuries ago,
> The Red Man fought and conquered; lost and won;
> Whole tribes and races, gone like last year's snow,
> Have found the Eternal Hunting Grounds and run
> The fiery gauntlet of their active days,
> Till few are left to tell the mournful tale."

From him has been wrested his lands, his forests, his hunting grounds; he has been crowded back into a small territory that is to him but a prison; the European diseases that came with the immigrant have worked havoc upon his numbers, so that the native population has been diminished by one half. Likewise, his weaker moral stamina could not withstand the evils attendant upon the influx of civilized forces, and therefore an increasing wave of immorality swept gradually but persistently over the whole race. True, the white man introduced Christianity, but while giving him the principles of the Master of men with the one hand, we have sold him fire-water, given him diseases, stolen his land, and usurped his rightful title with the other. Can we be surprised that the passion of Pauline Johnson breaks out thus in defence of her people?

> "What have you left to us of land, and what have you left of game?
> What have you brought but evil and curses since you came?
> How have you paid us for our game? how paid us for our land?
> By a book to save our souls from the sins you brought in your other hand,
> Go back with your new religion; we never have understood
> Your robbing an Indian's body and mocking his soul with food."

But notwithstanding the injustices that have been done him, incidental to the inexorable march of human progress, and in spite of the unpardonable treatment accorded him by unscrupulous politicians, the Indian has made almost miraculous advance. In 200 years, he has risen from a state of illiteracy and barbar-

ism to a plane of comparative culture, until to-day his race embraces all classes from the hunter of the Northland to the doctor, lawyer, or clergyman who is a University graduate.

What he desires now is not to be pampered like a helpless babe on the one hand, or treated like an outcast, and robbed of his birthright on the other, but simply to be accorded equality of manhood and womanhood with the white, thus to be allowed full freedom in an environment that will not only facilitate, but rather actuate his hightest possible future development. He asks only that he be given sufficient assistance to enable him to place his foot in the van of the nation's progress, and to take his place in the onward march of the country's life. Already he is knocking at the door of state, requesting admission to its citizenship, eager to avail himself of its opportunities, but willing also to assume his just share of its responsibilities, thus to make a further contribution to our national life.

In view of these things, we owe it to our honour to discharge our obligations to him, the original son of Canada, whose land we have usurped, whose inheritance of freedom and resource we have stolen, who has made such a large contribution to our Canadian character, culture, and history, but who has been rewarded by seeing his numbers decreased, his physical stamina weakened and his moral standards undermined by contact with the evils of our civilization. To-day, he challenges all true Canadians,

> "Who have faith in God and nature,
> Who believe that in all ages
> Every human heart is human
> That in even savage bosoms,
> There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
> For the good they comprehend not."

to exert every force at their command to develop his life in order that he may attain to the physical, mental and moral heritage that is his by natural right, that in the Canada of to-morrow, the trail of the Red Man may coalesce with the path of the Pale Face to the upbuilding of a stronger, nobler, more virile Canadianism.

—G. M. Henry, '23.

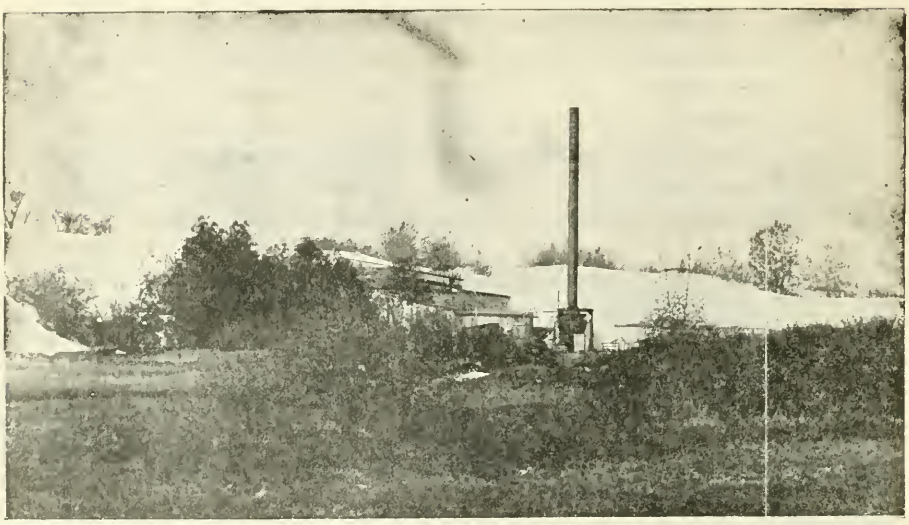
RECLAIMING THE SAND BANKS OF PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY

TO see hundreds of acres of land, made up of high hills, green covered slopes and wooded flats, change from beauty and usefulness, to waste and destruction, during a man's life time, is not a pleasant experience to dwell upon, especially when much of the transformed area belongs to himself. Nevertheless such is the experience of land owners in the neighborhood of the famous Sand Banks of Prince Edward County, Ontario.

These Banks consist of a finger-shaped peninsula which separates the waters of West Lake—a lake five miles in two dimensions—from Lake Ontario. It is three-quarters of a mile wide at its base and extends five miles in a north-westerly direction until it reaches the town of Wellington in a narrow point.

A graphic history of an Ontario sand dune. The marshy flat by the lake was once a mountain of sand which in the course of years was blown inland, submerging farms and buildings. The stumps of the original trees have been uncovered by the process and some vegetation is springing up in the moist soil.

Fifty years ago, these hills of pure sand rose abruptly from the shore of Lake Ontario to heights varying from forty to eighty feet. The lake-side slopes were clothed with grass and scrubby trees—trees that were unsuited for timber and which furnished an inferior sort of fuel, because for a hundred years or more their trunks and branches had been beaten into tortuous shapes by the punishing winds of the north-west. The chief value of



Foot by foot the sand dunes of Prince Edward County, Ontario, creep forward, completely submerging all land and buildings in their path. The picture shows a brick factory which is already partly buried.

these, as well as the grass, was to bind the sand with their roots and prevent the soil from drifting. The opposite slopes, being sheltered from the wind, presented a luxuriant tangle of grass and vines and trees. Between the larger hills were fertile gullies with mixed stands of white pine, spruce, balsam, red and white cedar and some large hardwoods. The bottoms were filled with deep grass and rank growing herbaceous plants. Midway between hills and cleared land, occupying the low areas, were dense stands of white cedar, invaluable for a dozen uses on the

Blocking the sand dunes of Prince Edward County, Ontario, by planting trees. The planting gang is putting in willows and poplars. The willows in the background have attained their remarkable height in ten years.

farm. So abundant was this forest cover, on hills and in swamps, that not infrequently farmers were unable to locate for days, cattle which had been allowed to stray from fenced-in pastures.

Since this time, an almost unbelieveable change has taken place. To-day the place once occupied by hills is marked by barren flats. They have been flattened out as if by some giant's hand, over cedar swamp and more valuable agricultural land. Only small remnants of former vegetation remain to tell the story of the abundance that once was there.

Those who are not acquainted with the rapidity with which the surface of the earth is modified by human action, may well wonder how such destructive agencies as these moving sand dunes commenced. For it is known that areas of this kind have remained in the same position, and consequently harmless, for untold ages only to be laid open to the destructive work they are capable of doing, by the coming of man. The injudic-

ious removal of trees for fuel and timber, and the grazing of cattle, which destroy the young growth and disturb the surface vegetation, let down the bars that open the way for soil drift devastation. The fine particles of sand are then dislodged and blown slowly and steadily before the prevailing winds of that particular region, piling into mounds, spreading over forest and field and destroying everything in their path.

The silent advance of a great power of destruction. Sand dunes creeping across farm land. Four roadways lie beneath the billows.

Up to the present it is estimated that eighty-five acres of farm land—land which is surpassed by none in the Province—have been spoiled or covered by drifting sand. Barns also have been buried, one house has been moved twice and the site once occupied by a hotel is covered with twenty feet of sterile soil. The original roads in this part of the county lie under thirty feet of waste, and one section of the thoroughfare has been laid out four times. To-day when you follow the road, as it makes a wide detour from its rightful position, the sand monster is seen,

suggestive of some insidious serpent, as it sneaks its way through the forest and over fields in crop.

The only permanent way of stabilizing areas of this kind is by planting trees. First of all, fast growing varieties of Willow and Poplar are set out. Trees of this species grow very rapidly on poor soil, and form a thick network of roots and branches which increase in number as the sand covers them up. After the soil has been held in place in this way and there is no more fear of drifting sand, more valuable species of evergreens and hardwoods can be planted.

During the spring of 1921, the Government planted 150,000 trees of mixed Willow and Poplar over an area of 150 acres where the destruction is most imminent. The trees were planted in belts, each consisting of five to seven rows of plants and were run at right angles to the direction of greatest drift. In succeeding years the work will extend along the entire five miles toward the town of Wellington and this large waste area, through wise forestry methods, will be turned back again into a productive and beautiful woodland.

—Arthur Herbert Richardson, '15.

"To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury; and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never. In a word, to let the spiritual, unhidden and unconscious grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony."—*William Henry Channing.*

TO ATLAS

Great Titan! doomed by Jove's decree
To groaning fate. Eternally
Beneath thy crushing burden bowed,
Unpitied, slave of Master proud;
From age to age, (unending curse)
Condemned to bear the universe;
Look up! A respite 'twere to know
A brother-slave of toil and woe.

Behold this helot of the school!
This new-age Atlas see! by rule
And sottish custom doomed, as thou,
To slave at tyrant's will and bow
His shoulders 'neath a galling freight,
That stoops his soul with bitter hate
Of wrong unjustly borne. Ah, well
Thou knowest the Ineluctable.

This laden bondsman and his woe,
Sad son of Saturn, wouldst thou know?
What cruel fate, what wicked god,
What pitiless, pernicious fraud
Piled up that mount of crushing load
To curse an earthly pilgrim's road?
So ponderous and high it springs,
It masks the anguish that it wrings.

O patient Titan, pitiful,
He is a man who teaches school
By day; but when night's shadows fall,
And toilers flee from labor's thrall,
He lights his lamp, and stoops his head,
Unnumbered reams before him spread
Of cap, scrawled full of drooling screeds,
And reads, and reads, and reads, and reads.

With eyes ablur and brain afire,
He can not, must not, dare not tire,
Till midnight bans the dreary text,
To be continued on the next.
And night by night, he seeks his cot,
With drivel daft, with drool distraught.
He says no prayers; he sings no psalms;
But slams his desk, and damns "exams."

Who laid this burden, wouldst thou ask?
Whose fiat keeps him at this task?
What insolence, what monstrous rage
Compels this shameful peonage?
Alas, great Titan, none can tell;
He perished when the Deluge fell.
'Tis thought he was a man of brains
And teachers, therefore, love his chains.

O Atlas, patient, strong and great,
What Hercules will lift this weight?
When comes the Anarch, daring, strong,
To smite this cruel, senseless wrong?
What God annul the curst decree:
That what has been must always be?
When peals the doom of fools and knaves?
And teachers are no longer slaves?

—By a graduate of '06, in the A.T.A. Magazine

A BIRD OF A PICTURE

EACH was a perfect oval and each of the same circumference. Each was rimmed with silvery shimmering birches and poplars, gracefully rising above the pebbly shore, and just as gracefully reflected in the liquid blue below. Two lakes more alike could not be imagined. They were twins,—twin mirrors reflecting the blue of the heavens, twin jewels, pale turquoises, set by the dark green girdle of the pineclad hills, and linking each to each was a narrow silvery channel.

There they lay below us,—two silvery ovals, and the curved silvery channel between. Now we knew why they were called the Spectacle Lakes. They looked for all the world like a pair of spectacles!

Dick saw them with the eyes of a fisherman. He was out for fish. But I saw them through the eyes of one in the worst stages of a boyhood camera mania. I was out for snapshots. I had little patience with Dick's fish fever. So out came my camera. Dick groaned. This was my sixth roll of films. Dick had no patience with photographers.

"What a bird of a picture!" I cried.

"That's your favorite expression!" groaned Dick.

They looked for all the world like a pair of spectacles!

* * * * * *

We had come down the day before intending to go to Squaw Lake. Dick had been there before, and the fishing was good. Besides, there was only a quarter of a mile portage to get there. But we had met the fire ranger. He was a Swede,—I thought he was a rather picturesque personage, and of course had to have my snapshot,—and he it was who had told us of the Spectacle Lakes.

"Better fishin' than Squaw, in fact," he remarked.

"Where are these Spectacles?" we asked.

"Two mile portage, startin' in just north of the rocky point with them two pine trees."

We were undecided. We had intended going to Squaw. I was thinking of that two mile portage,—my pet aversion, those portages. But Dick was thinking of the fishing.

"Toss a copper," he suggested. "Tails, Spectacles. Heads, Squaw."

Tails she was.

"Come on, two out of three," I protested.

Tails again.

So here we were, bright and early next morning, half way across that two mile portage, up on the height of land, a wonderful expanse before us, hills, pine-clad green hills, blue sky, and nestling below those twin lakes, twin silver ovals, and the curved silver channel between. They looked for all the world like a pair of Spectacles!

"What a bird of a picture!"

This was my sixth roll of films.

Dick groaned.

* * * * * *

We paddled out over the mirrored surface of Spectacle number one. It was a gloriously bright and refreshing July morning. The fishing was good. Dick got some beauties,—and I was getting some more snapshots.

"Let's go over into the other Spectacle," I suggested, thinking of the snapshots I could get over there.

Far fields look green, and I guess Dick was thinking that perhaps the fishing would be even better in the other lake.

"All right," he agreed.

So we paddled ahead, full speed, and soon were rounding the curved connecting channel, the nose-piece of the Spectacles. It was slow paddling, threading an intricate pathway through the rocks and shallows. The channel was longer than we had expected, and it was a good half hour before we could see the opening into the second lake.

There was a sudden splashing sound in the distance.

"Listen! There's something in there," said Dick.

We stopped. Again the loud splashing just around the mouth of the channel.

We paddled up quietly until we could just see around the point. I was in the bow and got the first view.

"For the love of Mike! Look!" I whispered.

The lake was shallow and had been filled with waterlilies, a gread bed of them. But now what a sight! A slashing of torn-up stems and leaves, broken white blossoms and big bulbous roots floating here and there like huge pineapples! And in the midst of this chaos, not twenty yards away, were a great brown pair of shoulders, the muddy water seething and splashing around them.

"Look at the moose!"

His head was under water, rooting up the lily bulbs. Apparently they were his favorite fruit. Then the great awkward head came up for air. The antlers were laid aside for the summer,—it was a huge shapeless head. Then down it ducked again.

"Let's paddle up on him!"

Neither of us had seen a moose at close range before, and like fools who rush in where angels fear to tread, we paddled straight for the big pair of shoulders—not twenty yards away.

At one moment I could almost have poked him with the paddle!

We sped past him and turned. Then the head lifted. We were perhaps twenty feet away. The moose stood motionless for fully a minute, his huge awkward face filled with fear and astonishment. Then a mighty snort, a great clumsy leap, and splashing and snorting he turned and headed for the shore, broke furiously through the thick growth of alders, and tore away into the dark woods. Our last glimpse was the little white tail waving its distressed farewell.

* * * * * *

He was gone.

We were speechless.

I could hear my heart throbbing violently.

"What a bird of a picture!"—my "favorite expression",—I said it automatically.

Then Dick laughed.

"You poor fish!" and he laughed more heartily.

"What's the joke?" I cried.

"Where's your camera?" and he laughed till the tears came, while the hills echoed his resounding glee.

I felt in my hip pocket,—there it was.

The sun was behind us.

The moose *had* been in front of us.

The chance of a life time!

A "close-up" of a moose!

What a bird of a picture!—But the moose was gone.

And my camera was in my hip pocket.

Dick roared.

He enjoyed the joke.

All nature reechoed his mirth.

But I,— — I couldn't look my camera in the face for weeks!

—X.

MODESTY IS THE BEST POLICY

IF I have one virtue in greater degree than the rest, that virtue is modesty. I do not mean that nauseating underestimation of one's abilities so noticeable in a freshman quivering before the prospect of exams, but rather that mild self-depreciation which is so becoming to a senior debater as he enters the fray against a junior team. He endeavors to look apologetic for his coming "defeat," well-knowing in his modest soul that he can clean up anybody who has the temerity to oppose him.

It is in this frame of mind that I approach the subject of a summer occupation. After three years of university training, it is useless to deny that my services will be of the greatest value to any employer, but I am determined to allow him to find that out. He will appreciate me the more, since men with great ability and proportionate modesty are rare indeed. I am con-

vinced that many men of great talent have ruined their opportunities by a policy of blatant self-advertisement. Now if I were the president of a clothing company I would abhor the type of advertisement which declares in letters a yard high that Tomlinson is Canada's greatest credit clothier. It seems to me that my portrait and a simple announcement giving my name and address would, in a more modest way, give people the opportunity of judging my character for themselves. I have no fear of the result.

But I digress: I set out to tell you of my methods for obtaining suitable employment. My first and last axiom is the motto which adorns the central pillar of our Library—"Be gentle, and keep your voice low,"—and, in dealing with those who may desire to employ me, I intend to maintain that attitude. I have decided to offer my services to the reportorial department of some worthy newspaper. I feel that my wide grasp of affairs will there have reasonable scope. Of course, I expect to be questioned as to my ability before obtaining the position; but, even in answer to such blunt questions as editors can make, one can allow modesty to cloak the obvious replies.

My aspirations are not unwarranted. In order to prepare myself for the management of a society column or a page "of interest to women" I have made a point of attending all the tea-pourings at Wallingford Hall. As a critic of the drama I have had considerable experience, having been more critical than anyone else of McMasterrifics and the Women's Play. I feel that after my studies in economics and practical experience gained from dealings with some fellow students I am qualified to run a financial column; and even if I should be required to report criminal cases my style would have vivacity, for I have listened to many a monologue upon "Crime" occasioned by daily cornet renderings of The Passing of the Third Floor Back.

But when the editor questions me upon such points I shall merely hint at these qualifications, leaving him to see, through the modesty of my replies, the vast resources which lie behind. He will tell himself that here is a young man who does not realize his own worth and he will employ me. He will jump at the chance.

—F. J. H., '24.

PRIZE STORY COMPETITION

MANY of our students are still looking for profitable employment for the summer months. Other magazines are entering the field as employers—and so will the MONTHLY. We will pay you well for your spare time.The work is quiet, exclusive, enjoyable. You are your own master. The Board of Publication for Vol. XXXII, through its Editor, Mr. Welch, is inaugurating another prize story competition, the object of which is to stir up the literary gifts of the undergraduate body here.

The contest is open to all undergraduates of this University. Three prizes will be given, viz.:

A first prize of $5.00.

A second prize of $3.00.

A third prize of $2.00.

The conditions governing the contest are as follows:

1. All stories must be in the hands of the Managing Editor not later than November 1, 1922.

2. The author's name must not appear on the manuscript, but must be enclosed in a sealed envelope. This should bear on the outside the title of the story and any other distinguishing mark or *nom de plume* which the author may see fit to use.

3. The writing must be legible and on one side of the paper only.

4. Stories must not contain more than 2000 words. The number of words should be stated on the first page of the manuscript.

5. Prizes will not be given in any case unless stories submitted are deemed worthy of publication.

6. The Board reserves the right to publish any or all of the stories submitted.

"'Tis not in mortals to command success, but we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it."—*Addison.*

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Editorial Notes

Come, let us sing the praises of the Business Manager and his staff, the men whose unseen work makes the MONTHLY possible. If the school knew more of the devotion of the Business Manager it would undoubtedly appreciate and support the magazine more than it does—and be more careful to patronize our advertisers. Years ago someone must have invented a fable that a college magazine publishes itself, and like all fables, it has been widely believed. It is true in neither the business nor the literary end, —and thereby hangs a tale of financial problems bravely faced and overcome. The Editor wishes to bespeak your appreciation of Mr. T. H. Eberlee, your unseen friend, and his beloved and valued running partner.

With this number the Board's labours cease, since the Year Book is the work of a special committee. The Editor here expresses his gratitude to his Assistant Editors for their faithful and unmurmuring service, and commends to you his successor in office, Mr. Max C. Welch, '23, a literary light of no mean candle power, and a most effective editor of *Around the Hall.*

To do his bidding and try his patience the following persons are appointed:—Business Manager, C. H. Brisco, '24; Advertising Manager, O. E. Daniel, '25; Subscription Manager, H. H. Minshall, '25; Around the Hall, F. F. McNab, '24; Women's Department, Miss J. Reddick, '23; Athletics, E. G. Hildebrand, '23; Here and There, F. J. Helps, '24; Consulting Editor, Professor McLay; Reporters, A. W. Small, Theo.; G. M. Henry, '23, H. O. Lloyd, '23, Miss J. McKee, '23, G. V. Crofoot, '23, Miss S. McElroy, '24, H. S. King, '25, Miss M. McLay, '25.

We direct the attention of all our readers to the easy money offered on page 295 for writing stories. Do a little brain-dusting during the summer months, and there may be an idea hidden away in a dark corner. It doesn't matter if you come back next fall without your trunk, so long as you don't forget your manuscript.

College News

Around The Hall

Editor: Max C. Welch

MUCH has been said of late on the subject of books, and it is only with apologies that we again worry it into the light. The aspect of the topic most generally stressed deals with the student and his responsibility to read, but there is something to be said in his defence which is usually glossed over. The student is a very busy person, and without impeaching the efficacy of well-directed reading, the truth is that much of all that is written is not worth his perusal. Wide and promiscuous reading is almost as great a fallacy as insufficient reading, for it is a waste of valuable time; and only that which is undertaken with a discriminating avoidance of literary sinkholes may readily be turned to profit. It has been said with especial reference to poetry that the gift of literary expression is comparable to that of a sweet voice; it may frequently be possessed by a person with no qualifications whatever to exercise it. Thus the most common pitfall of bookish individuals is a certain specious style which is so misleading that it appears to commend what must without it be branded as intellectual dross. No class of literature escapes this menace, and we have not to seek far to discover historians who have attained success by propagating falsehoods and story-tellers who have secured acclamation for drivelling inanity. Many and varied are these pitfalls; one distinguished work may recommend a whole set of dismal satellites, a handsome binding may supplant all semblance of internal worth, and a patriotic atmosphere may establish the most innocuous twaddle. Such representations are the will-o'-the-wisps of literature; they are not books but mere shadows, jejune imitations of those treasures which great souls have bequeathed to their intellectual heirs.

As *this is the last* issue of the Monthly for this year it is meet that we should acknowledge our gratitude to all who have assisted in the preparation of this department. The successor to the editorial boots is Mr. Findlay McNab, whose Scotch fancies have already frequently graced these pages; may he step out to better things.

Oratorical Contest.—The much-boasted-of Hydro lights were out, and the streets were treacherous with snow on the night of March 31, so this year's oratorical contest lost some of its usual attendants. But the ones who really mattered to the orators were there, with at least one outstanding exception, so the weather did not matter so much. This year the themes chosen for treatment were unusually similar in four cases, and the audience was confronted with varying outlooks on our country and its people, past, present and future. Mr. F. J. Helps, '24, spoke first on "Youth and the Nation"; Mr. W. S. Whitcombe, '25, followed with "Lloyd George"; then came Mr. G. M. Henry, '23, "The Red Man's Trail"; Mr. G. B. Atkinson, '22, "The Canadian"; and Mr. A. A. Barnes, Theo., "Our Heritage". The judges, Dr. G. C. Pidgeon, Rev. W. A. Cameron, and Mr. J. M. Godfrey, awarded first place to Mr. Henry, and second place to Mr. Helps. The breathing spells of the evening were enlivened most acceptably by Miss Marjorie McLay at the piano, Miss Louise Sieling in song, and the Sophomore Quartette in close harmony. The Oratorical Contest is always a very creditable event here, and participation in it is particularly difficult, but it could be improved if the orators would memorize less and study their audience more.

Junior Party.—On account of the gossip that had been circulating in Sociology lectures of late, the ever gay Juniors were very anxious to study more closely a certain member of the feline family which they understood to belong to a professorial household at 112 Albany Avenue. Therefore their delight knew no bounds when the Honorary President of the Class, Dr. R. W. Smith, sent to them a general invitation to hold midnight revels at his home (the cat's out of the bag; it lives there) on Saturday, March 18th. The results were rather unforunate. A decided social split occurred in the class . . . men on the right wing, ladies on the left. It all happened because the Juniorettes insisted on bestowing all their caresses on this Persian beauty to the absolute neglect of the male members of the year. Only the warm-hearted hospitality of the host and hostess relieved an otherwise very critical situation. They banished the cat to the attic, and "all went merry—as a marriage bell" while the Professor guided the crowd safely through a series of enjoyable games to the grand finale, which consisted of numerous delicacies dear to the palate of the McMasterite.

Junior Party.—An unprecedented prevalence of wing collars and bow ties at Wallingford on the evening of April 6 was ample evidence that the Juniorettes' guests had arrived. From the receipt some days before of anonymous invitations, till the dispersion of the final increment of macaroons and pickles it was an evening of innovations. The faces of the Juniors who were the *raison d'etre* of the ubiquitous neckwear still bore traces of mixed emotions. In some could be pictured the abject bewilderment they had experienced when familiar door-bells had been answered by unexpected faces; in others the utter foolishness displayed there when, unsuspiciously, they had been encountered by large April Fool signs. The appearance of their hostesses did not tend to diminish their surprise, for the facial aspect alone remained unchanged; for the rest, years seemed to have fallen from them until a mere dozen remained. This was the setting of this amazing party; the programme was no less surprising than its prelude, and no less ingenious than its co-ed devisors.

"McMasterrifics," Friday, March 24, 1922

"Something is rotten in the State of Denmark,"
The noodles in the soup are boiling hard,
Mysterious things of dread portent are stirring,
And wake the voice of each prophetic bard.
But soft! List. Stay awhile; give ear!
Enough! Let's go!
Oh hell! what have we here?—*Selected.*

Messrs. Gilmour, Smith, Elliott, and Hildebrand built better than they knew, when they conceived "McMasterrifics," making the annual stunt night a present reality. Their names deserve immortality and they have it. So it was that, after much preparation including thought, practice, and the sale of many tickets, the curtain was rung up—or aside—at 8 o'clock, Friday evening, March 24th. Not even at morning chapel has Castle Memorial Hall seen such a house. The place was packed from spot-lights to orchestra, and late arrivals were relegated to places in the aisles, despite the efforts of the smartly-dressed ushers. A criticism of the programme is in order.

Music by the orchestra filled in the intervals, besides supplying several important numbers. Mr. Smith exhibited as never before his perfect control of the musicians under his baton, his technique in all instances being perfect. Especially worthy of mention are the 'cellos, trombone, cornets and violins. Despite the absence of the reed section, this orchestra is the best ever heard in Castle Hall.

Mr. Gilmour, of Theology, gave a most comprehensive introduction, which diverted the audience from the atrocities committed by the spot-light operator. Owing to breach of contract by an Italian organ-grinder the "Review of 1915" had to be omitted, so next in order came an interpretative pantomime by the Freshmen. Shades of Bobbie Burns! They called it "The Cotter's Saturday Night," Hoots awa'! Messrs. Bewell and Crandell, specialists in Yiddish, the Semitic Languages and contortionism, were the heavenly bodies in the stellar act. Female impersonators were again seen—but enough of this.

Year '23 followed the next orchestral selection with an up-to-date rendition of "The Merchant of Venice." The plot was interwoven with many local hits, and the acting was clever. It would be hard to pick a star in this act, as the whole personnel is of the very highest order. This act should meet with success anywhere in McMaster.

Even for a Senior-Theology-Ziegfeld production "The Curse of Gold" was a striking act. It is a melodramatic tragic-comedy, and is original in conception as in acting. The scene is laid in the telegraph office of a lonely station in the mid-wastes of the Arizony desert. The thunder thunders: the rain rains; the lightnin' lightens. The lone operator, Bill Frisbie, is discovered in a corner lit up by a flash of lightning. Enter Nell, queen of the Frisco underworld. Enter a coffin, yanked in by the hefty arms of the plainsman Hank. "Remember, Nell," he says in a voice trembling with emotion, "Remember, Nell, you have a friend in me!" And the broken-hearted Nell replies "Thank yuh—Hank." Twice more he repeats these words, and twice more comes the answer "*Thank* yuh—*Hank*!" Hank goes out to brave the storm, leaving Nell alone with the dead, and Bill Frisbie, who tells her of the treasure in the safe. But Nell is listening to the storm, whose phantom voice is saying, "Remember Nell—you have a friend in me!" And much more in the same vein—the call of the lights of Frisco. The curse of gold is upon her, and in the end, two men lie in the coffin where only one seeming corpse was before. At this point, the audience was in tears, and the windows shook with the sobbing thereof. The question that bothered them was, "Where is Hank?"

Last of all came "The Backwoods Proclivities of '24," staged by Milne A. Smith, and winners of the prize. Much of the success of this act was due to the splendid Sophomore Quartette and the perfect work of the manager. The costumes were well chosen

and the acting, both solo and ensemble, was of the same consistent quality. An unusual feature was the harmonica duets by Messrs. Anderson and Daniels. The mind-reading tests and the sermon by Prof. K. C. Jones were still more so. Perfect switch-board operation contributed largely to the success of this act. A female impersonation by Mr. H. W. Lang ended the evening, with the exception of "Thy Praises McMaster."

And the general verdict was, "What a success! Next year, we'll run two nights." McMasterrifics is here to stay. The mystery is cleared. The flaming posters are gone, and the State of Denmark breathes the air again.

Final Lit.—The final meeting of the Literary Society on April 6 was a noisy and howling success, but it can only be conjectured whether the prevailing high spirits were due to gustatory anticipations or to Spring fever. The solemn list of Monthly appointments delighted the crowd, the humorous presentation of debating M's amused and edified, and the skilful handling of interminable constitutional amendments raised the crowd's spirits still further. Elections followed, some who were not candidates commanding a goodly number of votes. Then came the poster sale, and the skilfully dishonest auctioneering from the platform resulted in first mortgages on soup allowances and a rush for the pawnshops in the morning. The Russian relief fund benefited to the extent of $35, and the Lit itself to an extent at present unknown. This year's art work was exceptionally good, all three prizes going to one man, H. S. King, '25.

Elections—The much vaunted Student Elections being now over, the resulting personnel is as follows—

Student Body—High Kakiak, Ira Eberle, B.A.; First Vice, G. M. Henry, '23; Second Vice, J. G. Jones, '23; Secretary-Treasurer, Murray Simmons, '24.

Literary Society—Honorary President, Professor McLay; President, O. C. Elliott, '23; First Vice, Meredith Dallman, '24; Second Vice, Miss H. McAlpine, '23; Recording Secretary, E. G. Hildebrand, '23; Treasurer, A. Hackson, '24; Corresponding Secretary, H. J. Crandell, '25; Secretary of Committees, H. Minshall, '25.

Y. M. C. A.—Honorary President, Chancellor McCrimmon; President, O. E. Broughton, '23; Vice President, A. C. Steedman, '23; Recording Secretary, George Edwards, '25; Corres-

ponding Secretary, M. Knechtel, '25; Secretary-Treasurer, Professor Findlay.

Debating Union—Honorary President, Professor Gilmour; President, V. MacNeill, '23; Vice-President, F. F. McNab '24; Secretary-Treasurer, H. J. Crandell, '25.

Athletic Association—Honorary President, Professor New; President, E. G. Hildebrand, '23; Vice-President, P. T. Houghton, '24; Secretary, M. Anderson, '24; Treasurer, C. F. Wood, '25; Business Manager, K. M. Stiver, '23.

Choral Society—President, S. Vose, '23; Vice-President, G. Crofoot, '24; Secretary-Treasurer, L. Wilton, '24.

Junior Year.—Honorary President, Rev. John MacNeill; President, P. T. Houghton; Vice-President, Miss S. McElroy; Secretary-Treasurer, N. L. Gregory; Social Convener, Miss L. Pugsley.

Senior Year—Honorary President, Professor Dawes; President, P. G. Paterson; Vice-President, Miss D. Hallford; Secretary-Treasurer, A. C. Steedman; Social Convener, Miss L. Richards.

Sophomore Year—Honorary President, Professor McLay; President, H. Minshall; Vice-President, Miss R. Haight; Secretary-Treasurer, A. Todd; Social Convener, Miss I. Wood.

The flame of loving interest which lives in the hearts of McMaster graduates for their Alma Mater is never extinct. The touching condolence which follows comes from far Bolivia to a number of our student body whose recent bereavement is fresh in the minds of all.

My dear Sister Tiffin:

A great and genuine grief surges through my heart as I try to write this note—a grief made more poignant by the recollection of the great tenderness and affection you sustained toward a beloved one who has breathed her last. Bereavement at any time is a severe test of patience and faith, but especially so when the departed one is taken suddenly from us. Under such circumstances we can only fall back upon the support furnished by a stern and frigid fate, and sternly resolve that should a similar fate befall us it is no more than we deserve—miserable offending creatures! I think I know, too, something of the keenness with which the Mac boys will feel their loss. Peggy was a real ray of sunshine in their otherwise dark and lonely lives, a companion who remained in the same place even though all other friends forsook one. She was kindly and quiet in the midst of a noisy and

boisterous generation. Truly she has made a contribution to life at Mac the memory of which the boys "will not willingly let die."

Sincerely,

HERB WINTEMUTE,

(La Paz, Bolivia)

ON TENDING THE LIBRARY

We had been asked to tend the Library. We had never tended a Library, but we appreciated deeply the confidence thus displayed in us by the Librarian; and so we consented—if Bill would help us. Bill, of course, wanted to sit behind the desk. He says he feels better these days when sitting. But we have long been convinced that our appearance is far from impressive, when standing. So we compromised by placing an extra chair at the desk. We folded our hands and waited expectantly. There were no other persons in the Library, and it was very quiet. Frankly, we were nervous. Just what we were expected to do we hardly knew. What do Librarians do, besides get books from shelves and put books back on shelves? Bill commenced to lift a lot of reddish coloured slips of paper out of several compartments in a long narrow box on the table. He shuffled them about absent-mindedly. We, likewise, began to place in two neat piles the slips lying on the table,—the white ones near us; the pink ones near Bill.

"You see", said Bill, dealing his slips indiscriminately back into the boxes, "it's really quite easy. You take the books they bring in, and you give them another book."

"Oh!"

"And", he went on, "sometimes you fine them, five cents ten cents; or sell them some note-paper". Bill was gaining confidence now.

"But what book do you give them?"

"Oh, just any book; usually one they haven't read before".

There was a step on the stair. A customer! We both rose. "You want a book," we said, "we have quite a number of books. All those shelves." . . .

"No, thank you, I merely wish to return this one."

This was distinctly perplexing. He didn't want a book. But the Librarian had left us in charge. We must do our best.

"Fine him!" whispered Bill. This seemed to be an obsession with Bill.

But our visitor was gone. We sat down, distinctly conscious of a sense of failure.

"Perhaps we should have taken his name on a red slip," we muttered . . . .

A long period of silence . . We re-arranged the piles,—the pink one near us; the white one near Bill.

Another client; this time a lady. Bill was at his best now. He rose, the picture of determination.

"We have some splendid books to-day. The covers this spring are beautiful—blues mostly—and one or two small ones in red!"

This didn't seem quite right to us. But Bill was well under way now.

—"At least you will glance through our catalogue," handing her a last year's McMaster calendar. "Or would you care, as a special privilege, to walk through the Reserve Shelf. And" — — — as she disappeared — — — "have you seen the machine guns on your left?"

He sank down and mopped his face. "We'll close the door on the next one who comes in," he said, "and fine him the price of two egg-shakes. It's nearly five o'clock."

The victim was even then approaching.

"I'd like a book on Education, if you please."

"Sir," we said in our most impressive tone, "this is a University and you'll find nothing in that line hereabouts." . . .

"That'll cost you thirty cents," said Bill as he slammed shut the grated door. "You are fined by order of the Librarian, in default of which you lose a major or attend Chapel for a week!" Rather a severe penalty we thought, but we must back up Bill. Besides, our visitor was plainly nonplussed; but only for a moment.

"I have an account here, you will please charge the fine to that; and also one pad of note paper, which I shall take with me now."

"Well," we said, when he had gone, "the Library may be richer to the extent of ninety cents, but I guess we don't eat this afternoon!"

"I wonder," said Bill, absentmindedly filling his "Eversharp" in the ink-well, "if he would have cared to have looked through our dictionary."

"It's nearly five o'clock," we said hopefully . . .

"Have you *Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine*, by Taine?"

In our dejection we had not seen her enter.

"It's quite likely", we said.

"Probably on one of those shelves," said Bill.

"Would you mind getting it for me?"—this in rather an imperious tone, we felt.

Well, we hadn't thought of that. She wanted *us* to find it. Visions of Bill starting at one end of the room, top shelf, and ourselves at the other end, bottom shelf, floated before us. We rose . . . .

The five o'clock bell was ringing. "Madam," we said, as Bill gently edged her to the door, "the Library re-opens at nine o'clock to-morrow morning!"

We feel that we shall never be a Librarian.

Women's Department

EDITOR: FRANCES TROTTER, '22
ASST. EDITOR: JEANETTE REDDICK, '23.

"Let the dead Past bury its dead."

WITH a few sighs, a stray tear or two, we gaze for the last time on the Women's Department of 1921-22 before "slowly and sadly" laying it in the tomb of memory. As is customary in the case of the "dear departed", we shall have to pass kindly over its many shortcomings, and grant it the old excuse that at least it "meant well". In keeping with the performing of the last rites, is a little talk of the life to come, remembering that we mourn not as they which have no hope but with full confidence in a brighter, happier future, under the efficient guidance of Jeanette Reddick. To her and the women reporters who have worked enthusiastically, and to all who have donated contribution, suggestion or encouragement, we tender our heartiest thanks. We have enjoyed our work immensely and extend our best wishes to those who will continue it. We shall now take unto ourselves the injunction of the toast-mistress at the W.A.A. Banquet and having placed our editorial hat upon our "week-end", shall as gracefully as possible make our bow and exit!

W. L. S.

"A hit, a very palpable hit."

It certainly was,—after Fourth Year programme was completed at Women's Lit, on Friday, March 7, we felt justly proud of our Seniorettes. We suppose that in the very novelty of the afternoon's entertainment lay its chief charm. Who but they would have thought of presenting the various modes of proposals, as they have been down through the centuries? Among these, surely special mention must be made of the Old Colonial form of proposing in its charming and delightful interpretation. —We were glad to learn all that Helen Perry had to inform us about the "One Act Drama." Her account was of keen intellectual character and exceedingly well arranged. The Wallingford girls especially appreciated the Quartette, for they had followed the progress of the song, in its various stages of production very carefully—dare we say? sometimes very unwillingly. But in the final rendering, all these feelings were "forgot," and we gave ourselves up to the enjoyment of it. Of the play, probably the most haunting and constant recollection is the ditty, "Baby don't wait for the moon, etc.,"—but memories of Phil as a most captivating Pierette, of Doris as an adorable Pierrot and of Dougie as a fascinating "Maker of Dreams", will long remain with us. The prize for the year programme was rightfully awarded to Fourth Year. All were satisfied with the decision. We cannot avoid the feeling that with the passing of this dramatic talent from our midst, our Literary Society is suffering a grave loss.

> "For so it falls out
> That what we have we prize not to the worth
> Whiles we enjoy it, but, being lacked and lost,
> Why, then we rack the value."

The Women's Literary Society commenced having a meeting at four o'clock on March 31, and continued the sitting (with various changes in surroundings) until far into the night. For the first part of the meeting, Dr. Helen McMurchy, of the Child Welfare Department at Ottawa addressed the society. Dr. McMurchy is an extremely interesting woman, from the point of view, both of her peculiar work, and of her sparkling and vivid personality. Louise Sieling sang in her usual delightful way.

The next part of the meeting was concerned with the business of elections and nominations. Then the society adjourned to the Ladies' Room, where a delectable supper was served by a

most hard-working and thoughtful committee. This was the reward given the Senior Year who managed to excel in the year programmes. After the supper, Miss Helen Gilmour presented on behalf of Year '21, two lovely trays and two artistic vases, to the Women's Student Body. Miss Florence Marlow voiced the sincere thanks of the ladies for these beautiful gifts and then Miss Marion Royce presented bar-pins to the six debaters who have so successfully and well upheld the honor of McMaster.

Debate, McMaster vs. Victoria: The Star had their pictures in the paper, and we gave them a reception and some pins, and we thought they were splendid. Mabel and Frances (they) absolutely convinced the judges that the tenth article in the Covenant of the League of Nations was unnecessary and would make trouble, and we thoroughly agreed. Jenny Harris and Betty Elliot fought pluckily for the retention of the article, but we could not quite see why. Mr. Hackson sang touchingly while the judges, Controller Hiltz, Dr. O. C. J. Withrow and Prof. Jackson, were making their decision. The reception was right after the debate and everyone received and was received. McMaster thus becomes first holder of the new Shield, presented by Victoria College. This all happened on March 20th.

Y. W. C. A.: For the last two meetings of the "Y" for the year, local talent was employed. On March 10, the question "Who is the greatest woman in the world" was answered by Jean Cameron's talk on Ramabai. But two other outstandingly great women in their day were also pictured in an account of Madame Feller's life by Marjorie Jones and extracts from "Mary Slessor of Calabar," by Jeanette Reddiek. Sadie McElroy and Mildred Kindy provided the musical part of the programme by a duet. At the recommendation of the executive, it was unanimously passed that a petition be sent to the Faculty asking that the women be permitted to join the Student Christian Movement.

On March 24th, the preparations on foot in the Chapel for "McMasterrifics" led to a change of meeting place for the Y. W. C. A. S11 proved cozy enough while Flo Marlow gave a sketch of Henry Van Dyke's life and read parts from "God of the Open Air" and two of his delightful legends. When opportunity knocks at our gates and a call for service comes, may we remember "A Legend of Service" and say neither "Why?" nor "How?" but "When?"

The nominations for Head Girl were held before the Y. meeting opened.

A special meeting of the Y.W.C.A. was called on March 29th, to receive the answer to the Faculty petition presented March 10. After this had been read, the Secretary, in the absence of the Vice-President, occupied the chair, while the President read her resignation to the society. It was voted that a copy of this be sent to the Chancellor, and each member of the Faculty.

Faculty Tea: A very enjoyable function in the social activity of the University was the reception given by the wives of the professors in the beautiful rooms of the Women's Art Association. A large number of the girls were present in spite of the inclemency of the weather which only added to the sociability within. Conversation, the admiring of the Art exhibits and the dainty lunch made the time pass quickly. We feel still better acquainted with our hostesses. We could hardly picture McMaster without the Faculty but it is almost as hard to picture it without the sympathetic and enthusiastic interest of their wives.

The Seniorettes had a tea all their own on April 1. Doris Hooper was the hostess and if you want to know what a good time they had, just ask any one of them.

W.A.A. Banquet: McMaster women may not all be able to wield hockey sticks or tennis racquets, but the attendance on April 7th at the second annual banquet would indicate that at least most of them feel proficient enough to handle a fork. Instructions had been given for the "gentlemen" to wear middies but two facetious seniorettes appeared *en habit de cheval*. The tables yielded plenty of tasty viands and the practice along culinary lines afforded to one "sparkling" sophette should ensure comfort to a future divine. After a rousing sing-song, the president, Alice Macdougall, proposed the toast to the King. At the suggestion of Phyllis Chapman, we rose next to do honour to our teams. Marie Smith and Doris Hooper fittingly responded on behalf of the basketball and hockey teams respectively. Our new Executive was reminded of their responsibility and opportunity by Mabel Pugh, to whom, with the aid of the "College Joke Book", Jeanette Reddick, the new President, replied. It was our good fortune to have Dr. Edith Gordon, of Toronto University, give us the main speech of the evening. Miss McGregor presented the medal to Ruth Starr, Field Day Champion, and Year '24 was again awarded the Athletic Shield. A novel feature of the programme was the presentation of the year numerals by Marion Royce and of the M's by Florence Marlow. The first winners of

the much-coveted M's among the women were E. Wright, A. Macdougall, M. Smith, and J. Reddick. The last social function of the year was "over and done" and now our place cards and programmes adorn another page in our memory books.

WHO'S WHO FOR 1922-23.

Women's Student Body: Hon. President, Mrs. Trotter; President, Dorothea Roper, '23; Vice-President, Marjorie Grant, '23; Secretary, Emo Gilmour, '24; Treasurer, Edna Barber, '25.

Women's Literary Society: Hon. President, Mrs. McNairn; President, Winnifred Mallagh, '23; Vice-President, Neva Deeton, '24; Secretary, Margaret Howes, '25; Treasurer, Ethel MacDougald, '24; Curator, Isobel Peel, '24; Pianist, Marjorie McLay, '25.

Y. W. C. A.: Hon. President, Mrs. Brown; President, Mary Hess, '23; Vice-President, Isobel Peel, '24; Secretary, Selma Hanson, Miss.; Treasurer, Jean Cameron, '24; Pianist, Louise Sieling, Miss.

Women's Athletic Association: Hon. President, Miss McGregor; President, Jeanette Reddick, '23; Vice-President, Jean Macarthur, '24; Treasurer, and Business Manager, Sadie McElroy, '24; Secretary, Irene Wood, '25.

Women's Choral: Hon. President, Mrs. New; President, Jeanette McKee, '23; Vice-President, Jean Cameron, '24; Secretary Treasurer, Lillas Marlatt, '25; Pianist, Ruth Starr, '24.

Freshette (studying Chemistry) "What is a reducing agent?"

Sophette—"Something that makes you thin."

Athletics

Editor: O. C. Elliott, '23.

WITH the completion of another academic year fast approaching, the tendency towards retrospective soliloquy assumes the proportions of a temptation. However, time and space enforce resistance and only the most meagre comments are possible.

The old story of McMaster teams putting up a commendable struggle until, in some cases, the finals are reached, has been repeated again this year. Never-

theless, the *esprit de corps* this year seems to be quickening into a more reliable cohesive force than ever before. It is to be hoped that even greater stimulus will be afforded Athletics next year, which will result in McMaster teams annexing some much-needed championship trophies. Our present stock is rather low.

It is indeed a pleasure to announce to our many readers that this task of recording the fortunes, or otherwise, of athletic activities around the school will next year find expression from the facile pen of Mr. E. G. Hildebrand, '23.

Basket-Ball

When a final game for the championship of the Interscholastic Basket-Ball League is staged with McMaster and Pharmacy as opponents, something is going to happen. It occurred on Wednesday, March 15th, at the Central "Y."

The Druggists, well supplied with pestle and mortar, were prepared to mix it up with the Scotchmen from 273 Bloor St. West, who had brought their Ski-u-mahs with them.

While there were yet seven minutes remaining to play, the Mac men having collected 28 points, and the Dispensers but 8, suddenly so great a dissension arose that the referee was forced to declare an armistice.

Seven days later, as the result of a conclave, Pharmacy defaulted the game, yielding the laurels to McMaster.

The McMaster line-up was: Centre, Paterson; defence, Smith and Atkinson; forwards, Houghton and Morison; subs., Kitchener.

A week later the same team representing McMaster contested for the basketball championship of Central "Y," being tied by previous successes with their old rivals the Senior "Y" team. This time, after a struggle which was fairly even until the last quarter, McMaster was forced to yield by a score of 28 to 21.

Athletic Banquet

The Annual Banquet of the Athletic Association was held on Tuesday, April 4th, in the McMaster dining-hall. Attracted by an augmented fare many of the non-resident students attended.

When the punch had been served, President Taylor proposed the honored toast to "The King." Mr. Cleeve Hooper, '19, then toasted "Athletics" in a speech of appropriate wit,

and the able reply of Professor Curr showed him to be a humorist of unexcelled brilliance.

The Chancellor made the presentation of the McNaught Cup, and the Chancellor's Gold Medal to Mr. H. G. Dyce, '23; the first Association Medal to Mr. A. H. Carr, B.A.; and the second Association Medal to Mr. C. Boadway, '25, for their successful efforts on Field Day. After a vocal selection from Mr. G. V. Crofoot, '24, the Chancellor also presented the Matthews Cup and the Rugby Cup to Year '24, and the Field Day Cup to Year '23.

The guest of the evening, Dr. J. C. Maynard, of Varsity Rugby fame, then said a few words of appreciation and encouragement. In the absence of Dr. New, through illness, the ever-popular Dean in Arts presented the M's and Shields of the Association to the members of teams. Those attaining the distinction of M's were—Field Day Champion, H. G. Dyce; Rugby, Doolittle, Houghton, Platus, M. Hughes, McLay and Gilmour; Soccer, Hackson. Thirty-seven other men received shields in recognition of their ability to make a position on one of the University teams—eleven shields going to men on the Rugby team; eleven to the Soccer team; eight to the Basket-Ball team; and seven to the Track team. Ribbons for individual successes on Field Day events were also distributed.

The meeting was brought to a close after the new President, Mr. E. G. Hildebrand, had been duly inducted into office.

Our Graduates

EDITOR: ELVEN JOHN BENGOUGH, B.A.

Four things a man must learn to do;
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion, clearly
To love his fellowmen, sincerely;
To act from honest motives, purely;
To trust in God and heaven, securely.
—*Henry Van Dyke.*

OUR contemporary, *The Baptist Education Bulletin*, of Alabama, takes the above well-known lines of Van Dyke's and proceeds to show that the elements mentioned by the poet are the fundamental ideals of Christian education as exemplified by the Baptist colleges of America. We reproduce below a summary of the article, which is well worth pondering.

Clear thinking: To be able to think straight through a problem, to avoid confusion that arises when other than the germane issues are considered in any proposition, to give definite form to one's own processes of thinking, to have a single track attention to any particular case under consideration, to shut out the noise of voices discordant to the main note, to think clearly without confusion—such an ability can be secured only through patient practice under tutelage.

World Loving: To make the brotherhood of man not a "federation of the world," but an organism in which one functions as a member, as of hand or foot, to share as one's own the crushing burdens of the unfortunate and defective, to have no horizon for one's gracious service to those in darkness or sin, to be willing to walk the Via Dolorosa to a sacrificial Calvary that others might be redeemed from wretchedness, to count one's self fortunate in being able to lift a fallen brother, to share the benefits of any grace with those hindered in growth toward the "standard man"—this were to be a true lover of the world in fashion like unto Him who gave Himself in redemptive sacrifice.

Pure Acting: To be honest in the motives that prompt to conduct, never to be swayed by improperly selfish considerations, to have no ulterior purpose cover the immediate cause for any deed, to deal fairly with every situation, to follow duty with unwavering loyalty, to maintain an unruffled conviction of pure intentions though carping critics impugn the motives, "to follow light, and do the right"—this is to be master of self, this is to match creed with conduct.

Heavenly Trusting: To have the vision of faith that pierces the gloom of the tomb, to walk quietly in the belief that death does not end all, to rest securely in the providential care of the heavenly Father, to feel that underneath every burden His own hands will come to share the load—this were to make life a holy partnership with God.

Now read Van Dyke's verse again.

PERSONALIA

'87—Just as we are passing the proof of this page comes the word that Rev. W. J. McKay, the beloved Editor of *The Canadian Baptist*, has passed away. Dr. McKay had been in poor health for some time, but he was able to go about his duties as usual. On Sunday he was in his place as usual in Bloor Street Church, and took part as Senior Deacon in the communion service. Monday morning, April 10th, he became unconscious, and he died early Wednesday morning without having regained consciousness. Dr. McKay was a graduate of the class of 1887, receiving the degree B. Th. in that year. In 1892 he obtained the B.D. He was a graduate in Arts of the University of Toronto, and was admitted to the B.A. degree ad eundem gradum in 1894, when the first Arts class graduated from McMaster. In 1907 he was the recipient of the LL.D. degree.

'96—Rev. E. J. Stobo passed away on March 22nd, after an illness of several years. A funeral service was held at his late residence, 225 Seaton St., Toronto, and the remains were interred in Quebec City. Dr. Stobo took his B. Th. in 1896, and his B.D. in 1899. His studious habits remained during life and he later obtained the degree S.T.D. from Temple University, Philadelphia, and in 1916 completed work in McMaster for the M.A. Since entering the ministry in 1896 Dr. Stobo held a number of pastorates in various parts of Ontario, until a few years ago, when his physical condition made it necessary for him to retire from active work. Latterly he was best known through his writings. His weekly articles in The Mail and Empire, "Meditations for the Quiet Hour" were much appreciated by a large circle of readers. Besides the widow, one daughter, Mrs. J. N. Hall, of Toronto, four sisters and two brothers survive. To these The Monthly extends sympathy.

'00—Frank N. Goble, after completion of his Arts course, took a special engineering course at Harvard University, and in 1903 opened an office in New York as a contractor. Building

enterprises were carried out in the city and neighborhood of New York, and also in New Jersey, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, Georgia, South Carolina, and Illinois. Associated with Mr. Goble was his brother, William J. Goble, a graduate of Woodstock College, who has been general superintendent of construction work. During the war the Goble firm put its facilities at the service of the government, and made a record in the construction of a chemical plant and in the adaptation of buildings to hospital purposes. In 1921 the offices of the firm were moved to White Plains, N.Y., and within the past month incorporation has been taken out under the name Frank N. Goble, Inc. A copy of a White Plains newspaper, recently to hand, announces the incorporation, and states that the firm is the largest contracting firm in the city, and a large factor in the industrial life of the community. F. N. Goble is President of the new corporation, with William J. B. Goble Vice-President; T. F. Foley and D. H. Sawyer also hold responsible positions.

'02—Robert C. E. Magee, M.D., has recently opened an office at 401 Boyd Building, Winnipeg, as an eye, ear, nose and throat specialist, after many years in general medical practice in southern Manitoba.

Ex. '03—Rev. W. J. H. Brown, of Annette St. Baptist Church, Toronto, has accepted a call to Cedar Avenue Church, Cleveland, Ohio.

'06—St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Flint, Mich., was recently bequeathed nearly $1,000,000 for the erection and maintenance of a home for orphaned and motherless children, to be built and operated by the rector and vestrymen of the church. Another sum of $3,000 has also been bequeathed for the erection of a parish house. J. Bradford Pengelly, '06, is the rector of St. Paul's.

'08—Mrs. Winnabel E. Kerr is on the staff of Brantford Collegiate Institute.

'09—Gordon S. Jury is Vice-Principal, and Lecturer in Philosophy, in Judson College, Rangoon, Burma, and Mrs. Jury (Elsie McLaurin, '09) is Librarian. The College has a staff of twenty-two, of whom nine are Burmans, and it gives full work for the B.A. degree, as one of the two constituent colleges of the University of Rangoon, which was established in 1920. Judson College has existed since 1872, and for a number of years it was affiliated with the University of Calcutta, until the organization of the local university two years ago. A copy of the "Judson College Argosy" recently came to our hands, through the courtesy of Mr. Jury, and it shows some excellent literary merit.

Evidently students are much the same the world over, whether their names sound like "John Smith" and "William Jones" or like "Saw Thet Htin" or "Ma Ma Tun." Among the resolutions unanimously adopted by the Idlers' Club are the following: "That as the exam is drawing near, students should cease discussing whether 'the girl they are thinking of is thinking of them' or whether they should be 'forever blowing bubbles;'" "That it would be more gentlemanly and sportsmanlike on the part of tennis court occupiers, if they tell the true game score to their friends waiting to play."

'16—John H. Fox was married to Janet Turner Holmwood, of Guelph, on March 24th. The Monthly extends congratulations. We understand that Mr. and Mrs. Fox are living in Guelph.

'20—J. W. Cohen is carrying on M.A. work in the department of Philosophy at the University of Toronto.

'20—Gordon H. Mallory is in charge of the science department of Walkerton High School.

'21—W. F. C. Nelson is continuing at Rochester Theological Seminary his record as a debater. He recently led the Rochester team in a successful debate against Oberlin Seminary. It is interesting to note that this is a repetition of Rochester's performance of a year ago, when their team was led by another McMaster man, J. D. Morrison, '14.

'21—Miss Maude Fleming, who completed the Missionary Course last year, has been Assistant Secretary at the Y.W.C.A. on Elm St., Toronto. She has now become Visitor for Beverley St. Baptist Church, under the pastorate of Rev. E. O. Forde.

Here and There

EDITOR: JOHN DOUGLAS TAYLOR, '22

"The fog drips dully from catkined trees
To the brown, spare, winter-worn grass below,
A fortnight since came a flurry of snow,
A fortnight hence the grass will be green,
But a world lies in between."
—*Conrad Aiken* in *The Yale Review*.

IF you have read *If Winter Comes* these quotations from an interview with Mr. A. S. M. Hutchison reported in the *Canadian Bookman* will interest you.

"I am appallingly conscientious," he told me, "and therefore a slow producer. No divine flames of inspiration make my pen fly over the paper. It is all a labour of love, but a very slow, careful labour, notwithstanding.

"I can only think when I am actually sitting at my desk with pen in hand. I envy those authors who can go for long walks, construct a chapter while they stroll and then come home and rush it down on paper. I absolutely cannot. Indeed, unless I have a good nib and good paper and am writing neatly, I cannot get on at all.

"Fielding is my favorite author," he said, as he fondly handled a copy of *Tom Jones*. "Meredith is my second choice," and here he opened some first editions. "Kipling, too, I read over and over again, and then I am also fond of the old English essayist. Of course, there are the poets, particularly Browning, and I am one of those who tremendously admire the poems John Masefield is now writing."

"What is the key to your principal character, Mark Sabre?" he was asked.

"Merely this, that a man who can see both sides of any question is in a tragic position compared with the man who can only see one. You can see the result of being able to see only one side in the case of Sabre's wife, Mabel."

This is not a lament.

WASTED HOURS.

There was a day I wasted long ago,
Lying upon a hillside in the sun—
An April day of wind and drifting clouds,
An idle day and all my work undone.

The little peach trees with their coral skirts
Were dancing up the hillside in the breeze;
The grey walled meadows gleamed like bits of jade
Against the crimson bloom of maple trees.

And I could smell the warmth of trodden grass,
The coolness of a freshly harrowed field;
And I could hear a bluebird's wistful song
Of love and beauty only half revealed.

I have forgotten many April days,
But one there is that comes to haunt me still—
A day of feathered trees and windy skies
And wasted hours on a sunlit hill.

—*Medora Addison* in *Contemporary Verse*.

WHO WALKS WITH BEAUTY

Who walks with Beauty has no need of fear
The sun and moon and stars keep pace with him,
Invisible hands restore the ruined year,
And time, itself, grows beautifully dim;
One hill will keep the footprints of the moon
That came and went a hushed and secret hour;
One star at dusk will yield the lasting boon;
Remembered Beauty's white, immortal flower.

Who takes of Beauty wine and daily bread,
Will know no lack when bitter years are lean;
The brimming cup is by, the feast is spread . . .
The sun and moon and stars his eyes have seen
Are for his hunger and the thirst he slakes,
The wine of Beauty and the bread he breaks.

—*David Morton*, in *N. Y. Evening Post.*

Mr. A. E. Greening Lamborn in *Expression in Speech and Writing* points to the danger of children talking glibly, with no real knowledge of the things of which they speak. He mentions for example. the boy who was called upon to recite some stanzas he had learned from the *Ancient Mariner*. He came to the lines that describe one of its most striking pictures:—

Day after day, day after day,
The bloody sun at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand—

There he faltered, and after hesitating for a moment supplied: 'So did the bloody moon.'

The newer poets are often accused of being too fond of vivid words and pleasant-sounding phrases. We quote the following as an example of those poems dependent upon the idea alone.

THE SIGN OF THE THREE BALLS

When days are chill and dark and drear,
With never a dear companion near,
With one friend left, I do not fear:
My Uncle!

Without him, many a time my feet
Would tread sans rest the city street:
Through him alone I live—and eat:
My Uncle!

The poor, the poet, the forlorn,
We who weep that we e'er were born,
With gratitude bless, and not scorn:
Our Uncle!

—*Jonathan Knox.*

At dinner in England the principal guest was Kaiser Wilhelm II. Some one remarked, in the course of the conversation, "As the immortal William said, 'There is a tide in the affairs of men,' et cetera."

The Kaiser turned to the speaker and asked, "Did I say that? I don't remember."

When the story was repeated at tea one evening, amid the general laughter one lady said with a pitying smile:

"Of course it was his father they meant."

"Do you know anything of my husband's whereabouts?" asked a lady of her maid.

"They're at the wash," replied the maid.

Every minister, they say, has his barrel and I suppose all editors have its equivalent, a huge manilla envelope wherein accumulates month by month a collection of left overs—too old to be reprinted, or unpublishable for other reasons. The contents of ours we shower upon you,—examinations are too close to warrant an extended search through all joke columns everywhere.

Ten—"How did you happen to win the hundred yard dash?"
Flat—"Somebody filled the starting gun with turpentine."
—*Stanford Chaparral.*

City youth: "What's that the calf is licking?"
Farmer: "That's rock salt, my boy."
City Youth: "Go on! I've often wondered how corn-beef was made!"

Drunk (looking at back of watch)—"Gosh, I never shaw it thish late before."

He (driving)—"Shall I stop the car?"
She (indignantly)—"Go right ahead!"
He did, and a good time was had by all.
—*Black and Blue Jay.*

For the sake of euphony

Bessye—"My dear, so glajja came, we were jus' talking abouchа."
Marye—"Thank ya, dear. That's why I come."—*Siren.*

The bedraggled individual indignantly denied that he was intoxicated when the police officer testified that he found the prisoner lying in the street.

"Very well then," retorted the versatile judge, "You're fined $5 for parking more than six inches from the curb."

Visitor: "What does the Chancellor do here?"

Freshman: "Oh, he gets up in chapel every morning, looks over the student body, and then prays for the college."

"Lay down pup, Lay down. That's a good doggie. Lay down, I tell you."

"Mister, you'll have to say 'Lie down', he's a Boston terrier."

Mr. Younghusband—"If you will give me the oil, my dear, I will oil the casters of this chair so they won't creak."

Mrs. Younghusband—"Oh, Harry, darling, we haven't a drop of castor oil in the house."

Suspicious Wife—"I smell cloves."

Hubby—"No m'dear. 'Taint cloze. Sheflowrsh on m'neck-

—***Sun Dodger.***

How did she know?

Bobbed—"Ugh, the back of my neck feels all prickly, just like a man's face!"

"Isn't there some fable about the ass disguising himself with a lionskin?"

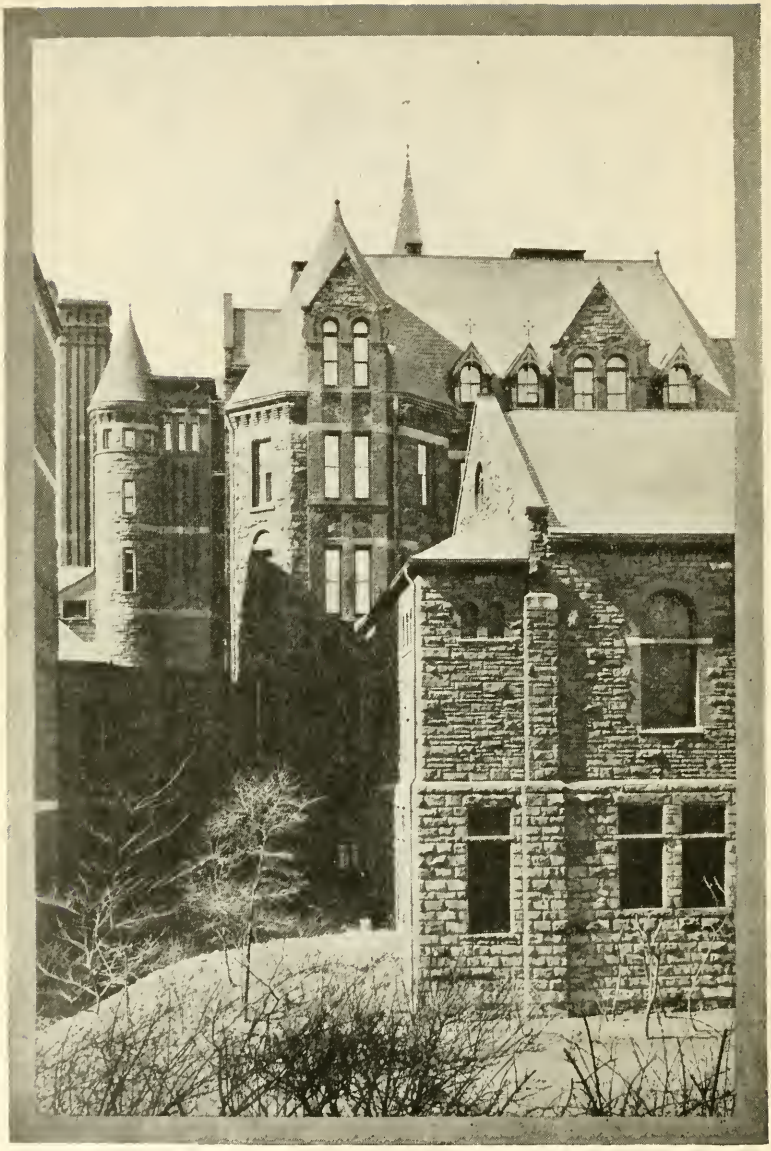
"Yes, but now the colleges do the trick with a sheepskin."

—*Dirge.*

The latest collection of "howlers" has just appeared in a British education journal. Here are some of the best specimens: "Lloyd George is the Prime Mixture of England." "The Minister of War is a clergyman who preaches to the soldiers." "The three estates of the realm are Buckingham Palace, Windsor and Balmoral." "The strength of the British Constitution lies in the fact that the Lords and Commons give each other mutual check." "Richard II is said to have been murdered by some historians." "Shakespeare wrote comedies, tragedies, and errors." "Galileo discovered a star and was put in prison until he promised not to believe in the stars." "People go to Africa to hunt rhinostriches."

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Ski-u-mah!
Hoorah! Hoorah!
Oski-wow-wow
Skilli-wow-wow !
Razzle! Dazzle!
Gabble! Zazzle!
Kee-ki-kar!
Mac-mas-tar!
Mac-mas-tar!

One-a-zima! two-a-zima!
Three-a-zima-zah!
Twenty-two's a winner
And we don't give a
Nigger nigger hoe potater.
Half-past alligator.
Ram Bam Bulligator.
Zis-boom-bah!
McMaster Twenty-two!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

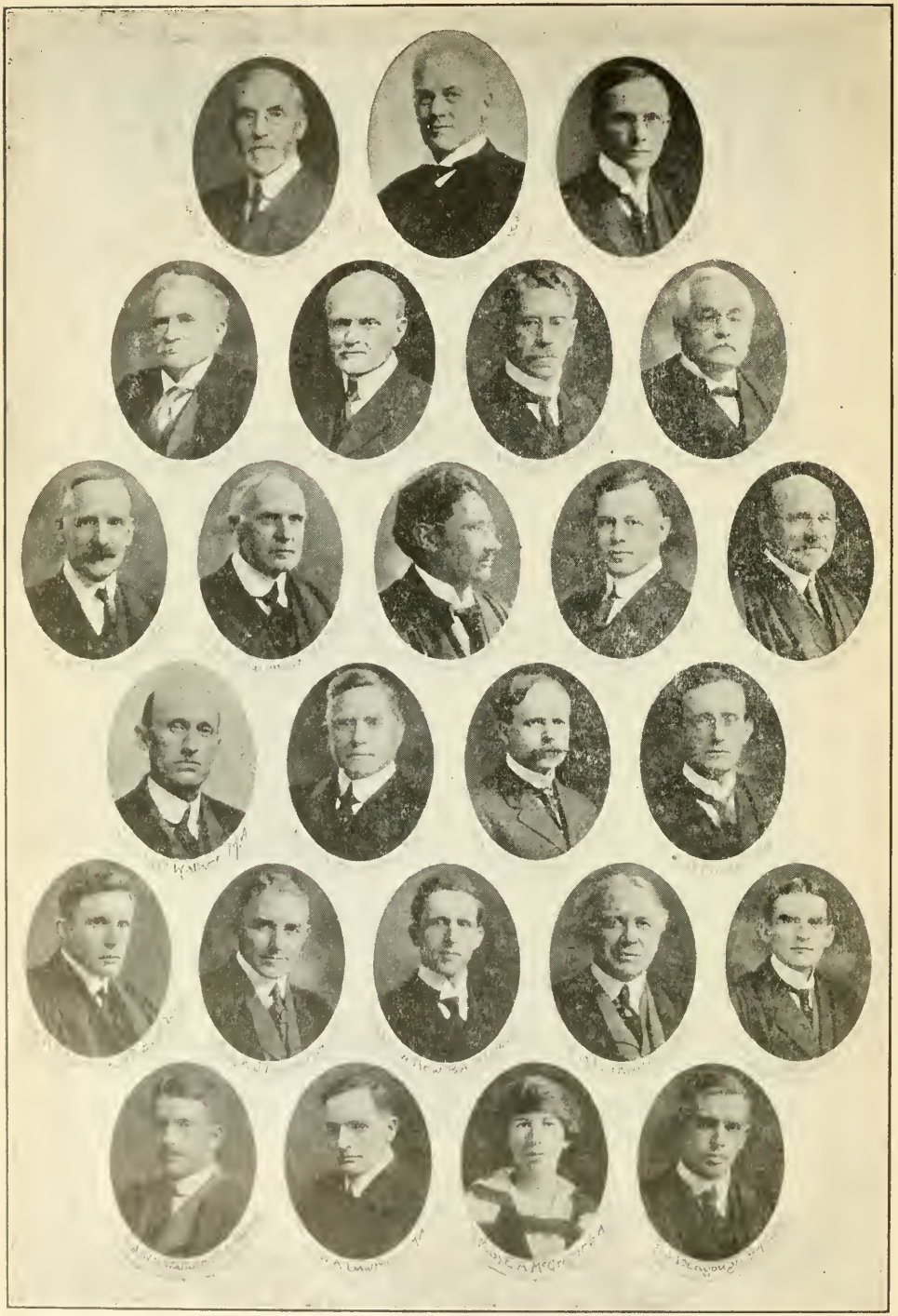


McMASTER 1922

A Year Book of McMaster University
with which is incorporated the May
number of the McMaster
University Monthly.

Published by a joint committee from the Graduating Classes
in Arts and Theology and the Monthly Board. . . . .

THE FACULTY



The Chancellor's Message

EVERY hour has its challenge to the personality of man. Four or six years ago the challenge to you was that of development; to-day as you graduate from McMaster it is that of service. The two notes are not distinct; they are complementary and mutually supporting in the recitative of life.

At McMaster you have been introduced to the higher meaning of existence. The tapestry of the world has been displayed, the drama of human experience unfolded, the Curtain of Midian has been drawn aside, and you have glimpsed that 'The years of man are the looms of God let down from the place of the sun.' The sacredness of life, reverence for the personality of your fellows, sympathy for the distressed, and above all, an intelligent obedience to God, have claimed your attention. You go out into the world with a greater intelligence, a more sympathetic heart and a resolution to bless mankind and to glorify God by your service.

Let that service arise from a pure conscience. The spiritual and the ethical are the true criteria of advancing civilization. Christianity is the supreme religion because God is a personal ethical God and its religion is an ethical religion which spiritualizes the conduct of man. The eternal issues of life are the attitudes and deliverances of the soul in its filial and fraternal relations. Mechanistic interpretations, whether materialistic, or intellectualistic, scientific or theological, squeeze the juice out of existence and leave it a dried up useless shard. Believe in the reality of existence and be not afraid to handle it as real.

Let your service be rendered with the note of positive conviction ringing through it. It is true that the grace of God is not "distributed denominationally"; it is also true that a man without positive conviction has never made any large contribution to the welfare of the human race.

Conviction will energize your labor with the dynamic of conscientiousness. Whatever you do, do with your might. Not to give your best is a breach of morality. That is the reason why it has been said that some workmen break the decalogue with every stroke of the hammer.

When indecision dogs your steps remember "The most fatal of all neutralities is that which results not from choice but from irresolution". When timid apathy assails you, recall John Morley's statement, "Indolence and timidity have united to popularize among us a flaccid latitudinarianism . . he who begins life by stifling his convictions is in a fair way for ending it without any convictions to stifle." Be tolerant, magnanimous and respectful of the opinions of others, but let not your toleration rise from indifference. As Taylor Innes says, "History assures us that while the cheapest of all virtues is a toleration founded on indifference, the true toleration has been in times of crisis a high attainment, —the privilege of souls pure and strong by nature or lifted above themselves by religious conviction".

Yours truly,
A. L. McCrimmon

Thurston Hampton

"The sunny smile, the happy, loving heart,
Transplated only to a sphere more meet,
Where every bud shall bear more perfect fruit,
And life's gold circle shall round out complete."

Thurston was born near Toronto on July 2, 1900, but since 1905 lived in Vancouver. While in attendance at King Edward School he was greatly interested in the cadets and had the distinction of winning for two consecutive years the silver medal for marksmanship.

The autumn of 1918 found him at McMaster with the Freshman class of '22. In the summer of 1920 Thurston returned home. Very soon after his arrival he was stricken with a fever. This was followed by an attack of pneumonia which proved fatal, and his death on June 14 took from us one of our most beloved classmates.

The suddenness of his death was a shock to all. Although taken from our midst at the end of his Sophomore year, his genial smile, the expression of a kind heart, is still before us. His sterling qualities won him many friends who mourn his loss.

Thurston was a true friend and a Christian gentleman, and to his parents and relatives Year '22 extends its warmest sympathy.

To Him this Year Book is Affectionately Dedicated

GRADUATES IN ARTS

As was said of Hortense---

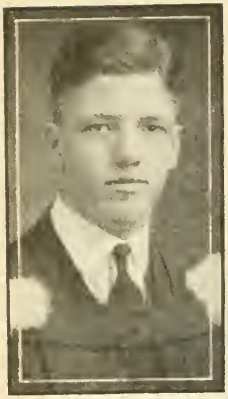
"They ain't good-looking,
But they've got good sense".

Charles Adsett

"Gladness be with thee, Helper of the world."

Born at Ladner, B.C., 1895, Charles migrated to Guelph, Ont. He attended Guelph Collegiate Institute, entered Varsity in 1917. Here he won the McClure Scholarship for that year. In 1920 he was missionary at Monteith, Ont., and won his spurs in mixed singles of the Northern Ontario Tennis Tournament. In 1921, he spent the summer swimming the "Pacific" with "Theology" as a pastime. A volley-ball championship, propriety in all things, a sense of humor at all times, and the society of the "Fair" have rounded out Charles' philosophy of life. He is looking forward to his degree from Knox, and thence to India. He has his own quiet way of getting there, and has acquired a broad experience on the way.

Chief Concern—The Ottawa Mail.



Gordon Berry Atkinson

"He was a gentleman from sole to crown
Clean favoured and imperially slim."

"Gord" was born on November 25, 1901, at Brantford. He has lived at different times in Missouri, Vancouver and Toronto. He has blue eyes and fair hair. He wears, occasionally, a bow tie. He polishes his shoes frequently. He is free of adenoids, and has not had his tonsils out. He does not sing. He snores in three languages. He likes Basketball, Biology, Freshettes, modern poetry, Checkers, Sophettes, Cadillacs, Juniorettes, writing letters, receiving letters, Seniorettes, fancy skating, church, some class parties. He does 100 yards in 10 3-5 seconds. He is the first President of the Modern Literature Club, and the third of his class. He admires a moustache and is said to have frozen his ear in bed. He dislikes Rummy, tobacco, stewards, the Song of the Undertow, oyster cocktails, being called by his full name, being a Kakiak, 8.15's, string beans, some class parties. His middle name is pronounced exactly as spelled.

Frances Ethel Baxter

"Here Youth and Beauty meet
And chase the glittering hours with flying feet."

Like Postum, "there's a reason" for our Pinky. She arrived the first day of the year 1902, bringing with her the three gifts of that day: "Wit and beauty, hand in hand, and joyous laughter too." The first of these taught her how to obtain maximum marks with minimum trouble, and to carry off all the prizes of first year. She has a well-established reputation for being first in everything but the lecture room in the morning and the residence at night. Her second gift has charmed individually, during her course, and collectively, in her delightful portrayal of Portia in her senior year. The last gift is Pinky as we know her best, and has proved a valuable asset in her activities as an energetic D.D. and as a firm believer in "safety in numbers."

Pet Hero—Earl of Warwick.
Inevitable—A permanent Bill.
Nuff Said—(6-ft. 2-in.)*
Kute Saying—"Look at him, Papa!"
Yearning—Stutz roadster.
*Editor's note—Spring measurements, 6-ft. 3-in.

Helen Beall Brown

"You want to write something about me?" said Helen, her blue eyes wide, "Why, I haven't done anything." "Oh, yes, you have", I said, "You got born in Fonthill. And then, what about the debate you won for the college in your fourth year, and your oration which had so much of you in it?" "Oh, that's nothing—but I'm glad we won the debate for Mac." "Of course; and about your characteristics?" "Oh, you can write all about my talkati—" "No, I can't." "—and my pugnacity—" "Don't be silly. The you we want to remember is the you that loves poetry so much, your 'head all misty with dreams'—the you that loves flowers, your pansies; that loves people, especially people. Don't you remember you told me once, that the thing you loved best in all the world was seeing into the hearts of people. And it's true, isn't it?" "Oh, I suppose so,—yes, I do." "Wasn't your oration all about that, understanding hearts? You're going to work for people all your life, aren't you?" "Yes, Jonathan, oh, I want to." "You will, David, dear."

William Kitchener Brown

"He is a benefactor of mankind who can make two smiles grow where there was only a grouch before."

Home and schooling in Port Colborne on Lake Erie, two years in a bank, a summer in the C.M.R.; and at McMaster, Year President, four years' hockey, Guardian Angel of the Lit—that's Bill's to date. Add three years at Osgoode, an M.A. in Political Economy, seven years more, ninety pounds, a shingle, a select clientele and you have the citizen. "One who has dwelt in our midst." The crystal darkens and gives no immediate promise of interesting developments—the gods, too, have fallen for his diverting ways and infectious grin. His keenest pleasure comes with the fall and a camp in the northwoods, or perhaps, a moonlight beach, flannels, sweater and a meerschaum to match. He reads Rudyard Kipling, David Grayson and Charles Dickens. We like him, for he's jolly, sincere and kind.

Pet Reflection—"Let's see. If I eat now I can get back to the room by.....and.....etc."

Albert Buie

"He was a gentleman on whom I built an absolute trust."

Bert, who formerly belonged to '19, is probably more renowned among his former colleagues than among those with whom he graduates. Stayner claims the residence of our hero; there he took his preparatory training. Following this he entered the pedagogical field, and after two years of successful work in a profession for which he showed an avowed interest, he entered McMaster. At McMaster he evinced a keen interest in all that stands for the best, and made firm friends through his reticence and frankness. Science was the course which he elected and it has been proved that his selection was opportune. Following his graduation, Bert will enter medicine, and we wish him every success in the noble profession which he has chosen.

Evelyn Cain

"The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm f'om floor to ceilin'."

The scholarship that won Evelyn for McMaster prepared us for her record as a specialist in Moderns. Her ability in public speaking and efficient executive work made her successful, in turn, as class orator in her first year; secretary of the Women's Literary Society, and treasurer of the Women's Student Body in her second year; Vice-President of Year '21, and Inter-Collegiate debater as a Juniorette; and President of the Women's Chorus in her final year. But it is her warm, lovable disposition that has won "Cainey" her firm place in the hearts of her co-workers and class-mates.

Boast—Never to make excuses.
Ambition—To take pedagogy to Parliament.
Aversion— Dimples.

Phyllis Knill Chapman

Interpretation of Life Suite.

Prelude: This is to be played *andante tranquilo*. It includes phrases from England and the west, and is to be in a scholastic style. Intermezzo McMastriense. "Jonathan": The first part should be played *brillante*, —and yet it demands hard systematic practice to achieve the silvery ring, like that of a medal, at the close. The second part starts at a more moderate pace, *mena masso*, and continues in that manner with somewhat of a choral resonance until half over. Then the mood changes,—it becomes *dolce con motto sentimento*, suggesting the langorousness of cinnamon toast and tea, and moonlit evenings; and yet interspersed with passages of a decidedly dramatic, Shakespearian tone. The third part, *Calmata*, should partake even more of that solid choral characteristic, and yet in places piquante like a vivacious Nerissa, or with the appealing radiance of a misty-eyed Pierrette. The finale, of paramount importance, may be interpreted by those who shall study it. In general, the Suite should be characterized by reserve and by a certain precise parlance, withal poetic. The technique and execution increase in scope with the sweetness of tone and expression.

Harry Coles

"Oh! Let me live my own and die so too,
And see what friends and read what books I please."

Harry was born at Parry Sound, educated at various centres, and secured his matriculation from Harbord Collegiate. During the war, he travelled in England, France and Belgium, and on his return he entered McMaster with Year '23. Here he has devoted himself with enthusiasm to the literary activities of the school. His original ideas and seathing criticism have caused many a flutter at the Literary Club, where Harry's pet occupation was to "strafe" the modernistic tendencies of some of the members. We wish Harry all success for his future, which he intends to devote to literary pursuits.

Favored Expression—"By Jove."
Ambition—M. A. in English.

Nellie Rosaline Curtis

"Her looks do argue her repute with modesty."

MeMaster women can thank the great outdoors of the Wawartha Lakes and the competitive sports of the Toronto School System for producing such a keen supporter and exponent of athletics as Nell. The girl's Athletic Executive has always found her a necessary and useful member. And then there are the teams—hockey, basketball, baseball, and tennis—Nell has constantly been needed for these, both for her year and the College. Studies are a bore, of course, but Nell has never been known to let them subdue her gay spirits, though her acquaintance with the interior of text-books has been neither sporadic nor brief. She has studied enough Latin to be captivated by Horace's "Soldier Queen," although special moderns have received the major part of her attention. Bright as a ray of sunshine, Nell is going forth to captivate the world of business and teach it how to smile.

Aversion—"Prunes."
Pet Expression—"Oh, Boy!"

Alexander Grant Donaldson

"All great men are dying,
But I feel quite well."

One bright morning some twenty years ago, "as the dawning beam purpled the mountain and the stream," who should be there to greet it but "Wee Alex." But his Scotch love of liberty soon impelled him to kick the slats off his cradle, and after taking unto his province all the knowledge of a Glasgow Public School, he could not rest from travel, and so pushed off "to seek a newer world." With his parents he settled down in Coaticook, Quebec, where he attended the local Academy. From there he came to McMaster and joined Year '21, but through a decision to change his course, he graduates with Year '22. He has held various offices, including that of the Secretary-Treasurer of the Student Body, and has spent a summer in Frontier College work. Until late last night his plans for the future had not been laid open to the Press, but with his keen eye for business he may be confident of success.

Holman Grove Doolittle

"In blue eyes radiant with vivacity
There shines a brilliant and romantic grace."

Since his years in Thurso, Que., "Doo" has kept an eye on his ministering father during successive pastorates in Vittoria, Burgessville and Norwich. A year in the mines in Northern Ontario intervened between his graduation from Woodstock Collegiate Institute and his arrival at Mac in 1918, on the pretext of taking a Special Science Course. At McMaster his athletic prowess is unexcelled. A long list of Field Day achievements, including the winning of the McNaught Cup Championship in 1919, are only equalled by his leadership in the Mac Rugby, Hockey and Basketball teams. The Presidency of his Senior Year evidences his executive ability and popularity, but we will leave it to the reader to guess the qualities to be found in the President of the famous Nip and Tuck Society.

Favorite Saying—"Aw, sure you can!"
Failing—Chesterfields.
Pastime—"Coaching the girls."
Ambition (partly realized)—To be Assistant to Miss Whiteside.

George Murray Farmer

"A man of weight".

Murray has always been "a man of weight".—weighty in argument, political or otherwise, weightily bringing down his fist upon the table to score a convincing point. "A man of weight" he continues to be, as his graduation picture will testify. Evidently home life in Ottawa is agreeing with Murray as he completes his fourth year extramurally.

"G" was born in Wallaceburg, an only son, and a minister's son at that. Brantford and Regina schools nurtured his budding genius. McMaster received him as a Freshman in the fall of 1917. As a musician, as an intercollege debater, as Vice-President of the Literary Society, he has made a real contribution to our McMaster life. As an authority on Liberal politics, as a confirmed misogynist (his bark is worse than his bite), as a critic of all things (but a real good scout underneath it all) Murray will not soon be forgotten. He is headed for the law and the profits.

Aversion—Religiosity, therapeutics, and Graduation Monthlies.
Hobbies:—Smart, Jevons, and the "Paradox of Value".

Llewellyn Carlyle Fletcher

Born in 1900, the subject of this sketch soon negotiated the proverbial first step, and has been climbing ever since. He climbed into McMaster as a young preacher, and has spent his time since in preaching nearly every Sunday and engaging in secret conclaves with the Philosophers during the week. His main strength during his college days has been given to the Christian Church, into whose ministry he is soon to be ordained. His ministerial apprenticeship has been served in rural church work, and in Religious Education activities in Stouffville. He takes religion enthusiastically and intends to go to Japan as a missionary when his education is complete. He also has the distinction of being the only man known to have brought a melon into the school and get it away again safely. He is growing a moustache.

H. A. Frise

"Das Naturkind".

In the year 1899 the Frise household was blessed by its first unearned increment, a bouncing baby boy. At the same time the ranks of the L.O.L. were swelled. His conduct at Public School was exemplary, at High School questionable, at Collegiate worse, at McMaster—. When not otherwise engaged in Toronto, he has specialized in English and History at McMaster.

Future activity—Uncertain.
Favorite Saying—"Dis-case!"
Aversion—Boarding-house grub.
Haunts—Loew's and the coal-hole.

Alice Ann Grant

"In Mathematics she was greater
Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater."

Many long years ago Alice was born in the little hamlet of St. Thomas. At an exceedingly tender age she was transported to the wilds of Alberta. Having a wonderful capacity for making the best of a bad bargain, she managed to pick up a few crumbs of learning from the Black Robes of that country. Should you desire proof, she will show you a row of medals. She graduated in Mathematics from the University of Toronto with '21, and then came to McMaster to study with Drs. Findlay and Dawes for a year. She is an accomplished musician. Alice has not yet chosen her life work. We would suggest that she just continue to shed her optimistic cheerfulness about her, and so brighten the lives of those around.

Hobby—Mathematics and Physics.
Pet Aversions—Bobbed hair, housework, and poetry.
First Words Spoken—"Oh, that will be lovely."

Doris Evelyn Hooper

"Among good citizens, I praise
Again a woman whom I knew and know."

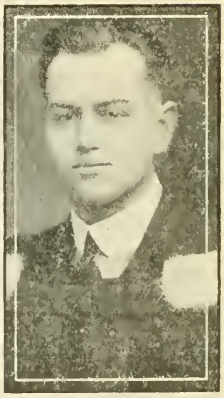
"Speaking of the women of the class of '22, I think of Doris Hooper. She was Vice-President of the class, you remember, and a good one, too! She was at McMaster only three years, but she certainly made her presence felt in that time. She was a good student, of course; and she liked dramatics and hockey, and was a leader in both. Dromio, Grumio, and Gratiano, she was in turn, and equally good in all. She liked to skate, and remembered throughout the years that Geo. Gilmour was the first boy she ever skated with. Once she got to McMaster, however, the rest of the men took care he wasn't the last. The girls made her captain of their hockey team in her last two years. Doris could always be counted on. Whatever she was asked to do, she did, and did well. What everybody liked about her best, though, was that she was such a genuinely 'good head'—and she didn't know 't herself! Here's to the last of the Hoopers!"

Enid Hounsom

"Still unassuming are thy ways
And kindly words thou hast for all."

Enid chose Toronto the Good as her birth-place, and here she has remained ever since. Having spent the allotted time at Grace Street School, Harbord Collegiate and Toronto Normal, the Moulton powers that be induced her to teach in the Primary Department. After a short but successful plunge into the realm of pedagogy, she made bold to indulge her ambition further, and in 1917 entered upon the special Moderns and History course at McMaster, with results that commend her good judgment. Her sweet and cheery manner and her musical skill, of which she has always made generous and welcome use, have won for her a valued place in college life. She plans to return to the educational arena by way of the Ontario College of Education.

Norman Clifford Howard



"Queer mixture of oddity, frolic and fun
Who relished a joke and rejoiced in a pun."

"Norm," a native of the Queen City, and proud to be the product Toronto schools, graduated in 1916 from Harbord Collegiate. His movements for the next two years are many, comprising business, travel and pleasure. Good fortune called him to McMaster in 1918; he entered the course in Special Economics. "Norm" has been a constant patron of the athletics of the University, taking a special interest in Field Day sports and in rugby. After completing the mid-year examations in 1921, he was taken ill and had to abandon his academic work for that year. His health restored during the summer, he completed the junior year in the fall and rejoined '22 for the senior year. Next fall will probably find him at Osgoode.

Hobby—Reading the Globe's financial page before Pol. Econ. lectures.
Favorite Expression—"Is chapel out yet?"
Ambition—To meet Benny Leonard at his own weight.

John Alexander Johnston

"At church with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place.

John received his first impression of the heather-covered hills of Bonnie Scotland from the little village of Dunblane, Perthshire, and his early education in the City of Rocks—Stirling. His conversion resulted in a desire for a broader field of service, in his seeking private tuition in study, and in his acquiring a better half. Later, after having pursued opportunity to the Western Hemisphere, he graduated from the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago. Then for three years he "shouldered arms," incidentally winning a Military Medal, while trying to drive his bayonet through the Hindenberg line at Drocourt. He returned to Canada in time to join Year '22, and besides winning a scholarship in History of New Testament Times, he found time to minister successfully to the spiritual needs of the Acton Baptist, and Calvary Baptist (Toronto) Churches.

Pet Expression—"Good-night! Beat 'em up."
Ambition—To entangle the Philosophy Professor.

Donald Grant MacBain

"Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight."

Wouldn't you expect this boy, with a name like his, to have been born with a sprig of heather in his mouth? It wasn't, though; it was a Maple Leaf. For eight years, Donald sought to establish the fuaure of "The Peg." The inadequate response of that city determined him to devote himself to the educational system of Ontario. Toronto schools came first under his influence. Then Woodstock College found him, one autumn day, hat in hand on its doorstep, accepted the responsibility, and graduated him in time to enter McMaster in "the illustrious year"—'18, of course. After one year here, Mac put up the Maple Leaf on his forehead, and thus there began nearly four years' war service, of which any one would be proud. It has taken a good deal of patient plodding, with his weakened physique, to carry on with study, but Mac is like that. He looks ahead to commercial chemistry.

Alice Pearce Macdougall

"A head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute."

Nothing, if not truthful, we must admit, Dougie was born in the States. But the wisdom since admired in her, early coming into evidence, she migrated to Canada almost immediately. Hence our claim to her varied talents as "Home Products." That same wisdom led her to select McMaster as her Alma Mater and to recognize Year '22 as *the* class *par excellence*. At McMaster her athletic prowess and executive ability found scope in her Presidency of Athletics, of Wallingford Hall, and of the D. D.'s (not to mention her ardent support of the S. H. C.) Then in debate against St. Hilda's, she simply annihilated them—so to speak. Dougie is Scotch in everything except money matters, ability to see a joke (given reasonable time) and obvious preference for Irish names. In fact, as a synonym for "Dougie," we would suggest "a good sport." In closing let us not forget "Martha McLaughlin", Dougie's "fast" friend who rendered many services and "picked up" many friends at McM aster.

Aversion—A "word" with the Dean (of W. H.)
Panacea—The highway, and "A Matter of Good Taste."
Model—Mrs. Pankhurst.

Archibald T. O. Marks

"Room for me, mighty ones, room, make room!
I fear no power, and dread no doom!"

Dissatisfied with the amount of knowledge he imbibed in the Public School, and animated with a desire to wear the cloth, Tom entered Woodstock College in 1914. There he spent two years and then, lured by the love of adventure, and the possibilities of combat, and incidentally possessed of patriotic impulses, crossed the ocean in 1915, subsequently fighting in the battles of Lens, Somme, and Vimy. In the Fall of 1919 he appeared in McMaster, joining Year '23. During his course he surprised his fellow students by his classical skill, and his admiration for the erudition of Hebrew and scholars. A very able orator, and a fervent preacher, we anticipate for Tom great achievements in the realm of the pulpit.

Pet Expression:—"Don't give a tiddley-hoot".
Ambition:—To make his mark in the world.

Florence Mary Marlow

"And she's wise as she is winsome, and as good as she is wise,
And beside her other graces, she is good at baking pies."

Flo. came to us from the peach orchards of Grimsby, and methinks she brought some of their fragrance with her. Early deciding that higher education for women was becoming of paramount importance, she turned to McMaster to realize her ambition. Now, after four years, can we imagine "twenty-two" or the University without her? We will never forget those picnics and feeds that she managed as convener of the Social Committee, and we can see her now orating with the greatest eloquence and vigour, but we remember her best of all as Head Girl and the ease and grace with which she performed the arduous duties of this exacting position. She has majored in economics, both home and political, and specialized in the activities of the D.D.'s. She loves Browning, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and the Postman.

Ambition—To live in Mexico and help build railways.
Extravagance—Long distance phone calls.

Margaret Ann Mason

"I'll not budge an inch."

The world is so full of a number of things that most people are often perplexed, but Margaret makes up her mind. Then having reached certain decisions, she remains steadfast, whether it be in politics, in religion, or in friendship. This constancy has been her guiding star ever since when a little fair-haired, blue-eyed lass, "the apple of her father's eye," she lived a joyful life on the farm near Otterville. After "High-Schooling" at Woodstock Collegiate, Margaret entered McMaster with Year '21, and has taken a five year course, specializing and winning scholarships in Classics. In her final year her oratorical ability was revealed and defeat inflicted upon "St. Mikes" in the Women's Inter-College Debate on the Privy Council question. Rumor has it that she will have more to say on such problems in the future.

Ambition—To be a second Agnes McPhail.

Ross Leroy McBride

"There is no royal path which leads to geometry."

The subject of this obituary was born at Iona Station, Elgin County, in April, 1903, when most of us were learning the art of pedestrianism. As far as we have been able to find out, "Mac" is the youngest member of our graduating class. Iona Station public school supplied him with the necessary information to qualify him to enter the Collegiate Institute at Dutton. Five years of study there secured for him senior matriculation. In the fall of 1919, "Mac" joined Year '22 as a Fresh-Soph, taking up special mathematics. As a member of the senior rugby team, in the half-mile walk, and in tennis, he has demonstrated his ability in athletic pursuits. Next year will find him studying electrical engineering at S. P. S. Our wishes for his success attend him as he leaves us.

Frequent Request—"Got one in the front row?"

Alexander Boyd McLay

"If a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics."

In the year of Queen Victoria's death, Boyd was born in the City of Toronto. After he had endured certain elementary afflictions at the Normal Model School and U. T. S., his daddy brought him to McMaster in September, 1918, where he registered as a Fresh-Soph. Although specializing in Math. and Physics, Boyd's whole attention has not been devoted to demonstrating in the lab. He has found time to represent the University and his year in Rugby, Hockey, and Track; to act as Vice-President of the Athletic Association; and as subscription manager of the MONTHLY for two years. He usually spends his summers with the geological survey parties or in Forestry. If a cheerful disposition counts for aught, Boyd is on the highway to success.

Ambitions—1, To grow a moustache; 2, to learn to play a jazz whistle.
Retort Courteous—"You poor sap" (with apologies to Mutt and Jeff).

Wardley Dryden McMaster

"When it is finally settled that the thing is *impossible*, watch some fellow do it."

"Wardley Dryden" was born in Ottawa just after 1901, played in its sand heaps a few years, and then removed to St. John, where he was nourished on Bay of Fundy fog and "dulce." Washington was his home for the nine years ending with his arrival at "Mac." There, to the tune "This is no place for a minister's son," he increased in knowledge and stature. Immediately after entering with Year '22, he joined the flock of black sheep famous for the wholesale shearing thereof by the Sophs. During his four year sentence, he spent most of his time aside from study hours in "doing things." On account of the unusual experience gained through collecting laundry bills in the residence, he was often selected to take charge of matters of finance. He has never been *known* to have appropriated any public funds. He does not believe in "fussing"; he just "goes out."

Hobby—Stamp collecting.
Ambition—To be a second "Mother Carey."

Alice Olive Mulholland

"You are the drollest thing alive."

A few miles up Bathurst Street is the farm where since 1806 members of the Mulholland family have lived, and there it was that Alice joined the group. Following the path of her older sister, as soon as she had acquired sufficient years, she became a pupil in the Dublin School and after in North Toronto High School. Later she "normalled" in Saskatoon, and taught in the West. Meanwhile that older sister had come to McMaster, so Alice, deciding to follow her thither, entered the Class of '22. It may be a result of her Irish ancestry—at any rate, Alice possesses a rare sense of humor, and with a funny story to illuminate every occasion, her life has been by no means uneventful.

Avocation—Reading "Punch" and "Goblin."
Chief Aversion—"Chestnuts."

Helen Frances Perry

"She with all the charm of women;
She with all the will of man."

Though Helen was born in Chicago and her home has been for several years in Brooklyn, she has spurned the white lights of the great American cities for the less "wuzzy" atmosphere of Toronto. A graduate of Moulton '17, McMaster knew her first as a partial student, a vivacious citizen of "Upper Harmony." The next year found her enrolled in a special Latin course. In 1920-21 she was unable to attend, and took partial work at Adelphi, but returned to graduate with '22. Helen "loathes" inaction, and so has been an enthusiastic participant in every phase of college life. Her activities, whether social, executive, religious, or academic, are marked by the thoroughness which characterizes her every undertaking and her loving nature has won her a warm place in the hearts of those who have been fortunate enough to know her.

Favorite Expression—"I thought I'd die."
Weakness—Laura's.
Hobby—Matching wits with "grandsons."
(Typist's note: She *did* get my Nanny).
Tribulation—Rinks have closing hours.

Cecil Rhodes Pitcher

"True as the needle to the Pole,
Or as the dial to the sun."

The little town of Aberdeen, South Dakota, has a claim to distinction by being the birthplace of Cecil Pitcher at the beginning of the twentieth century. Dissatisfied with educational facilities there, he came to Canada in 1905, and settled at Belleville where he attended public and high schools. Obtaining his honour matriculation, he entered "Mac" as a "Fresh-Soph." His special forte has been Special Economics, although his academic work has not occupied his whole attention, as he has been a live debater in the Anglican Young People's Debating League, being one of the team which last year won the shield for St. Philip's Church. Next year will probably find him studying law, either at some American University or at Wetmore Hall, Regina.

Haunts—The reading-room and the Library.
Aversion—Chapel.
Favorite Expression—"Make it fast."

S. C. Platus

"He was a man, take him for all in all;
I shall not look upon his like again."

Two great events happened in January, 1900. On January 1st, the twentieth century began,* and on the 4th of the same month "Solly" was born. The latter event took place in Brooklyn, N.Y., but at the age of five the young hopeful came to Toronto. He attended Ryerson St. School and Jarvis Collegiate. Winning the Matthews Scholarship, he came to McMaster where he devoted himself to the study of economics. He has played a very prominent part in athletics, having captained the rugby team for two years. The faculty willing, he intends to continue his studies at Osgoode Hall.

Aversion—"Wimmin."
Diversion—Poker.
Ambition—Moustache.
Saying—"I'm going to work—hard this term."
*We doubt it, but it sounds all right.

Mabel Pugh

"Praise me not too much,
Nor blame me, for thou speakest to the Greeks,
Who know me."

1. At the Model School and Jarvis Collegiate—a toss of curls and a reputation for supreme impishness; successful debating for an inter-year shield; the heroine of the "Lit" play; the Presidency of the Y. W. C. A.. —for these she is remembered.

2. At McMaster—a lift of the head and an artistically realistic portrayal of "bonny Kate," changed in a year to an unusually sympathetic presentation of "Shylock's fury"; inter-collegiate debating culminating in the winning finals in her Senior Year; a tactfully steered course as Vice-President of her year and of the Women's Student Body, in turn, with the trials of Senior "Rep." to the Debating Union thrown in.—for these we will remember her.

But our memory will not be chiefly of what she has done but of her happy friendliness, her ever-present helpfulness, her trouble-lifting smile, which has always made "a sunchine in the shadie place."

Motto—Red-dy, aye, red-dy!
Protest—"Well, really!"
Achievement—Looking a saint and being an "imp of Satan," *a la fois.*

Walter Pyle

"The quiet mind is richer than a crown."

The subject of this brief sketch greeted the world on a good old farm at Lowbanks. He began his High School education at Dunnville, and later, when in England with a Tank Battalion, attended the Khaki College, which qualified him for entrance into MeMaster in 1919. In inter-year Rugby and Soccer he has been a dependable man. In the Biological Laboratory his chief delight has been studying buzzing blue-bottles and other beautiful creatures. Like Archimedes thrilled with the ecstasy of discovery, his happy voice exclaiming, "I have found it! I have found it!" has often startled and pleased his classmates. Next year Walter expects to return to Toronto to take up work at the College of Education.

Favorite Saying—"That's hot stuff, isn't it?"
Ambition—To imitate Caruso.
Aversion—Fussing.

Jean Alicia Kellock Robertson

"She is a winsome wee thing;
She is a bonny wee thing."

Jean was born in Carlton Place, but evidently her fellow-townsmen did not sufficiently appreciate Burns for she soon moved to "Pairth". Time revealed that even Perth had its limitations, but Jean stayed long enough to pick up a couple of scholarships and then turned her attention to "Math. & Physics" at MeMaster. Incidentally, behind the footlights she has appeared a capricious "Puck," a "side-splitting" Biondello and a tottering Old Gabbo. Big Lit. and athletics have known her as an energetic "Wire," and she was the first President of Wallingford Hall. Not even Calculus and Apologetics have spoiled her sunny disposition and that whole-hearted spontaneity that everybody loves in her.

Ambition—To beat "Al" at golf.
Thursday, 7.15 a.m.—"Cheer up, kids, the day after the day after tomorrow is Sunday."
Expression—"I'll do it my own self."

Anna Gertrude Rourke

"Whose little body lodged a mighty mind."

Gertrude was born in Eastern Ontario in the picturesque town of Brockville, where she received her primary and secondary education in the public schools and the Collegiate Institute. Upon graduation from the B. C. I., she was successful in capturing the Harold Matthews Memorial Scholarship in Latin and French, and the first Carter Scholarship from the Counties of Leeds and Grenville. In the fall of '18 she entered McMaster and since then in her quiet and unassuming way, has pursued her course with no discredit to her previous record. Although Gertrude is uncertain as to what calling will claim her future career, we are certain that she will fill a place worth while.

Ambition—To travel in a far country.
Pet Aversion—Lectures.

Marion Victoria Royce

"In faith, lady, you have a merry heart."

Understanding and sympathy are Marion's most salient traits, though "pep" and mischief do not come far behind. Her cheery heart beat first in St. Thomas, and it was there that she learned her letters and qualified for an Honor Matriculation Scholarship to McMaster. Here she has continued her splendid record with prizes in Latin and English and History, not to mention the Governor-General's Medal for proficieney in the Third Year. She has also found time for oratory and college journalism, and her judgment has been recognized in her election to numerous college executives, culminating in her election as President of Women's Lit. In that office she was in great measure responsible for the success of the "Big Play" in 1922. Her foundations of learning and experience have been broad, and we know that they will support a worthy superstructure.

Exclamation—Oh, Joy!
Failing—Too few seconds and no thirds.

Marie Annis Smith

"I'll try everything once: if I like it I'll try it again."

Who is the "Best Sport" in Year '22? "Smitty" without a doubt. Port Rowan is the native town of the smiling "bundle of contradictions," where, besides matriculating, she led the basketball team to victory. We remember her best as a handsome Lysander successfully wooing Hermia, reading the minutes at Womens Athletic meetings, a ferocious centre on the Inter-Collegiate Basketball team, as captain of the year team in the third year, and captain of the School team in her final year, and at all the year "turn-outs" in hockey, tennis and field sports. With a trifle less enthusiasm she has acquired her French and English specials. Her right good will, contagious laugh, and splendid sportsmanship name her the "best scout ever."

Ambition—To be president of the D.D.'s.
Failing—Goin' skatin'.
Favorite Saying—Is he tall?

Milne Armstong Smith

"Some people get results if kindly encouraged—but give me the man who can do things in spite of hell!"

"Smittie" embarked upon his adventurous career at Strathroy, Ontario, and answered the call to higher education by enrolling with Year '18 and piloting it through its turbulent freshman year. The next year, he deserted his former classmates to become a member of Year '19, but enlisting in February, 1916, he served three years with the C. E. F. in France, and returned to graduate with the class of 1922. Milne always has been a firm believer in the doctrine: "don't allow your studies to interfere with your edueation", and has never taken kindly to the conventionality of an academic course. But as a competent executive and a clever organizer, his ability has been amply exemplified as President of the Athletic Assoeiation, Secretary of his Senior Year, and Master of Ceremonies on McMaster nights at the "Y", while in athletics he has won two gold medals and has played on the senior rugby and basketball teams. As a Y.M.C.A. executive officer, or in any calling which requires a high degree of originality and organizing ability, his success is assured.

Specialty—Leading an orchestra.
Pastime—Acting as Stage Manager for "McMasterrifics."

John Douglas Taylor

"Young Johnnie was the blythest lad."

Jack was born in Hamiltonian obscurity. His youthful manliness is a product of the pure and simple (?) life. He is a practical idealist, visualizing a utopian end and working steadily to attain his dream. Forsaking Hamilton Collegiate Institute, "Douglas" became an expert draftsman and then returned to academic work at Oberlin College, where he spent his freshman year. The autumn of '19 found "Shorty" connected with Year '22. His expressive brown eyes, impishly waving hair, and inviting smile won him immediate popularity, while his keen wit, literary and executive ability were quickly recognized by student organizations, resulting in hours of joyous reading of the school "organ" and notable advances in various societies. John is a hobby-fiend, delighting in dainties (human and otherwise), moonlight nights, astronomy, "Ham and——", sleeping in, spring days, poetry, and some ladies, while he expresses a definite antipathy for *cream pies and strong cigars*. J. D. will take post-graduate in English while directing boys' work south of the border.

Chief Aversion—Fifteen Cent Fares (He walks).
Favorite Saying—"Well men, had a *nice* time."

Florence Adell Thompson

"Brave and buoyant, wise and gay,
On the smooth or rugged way."

Unable to wait for McMaster to move to Hamilton, her native city, Adell's "prophetic soul, dreaming on things to come," shrewdly selected McMaster as her Alma Mater. After some time in business offices she decided to become a Bachelor—of Arts, be it understood, and to become a lawyer. Matriculating after a single year's study, she was articled as a law-student in 1917, and entered McMaster in 1918. For three years she flitted into lectures when not haunting the "dusty purlieus of the law," and consistently satisfied the examiners both here and at Osgoode Hall. In her final year we came to know her as the true-hearted girl she is. She will be the first McMaster girl-graduate to be called to the Ontario Bar.

Her Aversion—Pert Freshettes.
Her Motto—Ask for what you want.
Her Ambition—The Bench.

Frances Willard Trotter

"And a road my eager feet would reach
That leads to the far-away."

The making of a graduate:—as a "freshie green" she came bringing with her the atmosphere of Acadia, Toledo and Moulton. The smart sophomore began the second stage in the evolution as vice-president of Year '22, and her theatrical career in the role of Antipholies of Ephesus. Vice-President of the "Y"; assistant editor of the Women's Department; an ardent and efficient tamer of "The Shrew";—all these were the "gay junior." The "grave senior" has bobbed hair, she wins her inter-college debates, she presides at our "Y", she edits the Women's Department. As for Frank herself, she has a friendly smile. She can see a point. You tell her everything you know, she always understands. She is willing to see things as other people do. Her quest is for something really adventuresome to do after graduation.

Pet Aversion—Missing a piece of news.

Harry Alfred Webb

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."

Buffalo, N.Y., is Harry's birthplace, and Hamilton his home city. Finding a Collegiate training unsatisfying, he came to McMaster in the Fall of 1917, and here he has specialized in English and History, and faithfully discharged the duties of every office he has filled. He believes in "a broad, cultured programme," and may be found occasionally in the Grange, the Libraries, the Lecture halls, the Court Rooms, and the House of Parliament. He loves good books, and is the friend and victim of book-store clerks. He has been class orator, President of the Debating Union, a member of the senior and class rugby teams, and for two years leader of the junior Evangelistic Band. He has also done creditable work as a student pastor.

Frequently heard—"Ye gods! Get a pail."
Pastime—Argufying the Origin of Sin.
Ambition—To put a University course into a "nutshell."

John Clarke Williamson

"A man he was to all the country dear."

"Professor, may I ask a question?" was John's first whispered remark as he tried to peer through the smoke of Glasgow, Scotland, for the first time. His early school training in his native city did not suffice to clarify the problems of the universe, so he journeyed to the Land of Promise, where he graduated from the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago. After he had rolled the King's bandages on a hospital ship between Canada and England for three years, the eternal question mark lured him to McMaster in time to join the Freshman squad of 1919. The Baptist Church at Lorne Park has received the impress of his piety and oratory during his undergraduate days, and, upon squeezing the parchment, he hopes to continue his work there.

Ambition—To transplant Columbus, Ohio, to Lorne Park.
Pastime—Studying Mathematics.

Elsie Wright

"Of feloweschip wel coude she laughe and carpe."

"Oh I get the *Flesherton Advance* each week! I could not do without the news from home. Yes! I live in Edmonton—or rather my family do—but I was quite grown up when we moved out west. Teach? surely, I've taught out there and in Ontario, too. I loved it: kids are such adorable rascals. Guess that's why I've liked the City Playground work so well; this is the third year I've been at it. Oh, No! I'm not a Baptist, but I knew some people who were coming to "Mac", and I got interested. I always have wanted to go to Japan, so I thought I'd come here to get educated first. Perhaps I'll go in training after I graduate—I'd love to be a doctor, too. Oh, I'll get to Japan some day; I'm not old yet—not even middle aged."

Favorite Movie—Alf's Button, with emphasis on "ALF."

"TWENTY-TWO" AS FRESHMEN.

BACK ROW—H. L. Barton, G. H. Siegner, J. Foster, T. Hampton, B. C. Freeman, N. C. Howard, W. Reid, E. Orsborn, T. H. Eberlee, W. D. McMaster, S. C. Platus.

THIRD ROW—M. R. Russell, Mrs. F. Mahaffy, Miss F. Marlow, Miss B. H. Hubert, Miss A. Mulholland, Miss A. P. Macdougall, Miss F. Trotter, Miss M. A. Smith, Miss I. D. Robert, Miss R. B. McIntyre, F. R. Groat.

SECOND ROW—Miss N. A. Tribe, G. B. Atkinson, Miss F. E. Baxter, J. M. Wylie, Prof. W. O. Walker, Miss F. I. Kirkpatrick, W. K. Brown, Miss L. P. Dale, J. C. Mabee.

FRONT ROW—Miss G. E. Stark, Miss M. M. Hedges, Miss S. E. McLaurin.

(Being the early recollections of a twenty-twoite).

MY FRESHMAN DAYS

TO whom it may consume.—Yestidday sum of us Freshies having lots to do but not doing mueh, as usual, was recolleckting about the things we've done this year for the skool, and though natcherly modest, we couldn't help but think what a slo place it must of bin before we came.

I shall never forget the wait of my suitcase and those two hat boxes on that first day when I arrived safely at McMaster, after asking the way of three policemen and a real nice old gentleman who turned out to be one of the professers. In fact I remember just about every minute of last year —that is, all the ixciting ones anyway; espeshly that first picnick when I went with hansum Billie Brown. There were only six of us girls, and about twenty-five boys and I decided I was going to like McMaster all rite enuff—even in spite of all the funny rules, such as, Freshettes not being allowed to wear a yellow hare ribbon or French heels, or be seen on Bloor St. with a Freshman.

I didn't really object to any except the last. We broke two or three of them before we new eny better. But the Sophomores didn't do anything about it. I guess they were afraid of our Freshmen because they were so big and intelligent-looking; saying nothing of the way they respected us Freshettes. Why, they even installed a telephone in the Ladies' Room and had the walls tinted—I guess they'd decided they'd just have to have things sort of up-to-date when we came.

Wen you consider what we are now, it doesn't seem possible does it, that we were "perennial, pestiferous and afflicted with cephalic intumescence" (see McMaster Monthly), as the Sophomores said at initiation. But we surtainly must have been a bit green, though of course we've never admitted that around here.

You see, our boys expeckted to be initiated rite away after they arrived, but nothing was done about it for two or three weeks. Then, they heard it was going to take place on a surtin nite, so they all gathered in one room,

turned on all the lites, barrikaded the door, and staid up all night without even hearing a suspishus sound. At the time we thought everybody was afraid to tackle them, but now we know the delay was doo to the "floo." Wen it ackshully happened the ritten page is unadekate to express the fritefulness and horror thereof, from the liberal applicashun of green paint to the cold-boiled spagetty genrously sprinkled with soap-sud sauce.

Then, there was the memrable November 11th, when we were rowsed from our slumbers by the sound of whistles, bells and sirens, mingled with piercing cries of "Extries! Extries! All about the Armistice"! That was the day we were aloud to have a pajama parade down Yonge St. insted of going to lectures. It started all the talk about reconstruckshun, too. That's sumthing you do after a war. They haven't called on us Freshies to do it yet, but we expect they will anytime now, because we've had to do everything else that's bin done around here.

November 24th was another piece day—for Year '22 at least. That was the day the Sophs, thinking they couldn't stand it much longer having us lined up agenst them, decided to ask for piece. Our terms were greater respeckt from them in the future and a banquet at the Selby immediately. The menu was ritten in sum hethen language, that looked most discuraging but tasted fine. And to ensure Year '22's perfect enjoyment of the first and most important half of the program, only one of us was called upon to take part in the second half.

Let me see! Oh, no wonder I couldn't remember enything about January. There isn't anything to remember except those horrid old exams. One of the Seniors who thinks he has quite a sense of humor rote a one-act tragedy about them for my benifit. Hear it is.

Sc. I. Time—September to January.
"Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play,
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day."
Sc. II. Time—February.
"He failed in Latin, flunked in French,
They heard him softly hiss
I'd like to find the man who said
That ignorance was bliss." ....

I guess the next thing of noat was Founders' Night. That was on January 31st. The hall was all decorated up for the occashun. It looked just like a garden party. Of course there was no reel garden, but all the flours were represented. We practised ritting our names on little cards for a while and then "promenaded." (That's just the same as ordinary walking only you do it to musick). I liked it fine and I believe I made a pretty good showing, having won first prize in the "Graceful Walk" at High Skool before I came down hear. One of the old boys took me home —no, I don't mean a professer. They haven't taken eny of us out—yet. I mean one of the men who were in the war——the veterans.

The next time our class goes skating, it doesn't, that is, if we act ackording to pressident. Max Russell says that "humility exalteth the sole." That's the only reason I menshun how, on February 3rd the sun came out and melted what had previously bin the most promising-looking ice—to say nothing of the fact that sumbody (We suspect the Sophs) stole our skates. But we were all threttened with immediate expulshun from the University merely because we had not a chaperon.

On April 5th, Year '22 surtinly "took the bun." That was the once we agreed with the judges. I guess they liked the drill in which we wore our faces and middies back to front and then tried to move the way we looked as if we were looking. Enyway, they decided that the Freshette program deserved the "bun-feed". No wonder we felt that the closing song of praise to McMaster was intended to refer espeshully to us.

But enuff of buziness and plesur. We have also excelled in the spoarting line. Not that we ever really won enything, that is, not enything I can think of just now, (probably due merely to lapse of memry). But we always came so near it. If you don't believe us just ask that black-haired prof. with the water-wave and the froggy throte, who's always putting up the window. Speaking of exams, he sed we must be good spoarts to even *try* them, knowing as little as we did; and the professor who teaches us Math. I, sed he admired our "pluck"—even if we didn't think much of *his*.

My Sophomore Weeks.

Looking back over the Sophomore career of Year Twenty-Two, one could not but be dazzled by its brilliancy. It's so degrading to realize what inferior speeimens we must have been in our Freshmen days—it's positively odious to think of ever having been mere Frosh at all. But even at that, how infinitely superior we must have been to those impossible creatures to whom it behooved us this year to teach humility. As our bard, Mr. Russell, very mildly expressed it:—

> "A group of aimless wanderers from afar,
> They came; a motley crowd of verdure green
> With strident laugh and self-assumed sheen,
> Gaze fixed apparently upon some star.
> Youthful camplacency."

But still, 'twas great to be a Sophomore and educate the Frosh, to chase them here and drive them there, to paint their hides and glue their hair, and drop them in the wash.

'Twas better still to quit this job and rest a spell from raising hob and journey forth on pienics bent. Kew Beach was sure a dandy spot on which to tag and bat a lot, and see that sweet and simple face with quickened pace approach the base, where treacherous little pool of mud came up to meet her with a thud. The chaperones of course, were there and they were such a handsome pair. The seniors say it isn't fair, to carry on without them. But sad to tell they knew full well their movements must be wary and felt quite

sure their place was pure and simply honorary. The grub was good, no Soph but could, with it get mighty chummy and fairly bask in joyful task of loading up his tummy. But night fell dark, out went the spark of that once cheery fire. The wind grew cool, he was no fool who sat a little nigher. Till city lights' alluring glare dispersed the group in many a pair.

October "Triumphant" 's what they call us now. 'Twas on Field Day we won it. A lively tussle, mighty muscle, the Freshies' banner battle-torn—of dismal sheen the trace of green, left on it.

November 4. That hungry look, that vacant stare, you've noticed that the Freshmen wear, we thought we ought to help repair and brace them up a little. So that is why, in dashing tie and moustache pert and pretty, we fed them that November night, and talked to them so witty. Our rendez-vous, a happy find, our hostess, Mrs. Mossop—all enmities were smoothed away amid the gleeful gossip.

November 28. On Founder's Night, the twenty-eighth, we viewed with swelling pride, a room whose popularity, none could compare beside—except perhaps the Dining Room and the room that got the prize. "Victory", our inspiration, our colours purple and gold, the heroes of the nation, on a lengthy roll enscrolled. And you could see the Prince of Wales, framed large upon the wall, and rifles and cannon ready to sweep the full length of the hall.

January 14. "The air was sharp and nippy, the rink was cut and chippy, we Sophomores were gathered on the ice. The band played its selection, the moonlight was perfection as round the course each couple circled thrice. And when the music finished and our time was sore diminished, by two and two we strolled along the street. We reached our destination—which was Hunt's by acclamation—and proceeded to surround a sundae treat. Having gathered round the tables, we discoursed of facts and fables, till the dainties, of necessity, were gone. As we rose again for roving, we took delight in moving votes of thanks to chaperon and chaperonne."

February 14. A welcome most hearty was granted our party St. Valentine's eve when we met, at the House of McAlpine which always treats us fine, the dates when our parties are set. There were hearts there to play with, and hearts to be gay with, some to be eaten, some matched. Such schemes and devices, such good punch and ices we never had thought could be hatched.

March 13. Oh, sing a song of Saturday, a song in tuneful measure. The Sophomores went out to play, at Doctor Smith's, with pleasure. The girls were clad in gauzy things that seemed a dream Elysian. The boys were glad in collar wings, and hair of slick partition. With varied tests of guessing skill and pleasant conversation, the time fled past as "tempus" will, with us in exultation. Till Sunday morning was drawing nigh, we rose reluctantly to go. Homeward we thought we ought to hie, and plunged into the drifting snow.

March 16. A day or two past. Soph. party the last, was held at the home

of Miss Hooper, where a mental telepathy test fit to rouse, the dullest of us from his stupor, preceded a game novel in kind—an auction of shoes—especially designed. well you know the rest, how it fanned hope eternal in youthful breast. Time went all too fast—the curfew was past. But still, we were right loathe to leave. For did it not close, as each too well knows, a year we could never retrieve.

My Junior Months.

It is with a sense of duty well done that we onee more resort to the written page as the medium of reflection. No *ordinary* human being could possibly have drunk as deeply in the Pierian Spring as we have this year—which merely proves what we have long suspected concerning ourself. We attribute no small measure of gratitude for this, to our study of Chaucer. It does make one so scholarly. The very idea of studying ye old English is inestimably edifying. We only wish we had applied ourself a trifle more diligently to its consideration, in order that we might be able to use it constantly in our every-day conversation, instead of just in our more literary moments.

On the nite of Hallowe'ene (November the second to be exacte) we held our fyrst feste at the hous of Loura Dale. Each kyndred spyrit being clad in spotless whyt, it was difficult to ascertain "whether she be a womman or a goddesse". After we did pleye and ete most hertely, we did run in hye for the T.S.R. the presidentes and their wyves having dryven hoom in a welknowe, low-priced char—after they got it sterted.

October? brought us once more before the public eye. This time it was our prowess in athletics that did it. For didn't our men carry off the highest number of points on Field Day? That somewhat consoles us girls who, in our efforts along the same line, were spared from coming last, only by the well-meaning, though fruitless participation of Year '21.

February 15th was noteworthy as the date of Year '22's first party at Wallingford Hall, which someone has called the best argument for coeducation. The party spirit (with none of the usual prejudice, however) so permeated the atmosphere that everybody, from Professor Moon down to Bill Brown's sandwiches, was carried away by it. And, "mirabile dictu," games were indulged in. We girls played "catch as catch can" with the men's "musical arms," then a familiar pastime of such a nature, that if, next morning we denied having slept, it was not because we hadn't had a few winks. Such strenuous effort required resuscitation which was amply provided, before loud snores from the sleepers above suggested dispersal.

Thursday, March 3rd, found us at the home of Doris Hooper once more. We were first labelled with a great name such as Little Benny or Galli-Curci, before we were introduced to several novel games, at least one of which created an unusual amount of interest. A number of pictures in which the Faculty "featured" prominently (see bulletin board, March 4th) were employed

to inspire our budding poets. In response to our parting "thank you," our hostess remarked, "You make your own good time",—but we know better.

By March 8th, Year '21 was drawing perilously near the end of its academic career, and with characteristic magnanimity, Year '22 could not see its colleagues of three years' standing, go away from McMaster hungry. Accordingly we invited them all down to the Selby for the annual collation. The tearful tendencies of the clouds did in no wise dampen their enthusiasm especially for the first part of the program. Speeches were next in order, but little order in any of them. Autography then became the passion of the hour, till the revelry ended, the direst fears of the unfare sex were realized—the weather was still most inconsiderate and they were forced to succumb to the "Yellow Peril."

Professor and Mrs. McNairn planned the last of our indoor sports for the year. The sports were varied and included rescuing sundry articles such as coins, cigarbands, toothbrushes, and rings with which a careless host had littered the rooms. Things were tidied up nicely though, and it was with real feeling that we sang "For they are jolly good fellows."

And now I'm practically a Senior—that is if I pass the exams, which, by the way, are terrifyingly near just now. In fact I'm supposed to be engaged in that peculiar form of recreation known in vulgar parlance as "plugging." But I never did like exams., what good are they anyway? Look at all the great people like Shakespeare and Chaplin, who never went to College.

My Senior Year.

"Little we think,
Less we do,
Isn't it funny
How we pull through?"

Yes, we are Seniors now, in fact, almost graduates. "Has-beens", do I hear you say? Would it be too presumptuous to us to suggest "About-to-bes"? Of course, that rests entirely with us now, doesn't it? But is it hard to imagine—Harry Coles, Professor of Modern Literature at McMaster; Phil Chapman, warbling in Grand Opera; Helen Brown running that Orphan Asylum; Doo, managing the Ziegfeld Follies; Pinky Baxter, Dean of the new Women's Residence at Hamilton; Flo Marlow, leading a "swift" life in a slow town; Gord. Atkinson expounding the new cult Webbism; and even Billie Brown succeeding our other Billie in his new church up on St. Clair?

This has been a busy and successful year for twenty-two. The social side of it started with a picnic at Niagara Falls. The practice of rising early for 8.15's came in handy, for once, and we all (except a very considerate chaperon) reached the boat with no greater inconvenience than an extra sprint on the last lap. No one was heard to rave about the weather, but at least it didn't rain all the time—it stopped whenever we went inside.

Safely landed, we decided to visit our friend Isaac, of Queenston fame.

It is a devious route up to him, but the view when you get there is supposed to be worth it. At Niagara we journeyed to the damp, dismal depths under the Falls, and with characteristic thirst for knowledge, visited the Hydro Plant and the "Home of Shredded Wheat." Then to satisfy the aesthetic and torture the nervous, we took the Gorge route to Lewiston. As a fitting close to a "perfect" day, our craft homeward bound encountered a "heavy sea"—to the woe of some and the keen delight of others.

Social life continued with a party at Wallingford Hall. Ye bard of '22 tells us how, "on Hallowe'en, by half-past eight, the guests had all arrived in state, while ghosts and spirits prowled without, on mischief bent we have no doubt; for at least one swain for his lady fair, called and failed to find her there. It seemed that we were young once more. We played contented on the floor, essayed the apple, chased the cat, were powdered from the upper flat." Eleven sounded by the clock, Wassail was drunk in good red "pop."

It was not till January that we had recovered from our last Class Party sufficiently to risk another. No doubt the fact that it was planned for the night following our last exam and that Helen McAlpine was to be our charming hostess largely accounted for such recklessness.

We twenty-twoettes also acknowledge with thanks three very enjoyable teas—Doris Hooper, Mrs. Trotter and Mrs. McNairn being the respective hostesses.

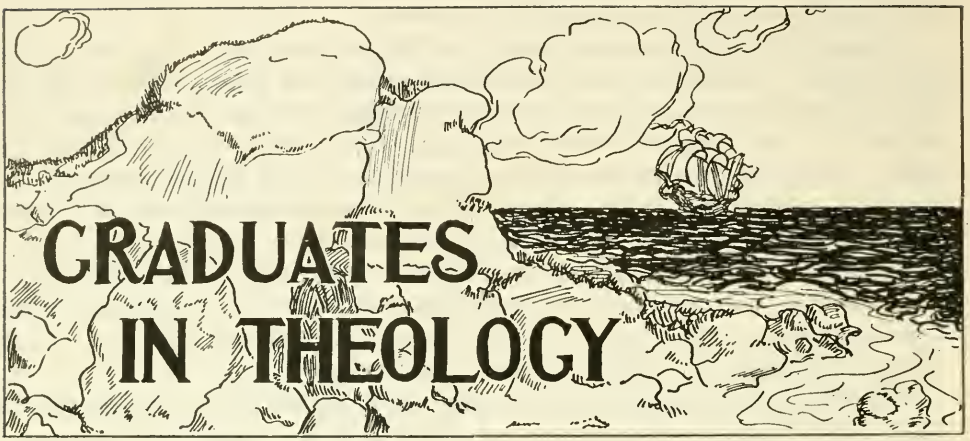
It has taken four long years, but at last the eloquence of Year '22 has been recognized. After its four years abroad, the Inter-College Debating Shield has returned to the safe shelter of the McMaster Ladies' Room and, joyfulle dictu! five of the six McMaster debaters were members of twenty-two.

Then at the oratorical contests of this year, Helen Brown and Gordon Atkinson were orators of which any year might justly be proud.

And now we go forth to merge our lives in the great outside. A true ideal for us in the world of action would be to count ourselves "not beneficiaries with a claim, but debtors with an obligation." Yet we cannot help casting more than one "lingering, longing look behind," as we cease to be writers and turn to be makers of history.

"A little learning scattered o'er
A frolic of four years or more,
Then presto change and you create
The sober college graduate."

—Frances E. Baxter, '22.



Andrew Amos Barnes

"Ready, aye, ready" is the motto of this sterling theologue. Probably that is why they call him "A. A." He was ready for the call to preach, he was ready for the call to McMaster, and his readiness to abandon bachelorhood has always been a matter of self-congratulation to him. Andrew hails from the missionary church of Arkona, and will sustain her best traditions. He served for three years as pastor of the Wyoming church, and then came to his present charge at Fairbank, Toronto. He is the only theologue in the history of McMaster who has been able to keep a wife, a church, and a "flivver."

Ambition—Honorary lecturer to the **Freshmen.**

Wilfrid L. McKay

"Tho' modest, on his unembarrass'd brow
Nature had written—Gentlemen."

Born in Glamis, Bruce County, Wilf. took his preparatory education during a three year period at Woodstock College. In 1915 he entered McMaster University, but left the same year to join the Bruce County Battalion. He went overseas with the rank of Captain, subsequently being attached to the First Canadan Infantry Battalion in France. During the German offensive in 1918 he was wounded, but upon recovery rejoined his Battalion, and was in the thick of it to the end. For a time he was in Germany with the army of occupation. In 1919, he returned to Canada, and Theology at McMaster. He is at present the energetic pastor of the Parliament St. Baptist Church, Toronto, and is held in the highest esteem by his fellow-students for his quiet, unassuming manner and his fidelity to his calling.

A. Pearl Scott

"Courage was cast about her like a dress.."

Cheerfulness is another of the attributes which she brought with her from Worcester, Mass., when she came to live in Ontaro. After trying several towns, she at length decided upon St. Catharines, and forthwith entered the Collegiate there, coming later to the Normal School in Toronto. Notwithstanding this and later experience in practical pedagogy, Pearl had never lost sight of the goal of all her desires, missionary service in India. With this in view she has completed the course in missions at McMaster, and expects to sail for the Far East shortly after graduating.

Failing—Just chocolates!
Ambition—To walk to Hamilton.

John Grant VanSlyke

"I'll do it; but it dislikes me."

The event that put Aylmer and vicinity on the map was the birth of Van. The public and High Schools of that town gave him his intellectual start, and he is still going strong. He began life on the farm, but was appointed for other things. Graduating from Woodstock College in 1914, he entered McMaster the same year. In his sophomore year he enlisted for active service, and served his country with distinction in France. He returned to Mac. in 1919, where his record has been a brilliant one. He will devote himself to the work of the pastorate, and though his ministry will not be one of song, he will be accompanied by a pianist.

Harry Wilson

" . . . . now, therefore, I do rest,
A prophet certain of my prophecy."

Harry has already some experience as a preacher. If the truth could be revealed there would be many of the Toronto Public and High Schools to rise up in mute witness to the lasting impression he had made on them. But, being cramped for room for proper development, he sought the west—to preach, of course. Incidentally, Brandon College has never been quite the same since it allowed him to escape. McMaster furnished Arts. Then once again the call to preach was obeyed. During this time, the church in West Fort William ordained him to the ministry. Now, with the theological course completed, Harry looks ahead to the ministry as the greatest opportunity for best expenditure of life. He says he is a sadder as well as a wiser man of late, but we hope he will find his fate yet.

McMASTER HALL, 1921-22.

BACK ROW—Knechtel, Simmons, Crandell, Hackson, Johnston, Wood, Dallimore, Cadwell, Freeman, Price, Stephens, Bewell, Wilton, Kitchener, Pearce, Anderson, Jas. Taylor, Chapman, Mr. Row, R. Dick, Brisco, Dallman, Gregory, Preston, McNab, Houghton, Pollock, D. Groat, Douglas.

THIRD ROW—Minshall, King, Barnes, McBride, McMaster, Russell, Mabee, Jones, Doolittle, Smith, F. Groat, Marks, Barton, Donaldson, Black, Drinkwater, Rosser.

SECOND ROW—Pyle, F. Brown, Van Slyke, Oddy, Schatz, C. Farmer, Campbell, Dingle, Carr, Lang, Atkinson, Welch, McGrath, Eberle, Racicot, Jamieson, G. Farmer, Gilmour, Webb.

FRONT ROW—Bearss, Stiver, Henry, Segsworth, Tiffin, Vose, Paterson, Jackson, Groh, Steedman, MacNeill, Wilkinson, Todd.

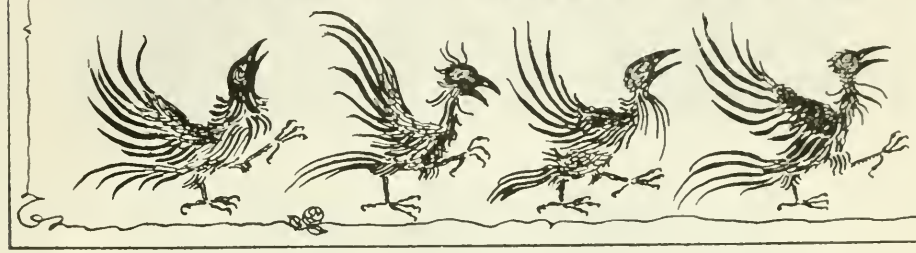
WALLINGFORD HALL, 1921-22.

BACK ROW—Stafford, Jones, Hess, Peel, Hanson, Stewart, Haight, Wilson, Spiesz, Marlatt, Macarthur, Wood, Sieling, Segsworth.

FRONT ROW—Perry, Cain, Robertson, MacLaurin, Marlow, Macdougall, Mrs. Trotter, Chapman, Baxter, Smith, Trotter, Frise.

ABSENT—Brown, McElroy, Barber.

STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS



PERHAPS the melancholy youth with the dramatic "Excelsior" banner, in the poem, would not have died so young had he had more friends to share his journey. He neglected corporate life and froze to death. All of which is a subtle illustration of the importance of organization, and herein more particularly, of the student organizations of McMaster University. It is doubtful whether any University in this country has as large a proportion of its student body in active service as members of executives, so the probability is that the percentage of deaths from frostbite among our alumni is very slight, which is a warm and comfortable thought.

"McMaster 1922" stresses student organizations because they serve to generate the McMaster spirit. It takes time, trouble, and a little money to enter into the college's work and play, but the investment brings large and permanent returns, because the "college man" is not turned out by means of lectures only. "McMaster 1922" aims in these pages to give as complete a summary of the doings of the past session as is practicable. It strives to give honor to whom honor is due.

This session has been a varied but a successful one. New interests have been created, and old organizations preserved at the same time. The spirit of the college has been wholesome. And the future is bright with promise, for as one unprejudiced observer put it a little while ago, "McMaster students are getting better looking every year",—a statement that has not up to date received very hearty endorsation from graduates of over fifteen years' standing.

Student Body Executive

G. Farmer D. Smith McAlpine Russell G. Gilmour E. Gilmour Hess C. Farmer
Welch Macdougall Carr Marlow Lang Pugh Atkinson Roper
Wood Broughton Gregory

The University Student Body is a self-governing organization, both legislative and executive in function. It is composed of two units, the Women's Student Body, and the Men's Student Body, each of which is controlled by an executive elected from its own members. Of the year's activities, the distinguishing feature has been the first appearance of "McMasterrifics". Although conducted as an experiment, it was given such enthusiastic support by all as to warrant its continuance in subsequent years. The singular success of the year as a whole may be attributed to the winning personality of the "Head Girl", Miss Florence Marlow, and the capable leadership of the "High Kakiak", Mr. Harold Lang.

Literary and Scientific Society

Roper Carr Macdougall Wood Atkinson Segsworth
Elliott Brown Prof. New Chapman Paterson
Kitchener Anderson

The Literary and Scientific Society is responsible for the Men's Reading-Room, a skating party, intercollege debates, and a good many Friday evening programmes. It has had a busy and interesting season, featured by excellent poster painting, and by visits from Mr. Hathaway and Mr. Hadyn to speak on Canadian Literature. In the Intercollege Debating Union, McMaster went into the second round, but went down to defeat before the "Dents". In February, the Society had as guests debaters from Rochester, who took from us the Castle Cup after a magnificent battle with Mr. A. W. Small, Theo., and Mr. H. W. Lang, M.A. The Lit enters the next session with a new constitution, and a good reputation.

McMaster University Monthly

Lloyd Brisco McElroy Elliott Small Taylor McKee Stiver
Welch Reddick Gilmour Prof. McLay Eberlee Chapman Mr. Bengough
(Trotter McNab Henry McMaster)

The MONTHLY is an important part of our University life, on at least eight days of the academic year. It has an honored name in the realm of college journalism. Its history runs back now thirty-one years, when it began as a literary magazine, but during the years it has become more and more an undergraduate journal, the object of which is to encourage literary work among the students, and to record the life of the college and the wanderings and achievements of the Alumni. Volume XXXI has published some very creditable work by the students. The MONTHLY keeps a fairly high standard for publication, feeling that what is worth doing is worth doing well.

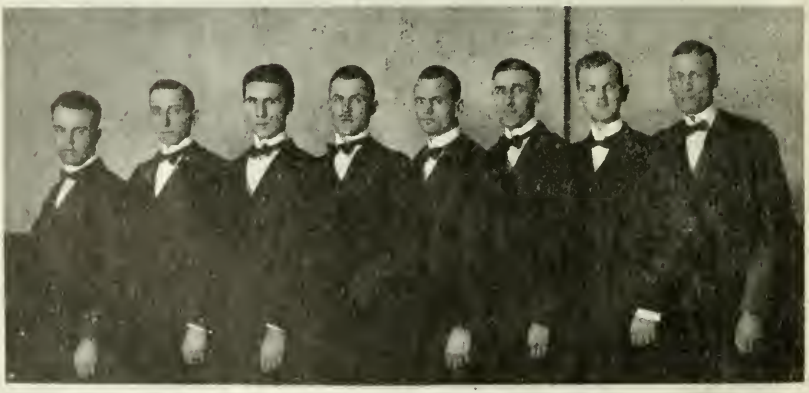
STUDENT BODY EXECUTIVE

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

THE MONTHLY BOARD

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

DEBATING UNION



NIP AND TUCK

Young Men's Christian Association

Brisco Prof. Gilmour Prof. Findlay Vose
Steedman Eberle Chan. McCrimmon Tiffin Knechtel

Under the capable leadership of Mr. Ira Eberle, B.A., the Young Men's Christian Association has gone about its work of moulding and fashioning the character of men. Great interest has been shown in the Tuesday evening devotional meetings, and the regular Fyfe Day sessions have been occasions of uplift in the thoughts, emotions, and purposes of the students. The amount promised last year for Student Relief has been collected and forwarded, and recently a campaign for the relief of the famine-stricken in Russia has been promoted and the students along with the faculty have generously responded.

Debating Union

Drinkwater W. G. Brown Welch Hale
Dallman McGrath Prof. Moon Henry Webb

The Debating Union has been well attended by those aspiring to a place with Burke and Webster. Many men have taken the advantage of this training ground and the result of the year's work is not disappointing. The Conservatives led by C. H. Brisco held the balance of power, and the Liberals led by O. E. Broughton were ably aided by a witty Palestinian.

The laurels of Inter-year debating fell gently on the shoulders of Year '25, when the Juniors struck their colours on March 10, 1922.

The annual oratorical contest resulted in first place for G. M. Henry, '23, and second place for F. J. Helps, '24.

Nip and Tuck

Taylor Schatz Chapman Doolittle Smith Eberlee Paterson Dyce

Those who have seen the curtain torn aside and the inner veil rent in twain will testify that the dynamic behind all student body decrees is the Nip and Tuck. Liberty, Fraternity and Equality have been the watchwords of many famed movements; the nip 'em and tuck 'em is justly included among them. To free personal liberty from the encroachments of a rash few, to urge some to higher endeavor, and others to live among men rather than above them,—this has been the chief activity that true fraternity might prevail. As has been most truly said, the success of this year has been due to

"Smitty and Doo,
Them two."

Athletic Association

Douglas Vose Doolittle Dallman Dyce Atkinson McBride Carr
Brown Paterson Taylor Prof. New Hildebrand Houghton Jones

The work of the Athletic executive this year has been to interest as many as possible in the various lines of sport during the playing seasons. In the fall term much effort was spent in arranging inter-year games, both in Rugby and in Soccer, in addition to the regular school team in these sports. Field Day also took a large place in the program of the opening term. Fine weather added greatly to the success and enjoyment of the day. Much enthusiasm was aroused in the second term by the inter-year hockey and basketball. The former especially was very closely contested. Tennis still holds a prominent place in the program of the executive. The court has been put in first class condition now, with permanent iron posts, and new wire netting.

Rugby Team

Houghton Eberlee Black (W. Hughes)
Freeman Price Jones Webb Paterson Taylor McBride McGrath
Worden McLay Smith Platus Doolittle Gilmour M. Hughes Carr

For years back now our Rugby team have been conspicuous for their everlosing ability. Time after time our teams have suffered defeat. This year, however, saw the approach of a new era in this line of sport. We are proud of the work accomplished by our team this year. Much credit is due to the untiring efforts of Coach Worden, who whipped them into such fine shape. The team this year tied with Varsity III team for group honors. The play-off resulted in a defeat for McMaster by a very small score. We all hope to see even greater success next year.

Soccer Team

Carr Preston Stiver Lloyd Henry
Lawrence M. Hughes Eberle Vose VanSlyke Hackson (W. Hughes)

The soccer team did not in any way mar the very creditable showing of previous years. They succeeded in winning their first group of games, which entitled them to go up against Varsity's intermediate team for the finals in this district. It is hoped that much more time and energy will be put in this line of sport next year so that we may see the championship back in our own halls.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE

RUGBY TEAM

SOCCER TEAM

BASKETBALL TEAM

TRACK TEAM

HOCKEY TEAM

Basketball Team

Kitchener Wood Morison
Smith Paterson Atkinson Doolittle Houghton

The basketball team had an exceptionally heavy schedule this year. Early in the fall the Y.M.C.A. organized a House League and allowed our team to enter. This lasted until the Christmas holidays. Our men played good basketball, but were greatly handicapped because several of the rugby games were played on the same day as the basketball games. There are men on the basketball team that played on the rugby team as well. After the New Year, a students' league was organized. Our men tied for the championship, but lost on the play off.

Track Team

Bearss McBride Dallman
Smith Dyce Carr R. Dick (Boadway)

In spite of the fact that no records were broken on Field Day this year the athletic meet was in every way a success. Every event was well contested. No one knew until the meet was over who would win the honors of the day. H. G. Dyce was again successful in winning the Chancellor's Medal and the McNaught Cup with 17 points, while A. H. Carr, B.A., came second, winning the First Association gold medal with 15 points to his credit. C. W. Boadway, '25, won the Second Association medal with 11 points. The Juniors won the '13 cup for securing the largest total number of points for the day.

Hockey Team

Jones Houghton R. Dick M. Hughes
Kitchener W. Dick Brown Doolittle McLay

Hockey is a sport that comes at a very awkward time of the year. The Christmas Holidays come along before the team can be properly trained, and after Christmas come the mid-year examinations which demand a certain amount of time. This year our team entered the Intermediate O.H.A. They were so badly outclassed in the first few games that they played, that it was thought advisable to default the remainder of them, which were called to be played during the examination week. Next year we hope to have a team that will make a much better showing.

Young Women's Christian Association

Ross Hanson Marlow Richards Brown
Peel Hess Trotter Mrs. McNairn Wilson

As far as the regular routine of the Y.W.C.A. is concerned, it has been carried out during 1921-22 much along the old lines. The Bible Study has, however, been in year groups and held in connection with the weekly prayer-meetings. At the Friday meetings the outside speakers have been: Mrs. C. Holman, and Miss Florence Mabee, of Memorial Institute, while a variety of missionary and inspirational programmes have been provided by the girls themselves. One innovation was the attending of a lantern lecture given by Dr. Chute at Bloor Street Church. Some work of a more practical kind was done by a number of the girls in the churches and at Memorial Institute.

Women's Literary Society

Barber Roper Mallagh Perry Frise Hull Hounsom
Kindy Royce Mrs. New Miss McGregor McKee

The Women's Literary Society follows with conventional accuracy precedents of former years, altering its course but slightly as the need arises, so, in pursuance of this policy, vocational talks and the series of year programmes were the principal features of the meetings this year. A spirit of rivalry inspired remarkable histrionic and musical talent, and we enjoyed jolly and entertaining afternoons. The annual open meeting required by the constitution was the occasion of the successful presentation of "The Merchant of Venice." With the proceeds, we have purchased stage curtains, for which legacy we anticipate the undying gratitude of future executives.

"The Merchant of Venice"

Hallford M. Howes Haight Starr Hull D. Smith Hanson Trotter
Chapman Hooper Royce Pugh Miss Rogers Macarthur Baxter Reddick
MacDougald Frise Wood Robertson Barber (D. Howes)

The "Big Play" as now annually presented is the result of evolution. A few years ago the acting was done in cap and gown, and aided by little or no stage equipment. Then costumes were introduced, and these have become an institution, while stage arrangements and lighting have been reduced through experience almost into a science. "The Merchant of Venice" this year was a signal success, and much credit is due to the ladies of the cast, and to Miss Rogers who trained them. The purchase of stage equipment with the proceeds will simplify all dramatic work here in future.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

WOMEN'S LITERARY SOCIETY

CAST OF THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

WOMEN'S ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

LADIES' BASKETBALL TEAM

LADIES' HOCKEY TEAM

Women's Athletic Association

Stafford Wood Smith Hooper Pugsley Curtis
McElroy Halford Macdougall Miss McGregor Reddick

The policy of the Women's Athletic Association for 1921-22 was determined largely by the fact that the organization as such has only existed for five years, in which time such enormous strides have been taken that the society has not been properly stabilized. In order to raise the prestige of the society, and to increase the interest in athletics among the women of the University, a system of honors has been instituted by which more students may come into active touch with the work of the organization. An increased interest in field day was noticed, not only among the students themselves, but also among the faculty and friends of the University. Tennis and skating were indulged in to a greater extent than ever before, while many sought their numeral by the active sport of hiking.

Ladies' Basketball Team

Mallagh Macdougall Macarthur Gilmour
Doolittle Smith Wood

The activities of the Basketball team have been rather limited this year, although the hearty support of the girls helped to overcome many difficulties. Instead of using Lillian Massey gymnasium, we had to be content with Margaret Eaton gym., which was less desirable in every way, and was only available for us until Christmas. Thus our games and practices were restricted to the fall term, but we played several enjoyable, friendly games with the teams of the Y.W.C.A. league, which we entered, and also with the Moulton College team.

Ladies' Hockey Team

Doolittle Wright Curtis Reddick Hooper Macarthur Segsworth Gilmour Starr

The McMaster Women's Hockey Team has had an "unique" record this year. We played one game in the interfaculty series, and that was with St. Hilda's. Two other games were won by default, and our fourth game, after frequent postponing, had to be cancelled, owing to unpropitious weather. We are hoping for greater achievement next year, and for a more enthusiastic support at hockey practices.

Modern Literature Club

Gilmour Jones Paterson Coles Henry Welch Taylor Lang
Hooper Reddick Perry Royce Trotter Macdougall Pugh
Marlow Miss McGregor Baxter Atkinson Prof. McLay Chapman Brown Smith

Believing that appreciation of the literature of to-day should not be left entirely to future generations, several members of the upper years ventured to add still another society to the list of McMaster organizations. The new club, which was to promote acquaintance with modern literature, has fulfilled its purpose. Contemporary literature has been studied as extensively as possible, and there has been much animated discussion concerning the relative merits of the "old" and the "new" poetry. The members themselves have taken full charge of practically all the programmes, and it is noteworthy that every member has had an active share in making the year a successful one.

Student Volunteer Band

McElroy Lee Hanson
Fletcher Wilkinson Henry Brett Carr

The Student Volunteer Band consists of those who have formally declared their intention of devoting their lives to some phase of work on the foreign field. The local Band is only a part of a world-wide movement which began in 1886, when five young American College students caught a great vision of the need of the foreign field, and since then the movement has grown to such an extent that in 1920, 595 volunteers left America for the Missionary front line. During the past year two of our McMaster members have gone out to the great work: E. W. Armstrong to India, and H. E. Wintemute to Bolivia.

Choral Society

Maton Cain Wilton Roffe Lang Smith Broughton
Vose McKee Mrs. Moon Mr. McLaughlin Chapman Tiffin
Fry Marlatt Marlow Frise (Carr)

This organization is composed of two societies: the McMaster Women's Chorus, and the McMaster Male Chorus. The aim of the societies is to promote an appreciation of good music among the students of the university, since music is an indispensable part of a truly liberal education. The culmination of the work of the society is the annual concert. Faithful practicing under an able leader is undertaken by the Chorus in preparation for this event, which, including many choral numbers, and with the assistance of excellent outside artists, is one of the most pleasant evenings of the year.

MODERN LITERATURE CLUB

STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND

CHORAL SOCIETY.

EVANGELISTIC BAND

CHAMPIONS OF THE LADIES'
INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATING UNION.

McMASTER UNIVERSITY

Evangelistic Band

Crofoot Tiffin MacNeill
Broughton Fleischer Prof. Farmer Henry Ruttan

Since the senior band was organized at the beginning of this college year, twelve churches have been visited, and a total of fifty meetings conducted. The services in almost every case bore the results sought by the members of the band; souls were saved, churches quickened, and the spirit of God manifested His gracious presence in a wonderful way. The evangelistic band will continue its work throughout the vacation period, and the hearty co-operation and prayers of the student body will be appreciated.

Champions of the Ladies' Intercollegiate Debating Union

Macdougall Trotter Mason
Brown Pugh Frise

On December 6th, Miss M. Mason, '22, and Miss H. Brown, 22, defeated St. Michael's College and abolished Canada's appeal to the Privy Council. In February, Miss A. Macdougall, '22, and Miss O. Frise, '22, did the same for St. Hilda's, who were attempting to form a Free State in India. On March 20, Miss M. Pugh, '22, and Miss F. Trotter, '22, overcame Victoria College, and deleted Article X, from the League Covenant. Such in brief is the story of how McMaster came into possession of the new championship shield of the Ladies I.C.D.U. The ladies won the championship last in 1917-18.

McMaster, Alma Mater
To thee this song we raise,
With brimming hearts we offer
Our loyalty and praise,
And when away we wander
From thy beloved walls,
Fond memories still will linger
Of the days spent in thy halls.

And as we face life's battle
With hearts both true and strong
By victory we may honor
Thy name as in our song.
Then back with loving footsteps,
Glad pilgrims we shall come,
To place upon thine altar
The fruits of duty done.

Do We Know Them?

Michell:—"Ladies and gentlemen, this is a very pretty little point, a curious point."

Chan:—"Man cometh from afar! The infinite in man goes out to meet the eternal."

Swede:—"Well! Tum--um--huh! (Sigh) Miss— —is making one of her epoch visits."

Ten Broeke:—"Every moral situation has its own irreplaceable good."

Moon:—"Now as Professor Shorey says —— " or
"Now when I was at the University of Virginia —— "

New:—"Of course you've covered this; you ought to be pretty well along in your reading now."

Findlay:—"You tell me how far you want to go and I'll tell you how far to go in order to go farther."

Dean:—"You don't need to agree with this—but that's what he means."
or
"This is a fundamental truth of human experience."

Keirstead:—"We hypothicate this according to Carlyle."
"Underscore that. Now skip a line. Skip two lines."

Curr:—"Now, that I may get a basis for some general remarks, may I ask your permission to dictate the following propositions."

Gilmour:—"Let us not linger longer, ladies and gentlemen, but speaking in the broad — — — —"

Walker:—"Well, I guess we'd better be pushing on."

Bengough:—"Yes, well, let me see, do you owe this office anything?"

Smith:—" . . Now when I was young down, . . yes, that's all right . ."

Dawes:—"Mr. ——, you don't seem to have been doing much work lately."

Farmer:—"I have this in my own notes as one with a dot."

Mueller:—"Sh-h-h-h, we must have silence. Who is that whistling in the hall?"

McNairn:—"This will be a convenient place to start next day."

The personnel of the committee responsible for the issuing of *McMaster 1922* is as follows:

Arts: Miss Baxter, Miss Hooper, J. D. Taylor, G. B. Atkinson, W. D. McMaster.

Theology: J. G. VanSlyke.

The MONTHLY Board: G. P. Gilmour (Managing Editor), T. H. Eberlee (Business Manager).

The art work in this number is by Mr. John D. Taylor.

The photographs of the organizations and the frontispiece were taken by Mr. Colin S. Farmer, B.A., and to him the thanks of the committee are due, as well as to Dr. Dawes, who very cordially loaned his camera for the work on all occasions.

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The McMaster University monthly

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